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ROCK OF GIBRALTAR. (WEST SIDE.)

from a sketch by Dr Jobson.

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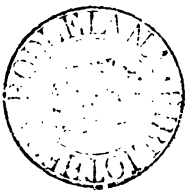
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1872.



SECOND SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.

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1872.

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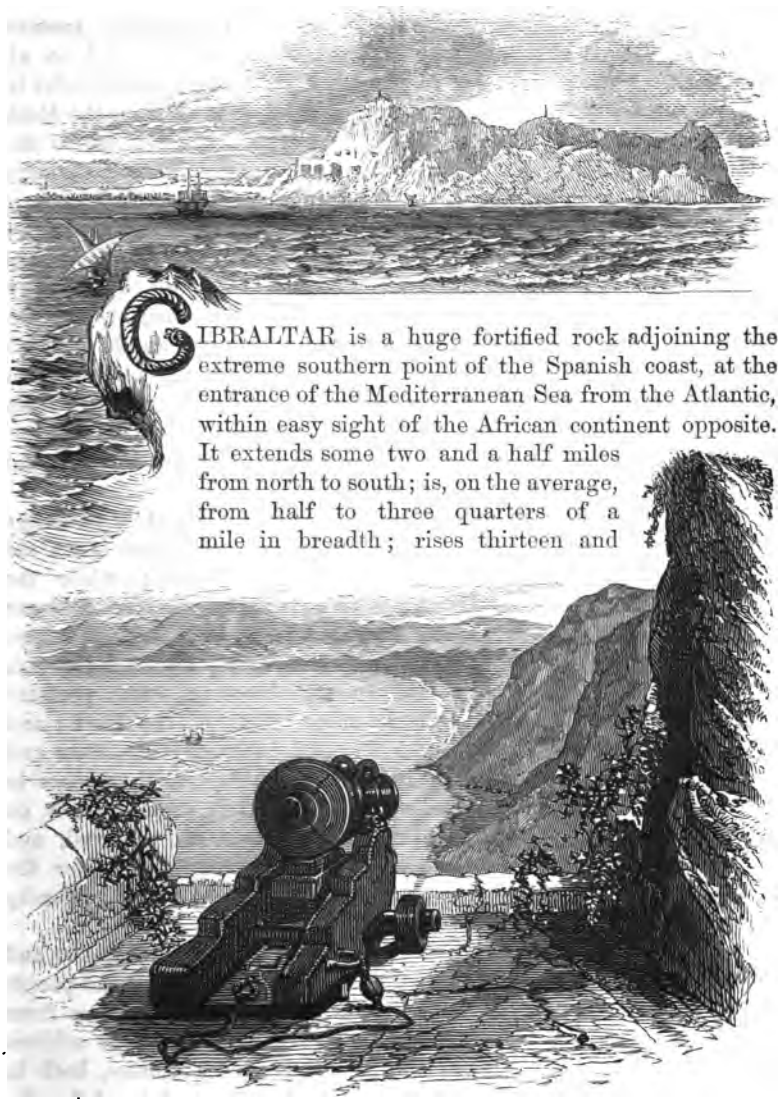
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



GIBRALTAR is a huge fortified rock adjoining the extreme southern point of the Spanish coast, at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea from the Atlantic, within easy sight of the African continent opposite. It extends some two and a half miles from north to south; is, on the average, from half to three quarters of a mile in breadth; rises thirteen and

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fourteen hundred feet high from the sea; and on every side appears browned by the sun and hoary with age. At the northern head it is broader and bolder than at the southern point, and on the western side slopes more gradually than on the eastern. The pent-up town, and chief military works, skirt the base of the Rock on the western side; and fortifications and batteries rise tier above tier up to the very summit; while innumerable holes from interior caverns and scooped-out galleries, with cannons' mouths pointing towards the sea, may be seen at all heights, and in all directions. The eastern side of the Rock is almost perpendicular in its descent, forming, thereby, its own defence. On all sides the Rock is strongly fortified, so as to afford, on examination, support to the statement made by military guides, that it is among the most strongly fortified stations in existence, and is impregnable. As well known, it has stood most desperate sieges, both from Spaniards and Moors, by whom it has been described in the ominous terms of "the Mouth of Fire," and "the Devil's Tongue." Some of the gates of the town are old, bearing heraldic representations of renowned sovereigns. But, the most venerable relic of antiquity remaining is an old Moorish castle, standing about midway up the ascent of the north-west shoulder of the Rock. It is nine hundred years old, and has been successively in the possession of Saracens and Christians, Africans and Europeans. Its large, broad tower rises above the square massive quadrangle; and it bears everywhere proofs of furious siege.

With exception of the military establishments, the public buildings of Gibraltar are not imposing. The Governor's residence is an old Franciscan convent of mixed styles of architecture; while the Cathedral, Exchange, and Court-house, bear no striking features whatever. The streets are narrow and irregular, and the shops and houses of the town are small and low, being huddled together in all varieties of shapes. There are, however, some pleasant villa-like residences towards the southern point of the Rock; and though the Rock itself is unproductive, and, in many parts, stern and bald, yet, by cultivation in gardens and shrubberies, it appears in other parts fruitful. The principal place of public promenade is on the middle of the western side, immediately above the sea-wall, and where there has been levelled a spacious parade-ground for the soldiers. The Market-enclosure is at the north-western extremity of the town, and is well supplied with fish and fruit.

As may be supposed, the inhabitants are of the most motley and intermixed character imaginable. Spaniards, Moors, Jews, and people of the various countries around the Mediterranean, and visitors from the eastern and western parts of the world, mingled with soldiers and civilians of England, are seen, in diversified costumes, both in form and colour; so that to an artist, with eye and hand for the

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picturesque, the groups in the market-place, on the promenade, and in the streets, are most attractive.

The majority of inhabitants are Roman Catholics, who have their priests moving to and fro in Spanish ecclesiastical costume; but Protestantism has there its cathedral, with its bishop and clergy, Gibraltar having been made, by the Church of England, the head of a diocese. The Methodist chapel, with its school and reading-room, is situated in the upper part of the town in its ascent northwards. On Sunday mornings, it is usually filled with some five to six hundred British soldiers returning themselves "Wesleyans," and with residents; and on Sunday evenings, a good congregation of mixed classes assembles within it for worship. It is impossible to overrate the importance of this Mission-station, religiously. On it many a Methodist mother's runaway son has been first awakened to reflection, and has exclaimed with penitence before God, "Father, I have sinned;" and from it, many a converted soldier has gone forth to the eastern world to testify for Christ, and to extend His kingdom among mankind. F. J. J.

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WORTH OF THE PRESENT.

THERE is in human nature a constant proneness to undervalue the passing day, and to consider time as interesting and significant only in its past and future relations. But it shows a very imperfect appreciation of the powers and needs of man, to eject the present from our thoughts by habitual and exclusive veneration for the bygone, and the yet to come; since over the first of these we can have no possible control, and can influence the other only by what we now actually perform.

A juster view of life would lead us to recognize the present as the sole possession of time with which we are practically and specially concerned. "Work while it is called to-day," is one of the wisest of all injunctions. The past ought, doubtless, to be contemplated for the experiences it will yield us: the historical glories and catastrophes of the olden time, with whatever of instruction and warning they may have, demand a close and careful study. The future, which ever looms brilliantly, if often delusively, before us, has a perennial and inevitable charm for the imagination; and as a land of perpetual promise, is linked intimately with our sympathies and hopes, and, therefore, can never be severed from our regards and considerations.

But the present alone is the available field and workshop of our actual performances. From a rude, unshapen mass of capability, it is our appointed task to rear the temple of a true and worthy life; gathering and carving its stones out of the rough materials which every day hurls confusedly around us. Time, thoughtfully viewed, is as earnest and awful as eternity; indeed, it is "eternity in the vesture of an hour." Did we fully realize this, what a tremendously weighty thing each little moment would appear. How would the tones of levity and unmeaning mirth change to the cry for Divine aid and guidance, that the great end of existence might be answered! How would hearts that go out in longings after the pleasures and vanities of earth, be drawn away in intense yearnings after what alone is real, satisfactory, and enduring!

It is only by a continual faith in the sacredness of the present, that life can be effectually ennobled. Let us seek to understand the pre-eminent value of to-day, and learn to elevate our lives by large and universal aims; making incessant application at the Fountain of Might, for strength wherewith to brace and nerve our spirits; for true goodness must be associated with strength. So shall we be enabled to gird our hearts with integrity and strong endeavour, and to put the stamp of an everlasting emphasis upon whatever work we may find to do, knowing that every act and effort of ours is charged with an abiding force, whose vitality is never quenched, but visibly or imperceptibly circulates for evermore.

If we cannot, with a firm reliance on its sufficiency, accept the duty which lies at our feet, and throw some grace of truthfulness over the meanest occupation in which we may have to engage, we shall never be qualified to perform successfully any greater or more honourable work. And never shall time, under any of its remoter aspects, disclose its truly grand and complete significance, unless a sense of its present importance has been in us already consciously developed.

Let us not postpone our life, but,

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standing where we are, labour with persevering fidelity and patience. Procrastination is an evil to whose treachery we are too little alive. He who uses not for His praise the *now* which God has given him, will have to mourn a glorious opportunity lost for ever.

"Farewell, O day mis-spent;
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavour.
In shade and sun
Thy race is run
For ever! O, for ever!
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread eternity
The dying minutes pass.

"Come in, to-day, come in!
I have confess'd my sin.
To thee, young promise-bearer!
New lord of earth!
I hail thy birth—
The crown awaits the wearer.
Child of the ages past!
Sire of a mightier line!
On the same deeps our lot is cast,
The world is thine—and mine!"

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

FOUR DEATH-BEDS.

BY MISS INGHAM.

In the depth of a peculiarly inclement winter, I was requested to visit a young woman, who was stated to be in dying circumstances, and intensely anxious for the salvation of her soul. I obeyed the summons, and found her suffering from cancer, which was eating away her side. She lay on a sort of settee, a narrow, uneasy-looking article, which had, perhaps, been fitted up especially for her use. The room in which she was, opened on a very noisy street, where the rattle of carts, and the voices of children at play, must have resounded constantly. In the same room with herself lived, by day, her mother, her sister, her sister's husband, several small children, and a baby a fortnight old; while during the week three or four workmen pursued in its narrow limits their calling. Looking down upon her, I reflected how sorely her sufferings must be aggravated by the surrounding wretchedness, and said:—

"My poor friend, would you not be better in the hospital?"

She turned upon me eyes of yearning wistfulness, as if impatient for the Name that she had sent for me to speak, and said,—

"I prayed to Him night and day while I was in the hospital."

"Did you?" I replied. "Well, He hears prayer."

Her mother informed me that she had been removed from the hospital, because incurable.

"But cannot she be recommended to another, where she can have skilful treatment, and comfort and quiet?"

The mother shook her head, while her daughter whispered,—

"I had all these things in the hospital, Miss; but my mother was not there."

"So you had rather be at home, would you?"

"O, yes! but tell me of *Him*. I prayed to Him always;" and the earnest, piteous eyes reproved my tardiness.

It was difficult, in the presence of so many, to speak to her of the dying sinner's Friend; but, struggling with my diffidence, I told her that I would first read to her a beautiful little leaflet, entitled, "The Open Door."

The story was of a poor, wayward girl, who had left her mother's roof, (somewhere in the wilds of Scotland,) and who had gone into the gay city, only to be betrayed into a life of sin. Years after, by the

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blessing of God on a sermon preached in the streets, she was converted, and, like the repentant prodigal, sought again the home of her deeply-offended parent. Late at night she arrived, and, timidly putting her hand upon the latch, found, to her surprise, that the door was not bolted. When the first gush of feeling on meeting with her mother was over, she said,—

"Mother, tell me how it happens that to-night the door was not bolted."

"O, my child!" sobbed the mother, "I prayed day and night that you might come back. I believed that you would, and so the door never has been barred. I was determined that whenever you might come, you should find it open."

This affecting little narrative, with the touching analogy that it presents to the welcome given by our Heavenly Father to His repentant children, excited the emotion of those to whom it was read; for the invalid's mother said warmly,—

"Ah! I felt just like that when my poor girl was in hospital. I never bolted the door at night but I felt that I was bolting *one* out; and that one the one that most wanted me;" while Eliza exclaimed,—

"O! I had rather suffer anything, than be away from my mother."

It was sweet from such a text to tell her of Him whose love is tenderer, more unforgetful than a mother's; of the Open Door of the Gospel; of Christ's oft-repeated invitation to His wandering sheep, Himself both Door and Shepherd. She seemed to drink in every word. Full of hope that she would soon be enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour, I left her. Through the week I called again; but she was asleep: and as I looked upon the ghastly hue of her countenance, and the long purple hand, escaped from beneath the coverlet, I felt sure that she could not be here long. Her mother referred to the subject of our conversation, and asked me if, upon the next Sabbath afternoon, I would read the leaflet to a few neighbours, whom she would assemble to hear it. Refusal was out of the question; but I asked her if it would not be bad for her daughter so to crowd the room where she was.

"O, no, Miss! I've been telling all the neighbours, and she wishes it as much as I do. She has talked a great deal about 'The Open Door.'"

To my great regret, I was unable to comply with this request; for that week I took a cold, which confined me to the house on the Sabbath, and was only the precursor of an illness which was to keep me a prisoner for months. And so I never again saw Eliza.

During the week some one asked me for her address, which circumstance made me think that she wanted to see me, though, for obvious reasons, I was not informed of it. The Minister, however, waited upon her, and talked to her, and prayed with her; but his stay was necessarily short, and she appeared timid and reserved.

Next day her mother came to tell me that she had passed away, very calmly, entering, let us hope, in at the Open Door.

Have we entered in at the Open Door? Have we come to Christ, poor and miserable, blind and naked, that He may comfort and enrich us? Or do we think that it is hard striving, and we will delay till old age or disease loosens our hold on life?

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Ah! what makes it hard striving? The wicket-gate is not a barred gate; or if it be, ourselves have driven the bolts, and made them firm and heavy. If it is thus with us, let this little narrative admonish us. Can we be so infatuated, so ignorant, as to believe that the disease which benumbs our limbs, and fevers our pulse, and impairs our whole bodily vigour, will have no effect upon our mind?

Fatal, presumptuous error! Do not fall into it! And let us not insult the kindness and long-suffering of God by vowing to self, the world, and the devil, the dew of our youth, the strength of maturer years; and to Him the snows, the decay, and the bleak, bare winter.

"O! come to the Open Door
Ere it is closed for aye;
Ere from the weeping souls without
The Bridegroom turns away.

"O! come to the Ark of Christ,
Weary of self and sin;
Though you have wander'd far and wide,
His love will take you in.

"O! come to the Wicket Gate;
Knock hard, and it shall be
Open'd to you; for Jesus loves
Such importunity.

"O! a mother's love is deep,
But Christ's exceeds it far
As the heat of the noontide sun
The light of a distant star."

"The Minister has told me good news of you, Mrs. A—. Such good news!" said the Minister's daughter, bending over the couch of one whom suffering had wasted terribly, and whose sufferings it was not in the power of medicine to assuage.

To this the only immediate reply from the sick one was a tighter clasp of the hand detained within her own; a faint smile played upon her lips, but the heavy eyelids remained closed over the poor, unseeing eyes, from which the bandage had been lately withdrawn. Once the light distressed them, but it would distress them no more. Erysipelas had made them its prey, and the tabernacle which once they illumined was fast falling to dissolution beneath its ravages. Then, what was the good news of which the Minister's daughter spoke? It could not be that there was hope of recovery. Long ago had recovery been pronounced impossible.

Could it be that some rich friend had stepped in to dissipate privation, and solace hours of trial by the ministry of wealth. There were not many signs of it; and yet I think a Friend had been there, rich and pitiful, though not after an earthly sort.

There was a pause, when the visitor resumed, "I was so glad to hear it, Mrs. A—; but I felt sure it would be so last time I was here. Although you could not feel anything, and all was darkness, you seemed so determined to *believe*; and this gave me confidence that though for awhile God might hide Himself, He would, ere He took you, reveal Himself. You see, He has caused you to pass through one of 'His *little moments*,' that with great mercies He might crown you."

"Ay, Miss; and I do praise God for this, that I have not to struggle with death and my unforgiven sins together. That has been all my fear since I lay here; ay, and before that. Many a time when I was about, I thought I should be having another attack, which might carry me off, a poor, miserable backslider; and no one knew, but I used to get up early, and pray and agonize; though I never got any nearer. So being afraid to die, I fought hard for life;

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and, perhaps, for my children's sake, had still, hadn't my sight been taken. I knew I could be no use when that went. Well, now how different it all is! My sins are forgiven, and I am content to go."

"You will tell me all about it, will you not?"

"Yes; though it isn't much. I took hold of the text you gave me, 'Whoso believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' I said it over and over again, trying to see the comfort in it, and at last I did see it. All the burden rolled off me. The Lord made me so happy; He almost gave me a look into heaven; and now I can believe in Him. I can see by faith the great white throne, the saints and angels coming and going before it, and I know that I shall be with them. It's all joy, and peace, and hope!"

"And all through believing in Jesus. You grasped God's declaration, that 'Whoso believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' God gave you to believe, and your joy in your pardon and in your blessed inheritance were such as became the child of the King's adoption. Was it not so?"

"I think it was. And O, Miss, to know that there's *rest!* O, mine has been a sad, weary life!"

"My poor friend, I know it; and Jesus knows it better. How sweetly will He comfort you. Now you are in haste to be gone, but do not be impatient. The soul He has loved so well, and that had so long rejected Him, that He has saved at last from the very jaws of the wolf, He may see fit to try for a little. Very lovingly, in knowledge of its weakness, demanding from it in the eleventh hour some of the service it would not render in health. Forgive me if I tell you that you have a work to do on this dying bed. You have to witness to the necessity of a Saviour; to the danger of delay; to the sustaining power of religion. Will you do it?"

An anxious willingness was expressed. The visitor continued:—

"When you have a little strength, speak to those around you. Not many words are needed. Ask your husband and your daughters what they will do when they come to lie where you are. Tell them how hard it is to do that in sickness which they have neglected in health. Most likely your words now have a weight with them which they never had before; and after you have passed away, they will be pondered over, and repeated, or brought back to remembrance by the Spirit."

"That is very true. Ever since I found peace, I have been praying to God for them. O that they would consider! for they know these things. They know as well as I can tell them."

"The same love that has found you can find them. How frequently is that love compelled to use the harsher means, because the gentler have been resisted."

"It has been so in my case. I have had such a weary, weary life; and somehow my husband being what he is, my children have come all the nearer to me. They have been dear children to me, and they are good, loving children; if only they were saved!"

"What a consolation to you and to them now that they have been so. Well, preach to them from that. Ask them to be dear children to their Heavenly Father; and then, in the time of weakness and old age, He will not forsake them."

With a sudden energy,—

"If I could but open their eyes to

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the danger of delay! If I could but make them know what I have passed through from fear of the last hour. O! Miss, I have had one poor woman I knew always before me. She was a young, married woman, careless about her soul, till she was taken ill, and informed by the doctor that she was going to die. Then she roused up. She declared she couldn't die, for she wasn't ready. She tried to pray, but scarcely could for fear; and no matter how she prayed, she had no faith that her prayers would be answered. So she came to the last night of her life, and her distress and fear were so great she dare not lie in bed; she would be taken up, and she sat on a cushion at her husband's feet, while he supported her, and held her hands. All night long the neighbours that were in kept saying to her, 'Pray; call on the Lord!' and she tried and tried, but it was dreadful to be with her. Well, towards five in the morning she grew quiet, and was so for about a quarter of an hour. They thought she was worn out, when all of a sudden she started nearly on her feet, and called out, 'O, I am born again!' She smiled beautifully; but they were the last words she spoke. She let them lift her into bed, and remained quite peaceful till eight o'clock, when she died without a sigh or struggle. What an awful thing, though, to have to contend with death and sin together! Thank God I am saved from that!"

Her visitor did thank God. But O! this story of a dying woman, as narrated by another dying woman, was thrilling. It conveyed to her the great importance of ever being sure of her own election; of ever keeping in mind the solemnities of death and eternity.

What an exclamation from dying lips, "O, I am born again!" Let imagination follow that new-born spirit through the portals of immortality, and see it enter a ransomed child into the presence of the Father.

While friends here bewail a sister dead, in a double sense may the angels rejoice over a child new born, a child admitted into her Royal Father's courts, "to go out no more for ever." If upon that happy brow, warm with the kiss of peace, a shade of regret might be seen, how would we interpret it? Regret for the friends left behind? Regret for a life shortened? Assuredly not. We should say the regret was for the infantile lowness of the stature in Christ Jesus; regret that the vineyard had been neglected; that the loving Saviour had in vain stretched out His hands, till the shadows of the eleventh hour fell upon her, and the grave yawned upon her path.

There hang upon the present hour two eternities. Death and hell follow hard after us. Heaven and life eternal lay before us. "The world, the flesh, and the devil" are against us. The Triune God, with the "cloud of witnesses," are on our side. "Greater is He that is for us, than all they which be against us." Our life may be a tried one; but, standing on the threshold of a happy eternity, its length will dwindle to a moment, its trials into comparative insignificance, except for their disciplinary and refining influence; and for the joys of heaven, for the glories of the city of the great King, no mighty poet's pen can describe them, no heart of man conceive them.

And thou, tried and weary one, with whom the world, and the things pertaining to it, have gone hardly, be persuaded for a moment to ponder

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over the mere negative happiness of heaven; and see if desire will not awaken in thee, and the cry of yearning burst from thy lips, even in the night watches. No sin, no sorrow, no tears, no temptation there! The inhabitant shall never more say, "I am sick." The Lord God shall wipe away the tears from off all faces. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

If to come short of heaven were all, the loss would be unspeakably sad and bitter; but to fail at the gates of heaven is to sink into the abyss of hell. To be outcast from the high company of saints and angels, is to be the companion of devils, the tormented of fiends. "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

As I write, I am reminded of an incident told me by a friend of mine, a district-visitor in London. Meeting with a man who was far advanced in consumption, she questioned him about his spiritual state. He expressed the greatest indifference to it. This excited her alarm and grief. Frequently she visited him, but though her visits were tolerated, the man's stolidity and unconcern continued. One day he explained to her that he would not trouble himself about religion, because the heaven of the New Testament had no charms for him; and as for hell, he did not believe in it. He seemed inclined to enter into an argument with her on the impossibility of material fire preying upon an immaterial soul, or of any substance exposed to the action of fire remaining unconsumed. My friend did not argue with him; she warned him of his rashness in waiting to realize how far these things were physical facts, or images of extreme spiritual anguish, and returned to her own home to pray. Next time she went to see him, she met with a different reception. The sick man looked upon her as she came into his presence as if she were the straw that might save him. Terror was stamped upon every feature.

"O, Ma'am, I have had such a dream: such a dreadful dream! I will never again mock at the terrors of hell."

"Why, what did you dream?"

"I dreamed I was sitting before a great smithy fire, when all at once I noticed a reptile struggling in it, red hot as any heated iron, and yet quite entire. I felt sorry for it, and kept looking, hoping it would soon be out of its misery, and would burn up altogether. In my dream, I seemed to look for ages, and the thing remained alive and undiminished. Then our talk came to my mind, and I called out: 'Great God! This is to show me the state of the damned!' O, Ma'am, pray for me as for a poor sinner falling into hell!"

And she did pray. She prayed till the brand was plucked from the burning, till he who could only be "persuaded by the terror of the Lord," was filled with a sense of His love.

LIFE A DEBENTURE.

A GENTLEMAN has a few thousand pounds which he wishes to lend on good security for reasonable interest. He resolves to place it as a debenture in a safe railway company at a fixed rate, for a fixed time. Every half year he expects the interest due, and he receives it when he presents the warrant at the bank; and so it continues until the time arrives when the debenture itself falls due, and then he returns their bond to the company, and they deliver his cash into his hands.

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So our life is a debenture which we hold from God. The time of its duration is uncertain to us, though known by God. We cannot tell when God will ask the loan back; but when He does, we shall be obliged to give it up. Therefore we should be always ready for His demand. While we retain the loan, He expects some interest every day; and if we fail to render it now, when He calls for the principal to be returned to Him, He will say where is the interest you owe Me thereon? But we shall be speechless, having nothing to pay; and He will order His angels to "cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,"—the bitter but useless repentance of despairing sorrow and maddened pride. But if now, in the time of our probation and by the way of the Gospel, we apply to Christ, He will become our Surety, and we shall be ransomed "without money and without price," and be entitled to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." F. M. KEELING.

A TRUSTED LEADER.

ON the grassy hills of our pretty country, numerous flocks of sheep may be seen browsing on the sloping sides, or basking with pleasure beneath the warm summer's sun; each of these flocks has a leader, a sheep to whose neck a bell is attached, which tinkles as the woolly bearer scrambles up the hill sides, or trots along the paths which wind around the hills. Although there are several separate and distinct flocks, belonging to different owners, strange to say, no confusion takes place amongst them, as each flock knows the sound of its leader's bell, and follows the same whithersoever it goeth. No shepherd watches over the sheep as in Eastern lands with curved crook, as they are free from all attack, and roam about at pleasure, the unmolested denizens of the hills. As you sit on the mountain-brow, and gaze down upon the happy scene, you learn from these browsing mountaineers how well it is to have a good trustworthy leader.

R. J. K.

RESPECT PAID TO WEALTH.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The poor is hated even of his own neighbour: but the rich hath many friends." (Prov. xiv. 20.)

THE doings and sayings of well-dressed people do certainly appear to greater advantage than those of persons who are clad in mean and dirty attire. Somehow, stains on a man's conduct do not appear so offensive if there are none on his clothes. What is beautiful in his behaviour, seems specially so if there is moderate adornment in his raiment. Offence is not so readily taken at the movement of good broadcloth as at the flutterings of ragged fustian; and she who is attired in silk may fearlessly pass a "Caution to Trespassers," while she whose frock is both soiled and torn, is in danger of arrest even on the broad gravelled walk. This partiality is intensified if the well-dressed acquaintance is known to dwell in a spacious and richly-furnished house of his own, and to have large stores of well-invested wealth.

A painting looks to greater advantage when in a good frame. One of the best paintings of the old masters might remain in some broker's store for months unnoticed by ordinary customers if the frame were utterly despicable, while it would be likely to

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be carefully inspected if set in a richly-gilt and massive frame. Of course an able art-critic could accurately estimate the worth of a painting in good frame, bad frame, or without any frame whatever; but all men are not able art-critics. Much, therefore, will depend, for the present, on the frames. In like manner much depends on people's circumstances as to the place which they occupy in public estimation. Is not your opinion thus largely influenced? We, of course, virtuously rebuke such judging of people in part by what they have. We firmly maintain that "a man is a man" whatever his surroundings. But do we not, straightway, permit ourselves to be affected by those surroundings?

Is the respect paid to the wealthy, because of what they possess, altogether right, or altogether wrong, or is it right in some cases, doubtful in others, and despicable in many? To prove that it is always proper might relieve many of our consciences, whilst to pronounce, on sufficient authority, that to be influenced by surroundings is always unworthy, would condemn most people. The fact is indisputable that to some extent most of us are influenced in our judgment of those around us by their circumstances, and that such has ever been the case. Before we acquit ourselves or condemn ourselves in this matter, we must carefully distinguish things that differ.

Respect paid to wealth is sometimes despicably selfish.—Some years ago there was in Wales an old lady who was intent on the acquisition of money. We need not be afraid of hurting the feelings of her surviving friends and kinsfolk by what we relate, inasmuch as she had none for whom she cared, and none who cared for her. She was childless. The great end of her living was, for several years, the acquiring and hoarding of money. Hence her sympathies became more and more contracted. There was much to pity in her case, but nothing to admire. She was, however, long spared, and the insane desire for more money became stronger and stronger. Perhaps none in the Principality was more eager in the pursuit of wealth than this miserable woman, who knew she could not long survive, and had no one to leave it to for whom she cared.

At length the aged miser died. As she had made no will, her heir-at-law came into possession of the whole, and proceeded to dispose of it after his manner. He was an illiterate labouring man, and had no reverence for the memory of his departed kinswoman. It suited him to dispose of the effects by auction. It was suggested to him that there was much that would be better disposed of privately. He, however, concluded that as there must be a public auction, he would get most by allowing everything to be submitted to public competition. He gave orders accordingly, and employed an auctioneer. Amid the jeers and laughter of a vulgar crowd, the personal effects of the deceased were, without discrimination, presented for sale. The climax was reached, and the mirth uproarious, when the man with the hammer offered the artificial teeth lately used by her who formerly had been mistress there, and but lately consigned to her tomb.

The unfeeling kinsman, under whose direction this sale took place, had not had need to employ much fawning to his rich relative. Doubtless he would have used his utmost powers of flattery had such effort been required. The selfishness dis-

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played at the sale would have assumed any form possible to secure the desired end. In many cases fawning and flattery of the unworthy rich, by the needy equally unworthy, are resorted to, that a large share of the spoil may be secured at the death. Respect and affection are pretended by those who are really only anxious for a speedy funeral and a will favourable to them. A rich man may have many such friends, whilst the poor and despicable hangers-on are hated of each other. Such hypocrisy is despicably selfish.

Respect paid to wealth is sometimes absurdly foolish.—We read of those who readily consented to worship a huge image of gold which a vain-glorious king had caused to be made. The height of the image was threescore cubits, and the breadth of it was six cubits, and it was set up "in the plain of Dura" by the command of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. Rich and poor, mighty and mean, were ready to bow their knees before the king's golden image. The devotees had no expectation of acquiring any portion of the gold. It was not understood that, after faithful service, the precious metal was to be divided among the worshippers, or we could readily have accounted for the immensity of the concourse. An arm or a leg from that image would have been a prize for a captain, governor, sheriff, or even for a prince. But no such division of spoil was announced or expected. No one was to carry away even a finger or toe, a nose or ear. Many who assembled on the plain of Dura would have been pleased with the parings of the idol's toe-nails or finger-nails. But no such booty was to be theirs. The king's command was enough; and, had the adoration been absolutely voluntary, it is not likely that the crowd of devotees would have been much less. So there are myriads who fawn on a rich man simply because he has much money, without the remotest expectation of being enriched by the fortunate man, and believing that no one else will be benefitted by the wealth so long as the owner can grasp it. Such worship of a golden image is utterly foolish.

Respect paid to wealth is sometimes perfectly just.—That man deserves special honour who is faithful to his trust amid circumstances of special responsibility and temptation. He to whom large property has been entrusted, and uses it to promote God's glory and the well-being of his fellows, deserves our respect and love. Some years ago an aged man was wrongfully deprived of all his slowly-accumulated savings, amounting to fifty-seven pounds. The old man made such efforts as he could to secure restitution, but altogether in vain. He had all his life toiled that he might never have to go to the workhouse, and had hoped that the money now lost might with strict economy have lasted to the end of his days. But now he must spend his last years among paupers. The circumstance became known to a wealthy farmer who dwelt near. After inquiries made, the farmer resolved that the worthy old man should not suffer in this manner. He therefore commissioned a friend in whom he could confide to visit the poor man, and help him. "I have brought you some money from a kind gentleman who will not let his name be known," said the messenger, to the aged man. "Sign this paper, and I will give it to you." "I can't write," was the answer. "Make your mark, then." This was done, and then the inquiry put, "How much am I to have?" "There's a sovereign, two, three,

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four—" When the agent had reached twenty, the old man was ready to faint with joy. The fifty-seven were, however, laid down. That good farmer was not known as the benefactor, yet somehow he had "many friends." His kindness could not always be concealed. There is a poverty which is culpable, and a wealth which is honourable.

PRAYER.

When heavy waves of trouble break and roll,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking, struggling soul;
When robb'd of health or friends I lowly bend,
What doth to me sweet, hallow'd comfort lend?—
One hour with Thee, O Lord.

What holds me in my darkest, loneliest hour,
When wrestling with my foe, I feel his power;
The power of sin to wound my restless heart,
Writhing beneath the wily tempter's dart?—
One hour with Thee, O Lord.

What nerves my weary, aching limbs anew,
Fresh deeds of love and mercy to pursue;
And bears my spirit from this world away,
To realms of never-ending, blissful day?—
One hour with Thee, O Lord.

Then, when this fleeting, fading life is gone,
When I heaven's pure and spotless garb put on;
And soar away, from earth's foul taint wash'd free,
O, Saviour, grant, I pray, this boon to me,
Eternity of love spent, O, my Lord, with Thee!

Southampton. MARY BASKIN.

NOTES IN GUERNSEY.

BY THE REV. J. LANCASTER BALL.

No. I.

A VERY picturesque and interesting scene is the arrival of the Southampton packet at Guernsey. As soon as the appointed watcher could make her out, just as she became visible, a mere speck in the horizon, the fact of her approach was signalled over the island; and a fair representation of the commercial and fashionable world of Peter-Port now turns out upon the spacious quays to witness her entrance into the harbour. It is the event of the day. Besides passengers and a heterogeneous heap of merchandize, she brings Her Majesty's mails and the London papers. There is a kind of pause in the island life until the character of her contents is known. Any delay in her arrival impedes the industry of the community, and keeps many in suspense as to their day's engagements. As she floats into the commodious harbour, the expectant crowd is marshalled, and the passengers emerge amidst the greetings of friends (if they have any) and the lively competition of porters. The mail-bags and newspaper parcels are seized in eager haste. Whatever else is destined for Guernsey, is, by the aid of excellent mechanical appliances, expeditiously extricated; other passengers and goods are received on board in return, the scene of excitement and vociferation ceases, the packet steams out on her further voyage to Jersey, and the Guernseymen disperse to consider in what degree the persons or the chattels, or the news now imported, come "home" to their own "business and bosoms."

My friend, who has just landed, is from the north of England, and has never seen the islands before. He has sometimes, when musing over a map, looked at these little dots in the Channel, and thought of their singular geographical position, and their unique relation to the British Crown, with a feeling of curiosity which he has at length found an opportunity of indulging. We congratulate

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(*High-street, St. Peter-Port.*)

him on being able to do so by a voyage of a few hours in that well-provided steamer, instead of having to beat about in a "cutter" for days or weeks!

In 1788, when the late Dr. Adam Clarke brought his bride to Guernsey, he spent eight days upon the water. He was fortunate. Afterwards, during the wars with France, there was, in addition to the dangers of the sea and the distressing slowness of the passage, the risk of capture by the enemy. In 1793, a gentleman of Guernsey who had ventured on a visit to England, found some difficulty in getting back again. He embarked in a trading vessel at Southampton, and waited at Cowes for an armed vessel from Portsmouth to act as convoy. Time after time they weighed anchor and set sail, but by reason of contrary winds, dead calm, and the fear of privateers, the whole passage from Southampton to Guernsey occupied *three months*. From the same causes the

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mails were of course irregular and few, and on one occasion, in the early part of the present century, seven weeks elapsed without the reception of a single mail.

As the visitor approaches Guernsey for the first time, he is struck with the picturesque beauty of the town of St. Pierre, or St. Peter-Port. The beauty belongs to the situation and to the *tout-ensemble*, not to any single object in it. The houses, red-tiled, and of manifold shapes and sizes, are piled in a confused *mêlée* up the steep sides of a crescent-shaped hill, and seem trying to peep over each other's shoulders to look at the incoming steamer, and, of course, bashful stranger, principally at you! On your left, as you enter the harbour, you pass under the shadow of Castle-Cornet, a great stronghold in its time, and though of no military use now, yet, like an old dog whose teeth are gone, *looking* formidable and threatening still in its ancient lair on the top of the outstanding rock. It is grey with eld, and grim; and in contrast with it, high up upon your right, is Victoria Tower, young, slim, and elegant, the memorial of the last visit of royalty. These, with the dumpy tower of Elizabeth College, are the only buildings likely, separately, to arrest the attention in approaching the town from the sea. And yet, when seen under the glowing sunshine, which is more common here than in England, and when the brilliant hue of the sea up to the very landing-place vies with that of the deep blue sky, it is more than ordinarily beautiful; it is like a vision of fairy land.

As far as the town is concerned, however, a very few steps on shore will more than qualify the feeling of admiration. The esplanade, skirting the base of the hill upon which the town stands, is, indeed, a fine thoroughfare, and with buildings of any dignity would present an imposing front to the sea. But the streets beyond it are narrow, steep, and tortuous; the houses, of an ungainly height, gaunt and gloomy. "The first thing I observed in it," says John Wesley, in relating his visit in 1787, "was very narrow streets and exceeding high houses." It is one of the first observations still. If you look upward, you see but a thin strip of the blue sky between the eaves and chimneys. You have an uneasy feeling of being entangled in a labyrinth of back streets, and long to emerge into some principal thoroughfare. Houses on opposite sides of a busy street seem so near to each other at the top, as to favour very confidential conversation between the upper storeys. Still, there are some striking effects produced by the projection of gables and storeys, and by the mutual hob-nobbing of quaint old buildings; and here and there you get a street view which may remind you of Prout's "Sketches in Normandy."

Having given a short descriptive sentence from one of the greatest men of the last century, we add another from the most beloved Sovereign of this, Queen Victoria. "It is built like a foreign town," says Her Majesty,* who, nevertheless, has no more loyal subjects, even in the Highlands, than those who dwell in these foreign-looking streets; but she has hit a characteristic which at once strikes an English visitor. It does not need the occasional chatter of the *patois* around you, nor the intermixture of French with English signs and placards, to tell you that you are not in England.

As you climb the streets, or the still steeper and more toilsome "Escaliers," you will, if middle-aged, pause occasionally, and, turning round, you have a charming panorama of the neighbouring islands, which from this point add a peculiar beauty to the sea view, breaking its monotony, without lessening its magnificence. Let us briefly note them, and take a general survey of the whole group, before we lose sight of them in the lanes of the interior of Guernsey. On a clear day you may get a glimpse of them all, together with an outline of the coast of France. Nearest

* "Yachting Excursions," added to "Our Life in the Highlands."

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to us, being only three miles distant, are little Herm, and still tinier Jethou, the appearance of which as to relative size and position has been likened to that of a frigate attended by a tug. Further to the south is Sark, and beyond it, more dimly outlined, Jersey. Alderney is seen as dimly to the north. These, with a few smaller islets and rocks, constitute the Norman Archipelago,* and are what remains to the successors of the Conqueror of his Duchy of Normandy.

The *names* of these islands have puzzled eminent philologists. Placed on the frontier of different nationalities and languages, great variation in orthography and pronunciation was to be expected. In the case of Alderney, the variation amounts to an actual change of name. Its present current designation would seem to have been arbitrarily imposed in accommodation to English tongues. The name it bears in its own speech and in its legal documents, is Aurigny. It is curious to note the aliases through which it has passed. Known to the Romans as Riduna, it reappears in the twelfth century in Norman-French as Auremen: Dr. Heylin, in the seventeenth century, calls it Arvie, and it has been variously spelt Aurneye and Aurency. The original derivation through such transmutations we give up. Herm is clear. It is the old French for waste, uncultivated land, and has a common root with the English word hermit. Jersey was known in Roman time as Cæsarea, from which the crude philology which satisfied past generations confidently derived the modern name, and by an equally vigorous process made Jerbourg (in Guernsey) and Cherbourg, on the opposite coast, to be Cæsar's bourg. It is more likely that when the compiler of the "Itinerary" of Antoninus called the island Cæsarea, he but Latinized, as in so many other instances, a name which to him was barbarous, probably the name, or something approaching it in sound, which it now bears. Dr. Latham hesitatingly approves the suggestion of "an excellent Norse scholar," that Jersey is "grass-isle," and Guernsey "green-isle." With great deference to such an authority, we submit that these names are not sufficiently distinctive of one island from the other, to render them likely. "Ey," is in each case undoubtedly the so widely-spread German suffix for island; but the first syllable in Guernsey is better accounted for by a Celtic origin —and Celtic etymons are frequent in the islands—in which case it would be truly descriptive, meaning an island of many angles or corners. Such hybrid names, each syllable derived from a different language, are common enough wherever different races have met or succeeded each other.

The population of the Channel Islands may be roughly stated at one hundred thousand; that of Jersey being more than sixty thousand, and that of Guernsey more than half that number.

The exquisite and varied scenery of these islands, their very genial climate, their wealth of fruits and flowers, their abundance and variety in some departments of natural history, their peculiar laws and customs—some feudal, and some simple and primitive—the anomaly of their ancient and unswerving allegiance to England, notwithstanding their geographical and lingual connection with France,—all these things combine not only to attract a visit from the tourist and the invalid, but to win the interest of the naturalist, the ethnologist, and the student of language, of history, and of law. Professor Ansted truly says, "travellers may be assured that there are few places so small that take so long to see."

Guernsey is an irregular triangle, much in the shape of a Welsh harp, but with innumerable projections and indentations. It is, indeed, a "many-angled isle." Though covered with deep and fertile soil, it is one mass of granite, and is

* There are the Chaussey Isles between Jersey and Granville, which belong to France. Though the largest bears the name of *la Grande Ile*, they are poor storm-swept rocks, with a few miserable huts, and are almost depopulated in the winter; but they supply myriads of lobsters for the Paris markets.

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fringed round with jagged rocks, which at low water are said to remind returned Missionaries of the coral reefs of Southern seas. As we turn into the country, you will find that though so small a speck upon the map, it is perhaps larger than you thought, and contains sufficient room for healthy exercise, without fear of falling off into the sea. The inland scenery is not remarkable, except for quiet beauty, but that it has in a high degree, and with some very distinctive features. The luxuriant gardens have a singular as well as beautiful appearance, from the number of foreign and even tropical trees and shrubs,* and from the robust growth of others which we have only known as carefully-tended pets. It is not the heat of summer but the mildness of the winter that favours their growth; for on an average of years the summers are cooler than in London, while the winters are nearly as mild as the South of France. The great aloe and the Pampas grass adorn the lawns. The orange in sheltered situations ripens in the open air. The myrtle covers the fronts of houses to the height of thirty feet or more, flowering profusely. The camellia japonica, rarely seen in England except under glass, will fill the garden with its brilliant bloom from November to March. The fig-tree is common, and its fruit ripens perfectly in ordinary seasons, requiring no care except to keep off the birds. The vine is the subject of more attentive cultivation, being grown in glass-houses; and almost every garden has a vinery, but generally without artificial heat. Its culture is remunerative. In 1865, more than nine tons of grapes were supplied to the London markets from this island alone, and the amount has greatly increased since. Plants with which we have been familiar, such as our old friends the fuchsia and hydrangea, surprise us by the bulk and stature they have assumed. An acquaintance of humble rank but of sound character for usefulness, the cabbage, appears in still more unexpected proportions and importance. There is a species, more cultivated, however, in Jersey than here, which attains the height of ten feet and more. The straight, hard, and woody stalks are cut up into walking-sticks, and polished for sale.

Thanks to Sir John Doyle, a late governor of the island, whose monument stands conspicuously on one of its highest points, but who braved extreme unpopularity to accomplish his purpose, the high roads are everywhere good, and intersect the island without the nuisance of a single turnpike. The pretty villas near the town are succeeded as we get further into the country by grave, sombre, and substantially-built farm-houses, and by ancient cottages of native granite with massive semi-circular doorways, which have stood for centuries without decay. They have generally an air of comfort, and of profound, almost slumbrous peace. The silence is remarkable even to one accustomed to the country. No snorting, shrieking railway-engine, no factory bell or "buzzer," no whirl of machinery or reverberation of a great steam-hammer. You strain your ear, and can catch nothing but the simplest sounds of nature. It is not that the land is thinly peopled. There are more inhabitants to the square mile than in England. But they are spread more equally. Out of the town, they are chiefly in separate homesteads, or in very small groups and hamlets. We observe that the older houses are everywhere built in hollows, and without regard to natural beauty of situation, or to the advantage of a view, though sometimes a slight difference of position would have secured one of the choicest description. It may be that the builders partook in a defect of taste which a recent writer attributes to their cousins in continental Normandy at the present day, who, he says, have little natural love for scenery, do not care for it, in fact, and build houses with such aspects, that when within doors, "the hills and valleys are before and around us, but we are not allowed to see them."* The coincidence

* The Guernsey lily, though become so common as to be characteristic of the island, is itself an importation from Japan, and can rarely be preserved in England.

* "Normandy Picturesque." II. Blackburn. 1869.

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is curious. But the Guernseymen, whatever their appreciation of scenery, were more influenced by a lively fear of storms, which at the Equinoxes are indeed serious. The high lands near St. Peter-Port, which are now covered with villas, were in the last generation thought dangerous ground to build upon; and one of the first gentlemen who ventured to do so, was warned that the roof would be blown away, and that he might as well build upon the Douvres rocks.

Throughout the rural parts of the island, there are few or no indications of poverty. The only sign of beggary or of a pauper spirit is one for which thoughtless tourists are responsible. Groups of children will run till breathless after a *char-à-banc* full of strangers, begging in a plaintive chant, "Des doubles! des doubles!"* The visitors throw the coppers out for the sake of witnessing the scramble: the parents, finding the thing lucrative, encourage their children in it, and they are thus trained to mendicancy. But the general condition of the people is one of decent competency. How far this is to be attributed to the sub-division of the land into small farms, and to peasant proprietorship, and how far to the very frugal habits of the people, we will not now discuss. It is not owing to scientific agriculture. The modes and appliances are what might be expected with farms ranging from five to twenty-five English acres. A Lincolnshire farmer would smile to see men employed in pulling up a crop of oats by the roots, a handful at a time, or crawling over a field on their hands and knees, weeding. Still, the work is done; the produce is abundant; no land is more sharply looked after to see that none of it lies idle, and—it *supports its cultivators*. There are, however, many acres lost where every inch is valuable, by the prodigiously broad hedge-banks which divide the tiny fields. In this as in some other matters, insular conservatism scorns all innovation. It was the way of their fathers.

* "Some *doubles*." A double is the eighth of a Guernsey penny. There are twelve and a half Guernsey pennies to an English shilling.

The only means of communication are the roads and lanes. No railway, no canal, no river. There is no stream so large as to have a name; but there are crystal rills that trickle down the gorges and the umbrageous "water lanes." Exquisite bits of rural beauty are those water lanes: sweet vignettes they make in your memory when they have once been seen. You take one side of the lane, and the rivulet takes the other, and will bear you company with its music to the sea. Overhead is a continuous bower of thickly-interlacing branches, only letting in the sunshine in small and quivering rays to play upon the water, and upon banks and hedgerows which to the lover of wild flowers, ferns, and mosses, teem with treasure.

But it is the coast scenery that is the pride of Guernsey. The island all round is indented by a succession of bays, presenting a variety rarely seen in so small a compass, and a wonderful combination of picturesque beauty with a bold and often rugged grandeur. Here, in some sheltered cove, are green slopes, with the elegant, feathery tamarisk, almost down to the water's edge; there are lofty headlands and fantastic granite pinnacles against which the sea leaps in its majestic anger, or in its calmer moods sleeps at their feet, and offers its bright hues, varying from emerald to purple, in contrast with the golden lichen of the rocks. At intervals, a deserted Martello tower or battery adds much to the scenic effect; and a fisherman's cottage, with his children playing on the shore, puts life into the picture.

One of these delightful bays, called le Petit Bot, has, to the writer and to others who may read these pages, additional interest, arising from very pleasing associations. To all Methodists in Guernsey, the Missionary Anniversary is an event of high interest, and its celebration is not confined to the chapels, but extends, it may be said, to these remote and rocky nooks. The hearty Guernseymen would be much disappointed if the gentlemen of the deputation, in addition to, or in return for, their nine

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public services during the week, should not have an opportunity of seeing the bays. Parties are organized, and one of the resting-places is a cavern in this bay, known to naturalists as the habitat of a somewhat rare fern.* Here it is customary to unite in singing a hymn. On a recent occasion of this kind, as probably often before, the hymn chosen was the old favourite,—nowhere inappropriate, but the leading figure of which is finely illustrated here,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

The vault of the "cleft rock" echoed with the well-known strain; and both then and at a subsequent conversation of an unconstrained "lovefeast" character, there were hearts that glowed afresh with adoration and love to the God-Man, the Creator and Redeemer, Whose works, great and marvellous, surrounded them, and Whose manifested love to sinners made them feel—

"'Twas great to call a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem."

THE METHODIST ITINERANT SYSTEM.

BY THE REV. T. J. MACARTNEY.

In the early history of Methodism the Itinerant system was a necessity. Through the blessing of God, the labours of Mr. Wesley and his fellow-workers were so successful, that very shortly they found themselves surrounded by a number of Societies calling for pastoral oversight. These were so numerous, and the supply of proper men to enter upon this work so small, that the demand could only be met by appointing preachers to take the care of a number of these Societies grouped together. By thus dividing their labours, and scattering their efforts over a great surface, they were able to accomplish much. Upwards of one hundred and thirty years have gone since Mr. Wesley's travelling preachers went forth as messengers of the Cross, and looking at the various parts of our globe where they planted the standard and won souls for Christ, we see their fruits, and are led to say, "the hand of the Lord was with them." The Itineracy has now become an essential part of the great system. This, in conjunction with the Class-meeting, forms the back-bone of Methodism. Remove either of them, and at once that which distinguishes our Church from the other sections of the Church of God is gone, and, we are afraid, with them our power for good.

Various arguments might be adduced why a ministry ought to be settled, but we believe that it is easier to produce reasons why it should be itinerant. The itinerant system is according to the New-Testament plan. The first preachers of the Gospel were itinerants in the fullest sense of the term. Our Saviour did not confine His labours to one place. Jerusalem did present attractions to one who would seek the public eye, but its gorgeous temple, with its ever-changing crowd of worshippers, its busy market-places and crowded streets, He left behind, and hastened to the farthest corner of Galilee, everywhere seizing an opportunity to make known to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel" that "the kingdom of God" was "at hand." He went about in all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel. The history of the early ages of the Church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, is the history of itineracy. The command given by the Master was, "begin at Jerusalem," but never did He intend the Apostles to continue there. A work had to be done amidst the scenes of Christ's sufferings. They had to testify in the streets of the capital, and in the presence of Jesus's murderers, that they had killed the Prince of Life, Whom God had raised up, and made both Lord and Christ. Their testimony as to the great fact of Christ's resurrection was required even in the presence of His judges. This work being done, the world was before them—a world lying in the wicked one, but redeemed by Christ's precious blood. He knew that to poor perishing humanity

* The Asplenium marinum.

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the tidings of salvation would be good news. To "the regions beyond" the Apostles were to go, and, obedient to the command, they went forth, and everywhere preached "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." The success which attended the labours of the Apostles may be greatly attributed, under God, to their wandering life. Not waiting for individuals to approach them to whom they could speak of the common salvation, but going forth, they stood in the world's great highways, or in the crowded mart, or by the lonely river-side, or entering the synagogues of strange cities, they either expounded to their countrymen the Scriptures, or pointed with contempt to the gods of the heathen. The gift of the Holy Ghost, which enabled them to speak in other tongues, conveyed plainly to them their mission. If they were to be stay-at-home preachers, this supernatural power would have been, however, notably circumscribed in its operation. The world needed the Gospel. That Gospel was committed to them; but never could they convey to strangers its glorious truths unless the power to speak in other tongues had been given. Amongst the Apostles, we would point out Peter and Paul. The former considered himself called to preach to his own countrymen, to warn the children of the stock of Abraham to "flee from the wrath to come." Nobly did he fulfil his task, proving himself willing to go even to the ends of the earth that he might tell those of the circumcision that the long-looked-for and long-prayed-for Messiah was come. Paul's mission was different. He was a chosen vessel to carry the name of Jesus to the Gentiles. Upon being made acquainted with his work, he at once entered upon it. Never did he feel satisfied with himself unless he was passing from country to country, or from city to city, either establishing or confirming Churches, comforting the brethren, pointing out the foolishness of the worldly or declaiming against the customs or deities of the heathen. That he laboured hard and suffered much, we may learn from his own words: "Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Such were the plans and operations of the Apostles. Our Itinerant system is a modification of that plan. The Minister is continually changing the scene of his labour, breaking up old associations and forming new ones, entering upon scenes and amongst friends hitherto strange to him. In this respect we, in a great measure, imitate the first messengers of the Cross.

It provides a diversity of gifts to the Churches. Even amongst the Apostles, the diversity of gifts was recognized. All did not possess the same talents and abilities. As in their time, so is it at present. Still there are diversities of gifts, differences of administration, and diversities of operations. As there is in the human face that which distinguishes a man from his brother, so there is in the mind of man that which individualizes him, sets him apart from all the rest. The great Creator did not form every mind in the same mould, but has imparted to one traits which another may not possess. Every mind is not suited to, or capable of engaging in, the same work. One may be able, by presenting to the mind of man the great love wherewith God hath loved him, to draw the sinner in penitence to the feet of Jesus; while another, by holding the rebel over the brink of hell, or describing the terrors of the Lord, persuades him to flee for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him. One may possess the power of reclaiming wanderers, but lack the ability to build up or confirm in the faith: whilst another entering upon his labours may possess the latter qualification, but want the former. One may be adapted to cope with financial difficulties, and thus be able to free churches from embarrassing circumstances; whilst another not possessing this,

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may be able, by earnest, prayerful labour, to remove spiritual apathy and indifference, and cause the people to seek a higher and more devoted life. These various talents are not to be despised, but while the Head of the Church gives to "some, Apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers," we must remember that it is "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." These gifts are the property of the Church as a whole. No one localized Church has a right to monopolize the talents and labours of a gifted preacher. How dare he, having given himself up to the work of the ministry, put his qualifications at the disposal of the highest bidder? The Church of God has a claim to his powers, and, we believe, ought to have the power of appointing the place where these powers will be most effectively exercised; and he, placing himself in the hands of the Church, acquiescing in its decision, should be willing to minister to the poor as well as to the rich. This is secured by the Itinerant system. The man's future is undecided, but feeling, like Paul, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!" he brings his powers, and lays himself with them before the Church, his only language being, "Here am I; send me." Thus every Church may in turn rejoice in the labours of one "full of zeal and of the Holy Ghost;" or, it may be, for a while, have to receive those who, not possessing that fire, yet are endowed with some other useful gift.

The Itinerant system provides opportunities for pastoral work. The demands upon the preachers of the present age are great. Upon one hand, we hear the cry for an increase of pastoral work, whilst on the other, a higher style of preaching is demanded. We would not for a moment ignore the importance of both these requests, but between the two some compromise must be made. The question is, shall we lower the intellectual standard of preaching in favour of pastoral work, or shall the preacher be allowed to absorb the pastor? If one attempt to combine both functions in a high degree, the strain upon the physical and mental powers must be sufficient to wear out both mind and body. Cannot some scheme be devised by which the one may be attended to without sacrificing the other? The Itineracy provides such a scheme. While we have no sympathy with those ministers who live entirely upon old stock, who continue to preach sermons that have long since served their day and generation, and who forget to bring out of God's treasure "things new and old," yet we would not undervalue the stores that they have laid up, upon which they can fall back on any emergency. No Minister having proper ideas of the importance of his work, and the necessity there is of being abreast of the times, will be content with whatever knowledge he may have gained in past years, but every day will try to learn something, and never feel happy unless his own powers are being developed. The importance of study cannot be ignored. But the Methodist preacher comes amongst strange people with experience gained in other fields, his quiver full of arrows, prepared to enter afresh and with youthlike vigour upon his work. Instead of having to devote all the week to pulpit preparation, he can go forth to minister to the afflicted, cheer the mourner, and attend to the wants of his flock. In this way these two important functions may be discharged, the minister being able to accomplish the work of a preacher and pastor, both with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to the people. Arguments might also be drawn from the following facts. The Itinerant system affords time to attend to the temporal concerns of the Church; gives the minister from time to time a fresh start in his ministerial career; gives him an opportunity to put into practice that experience which he has gained in former years, and provides against the possibility of exhausting his mental resources.

We are aware that arguments can be brought against the system,—the breaking up of associations; the hurt which is often done through the removal of a Minister, and the introduction of one who does not understand the people and

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his work:—but although in particular cases hurt may be inflicted, so long as it provides for Methodism that even health and vigorous pulpit ministration which has been one of the sources of its success, we ought to value it as a wise and good arrangement. Let us welcome the new Minister, and bid him good speed in the name of the Lord.

SHENKYN PENHYDD.

JENKIN THOMAS, or, as he was commonly called, "Shenkyn Penhydd," from the place of his birth, Penhydd, in Glamorganshire, was one of the most remarkable of the early Welsh Calvinistic Methodist preachers. He died in the year 1807, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a man of deep, sterling piety, but very eccentric, and many are the strange tales current concerning him in the Principality.

On one occasion, being on his way to an appointment, riding a very poor horse, as he passed by an old disused quarry, he was strongly tempted to do away with it.

"Push him over," said the tempter; "he is a poor, old thing, and the Society will surely give you a better."

"No, no," said Jenkin, "nothing of the kind; 'Get thee behind me, Satan,'" and, descending from his horse, he earnestly implored grace to overcome.

Having thus resisted the temptation, he went on his way, fully resolved to embrace the first opportunity of, to use his own language, "paying out the devil" for his presumption. He had not long to wait. As he passed on his way, he came to a public-house where a large number of young persons of both sexes were assembled to celebrate the village wakes. "Ah!" thought Jenkin, "now for my opportunity." So riding up to the door, and descending from his horse, he called out to the landlord,—

"Here, landlord, take my horse; I am going to stop here to-night."

"You can't, Sir," said the landlord; "the house is already full, and so are the stables with the horses of the persons who have come to the wakes."

"Landlord," said Jenkin, looking at him very straight, "have you a license?"

"Yes."

"Then take my horse at once, or you'll repent it."

This greatly alarmed the landlord; so, turning out one of the other horses, he put Jenkin's in, and then both walked together into the house.

"What's that," said Jenkin, as he heard the noise of the revellers up-stairs; "is the devil in the house?"

"O, no, Sir!" said the man; "it's only the young people having a dance."

"Having a dance, are they? h'm, they shall all dance on their heads in the duckpond in five minutes."

"O!" said he; and rushing up-stairs into the midst of the company, he began to shout out as loudly as ever he could, "Stop, stop, for goodness' sake, stop; there's a man down-stairs, a conjuror, and he says that he will make every one of you dance on your heads in the duckpond in five minutes. Run for your lives."

At this the females began to shriek, and, rushing out helter skelter, they all ran home as quickly as ever they were able, some of them declaring that they were followed all the way by the most terrible creatures that were ever seen. When they were all gone, the landlord descended.

"Any bread and cheese in the house?" said Jenkin.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Very well; bring it here."

The landlord brought it.

"Now," said Shenkyn, "ask a blessing."

"What! me, Sir? I never asked a blessing in my life."

"You wretch!" said Jenkin; "lived to this age, and yet never asked a blessing! Begin at once, Sir, or it will be the worse for you."

"O Lord," said the man, (by this time greatly terrified,) "what *shall* I do?"

"There," said Jenkin, "that'll do; you needn't say any more just now; that's pretty fair for a beginning. Go to God often, and ask Him what you shall do, and He will tell you."

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Shenkyn then knelt down and prayed, thanking God that He had given him the victory over the evil one on his own ground.

"Ha! ha!" said he, as he returned home, "I have paid thee out, Satan; thou didst not gain so very much, after all, by attempting to persuade me to get rid of my old horse."

Jenkin was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and of strong faith, and many very marvellous instances are on record of the success with which his prayers were attended. Take one: A fair was about to be held on a certain Monday at Llandaff, to which his two brothers were resolved to go, taking their oxen, on the Lord's day. This greatly grieved Jenkin, who pointed out to them the sin of which they would be guilty, and urged upon them to go on Saturday instead. They, however, refused to listen to his remonstrances, and started on Sunday. As soon as they were gone, he retired to a quarry at the back of the house, his favourite resort for this purpose, to pray, begging the Lord to interfere. And sure enough, just at the moment he was praying, one of the oxen broke its legs, and the brothers were compelled to return and to forego their purpose of attending the fair.

As a preacher, Jenkin was not very refined. His sermons were for the most part, to use Sammy Hick's expression, "hot from the bakestone," were entirely unpremeditated, and contained expressions which would not in the present day be tolerated even by the most rustic audiences. Those, however, were rough days, and rough instruments were required to do the work. "Humility," said he, on one occasion, in preaching, "is like a cow's tail, the more it increases the lower it grows."

Preaching once from, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip," he went on to remark on those persons who complain that they have bad memories, "Tut, nonsense," said he; "your memories are all right enough, but you so fill them with thoughts of the world, and sin, and self, that there is no room left for what is good. You remember very well what you sold the old white mare for at Llandaff Fair, four or five years ago. You have not forgotten that. O, no! you can remember everything but the Gospel."

As an elder, Jenkin had a very "short and easy method" of administering discipline. Like Peter Cartwright, he was quite a "muscular" Christian. Two women, members of the Church at Dyffryn, having quarrelled, they were brought before the "Society" to be reconciled. Nothing, however, which was said seemed to avail. At length one of the brethren, turning to Jenkin, said, "Shenkyn Thomas, have you anything to say?" "Nothing publicly," said he, "but I have a word to say to these sisters privately; follow me." And then walking out of the chapel with the women, he led them to a spot close by, and, looking them both straight in the face, said in his sternest tones, "Now, you canting creatures, get along with you, and make peace, and don't let me see either of you until you have done it, too." He then marched back, locked the chapel door, and put the key in his pocket. It was quite an original way of doing things, but very effectual, for presently both the women returned, knocking very humbly at the door, desiring to be re-admitted, and promising better behaviour in the future. Belonging to this same Society was a man named "Will," who seems to have imbibed the notion that he ought to be immersed in order to be saved. This having come to Jenkin's ears, no sooner did Will make his appearance at the next Society meeting, than Shenkyn was down upon him.

"Will, what is this I hear about your going to get immersed?"

"Well, I have been thinking about it."

"O, you have, have you? But were you not baptized when a child?"

"Yes."

"Well, in Whose Name were you baptized then?"

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"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"O, indeed! Well, if you were baptized then in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a Trinity of Persons, in the name of what are you going to be baptized now?"

This was quite enough for Will; it put an end to all his desire to be immersed, and nothing more was heard about it.

Contemporary with Jenkin, and living in the same neighbourhood, was another preacher, by name Thomas Price. He was a little man, well dressed, rather consequential, and a much better preacher in his own estimation than in that of anybody else. He was preaching once in company with Shenkyn, at a Monthly Meeting, when suddenly, in the midst of a most wonderful stream of eloquence, he lost the thread of his discourse, and instead of immediately leaving off, as a wise man would have done, he went on floundering until the whole congregation was weary and disgusted. When the service was over, Jenkin went up to him, and after a good many preliminary hums and ha's, and twistings of the head, began to speak thus:—

"Tom," said he, "do you know how it all happened with you to-day? I will tell you; you went up to the pulpit full of fear and trembling, asking God to help you, and God did help you, and while that was the case all went well. Presently, however, the devil came, and patting you on the back, said, 'That's right, Tom, go ahead, my boy!' Well, there was not much harm done, until presently there came another, and he began to pat you on the back still harder, 'Well done, Tom Price,' said he; 'go on, you will beat them all.' Well, there was not much harm done even yet, nor would there have been even though he had cried himself hoarse, until by and by your own heart began to cry out, 'Well done, Tom Price,' and then the Lord in heaven said, 'Tom Price! is it?' and immediately withdrew His hand. Darkness descended upon you, you became a sport to devils and men."

Many other strange things are told concerning him, but these will suffice to indicate the man's true character, and may be taken also as an illustration of what the Apostle says, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

E. Ashton Jones.

Aberystwyth.

EVIL SPEAKING.

One of the commonest sins in the Christian Church at the present day is the practice of evil speaking; indeed, so common has it become, that men have almost grown to look upon it as a weakness rather than a sin. A weakness, a very great weakness, no doubt it is; but it is also a direct violation of the law of God, as the most cursory reader of the Bible may discover; consequently, those who indulge in it do so to their own spiritual loss, and to the injury of the religion they profess to adorn. Our Lord, in His Sermon on the Mount, as well as on other occasions, expressly forbids us to judge one another; and the Apostles, writing by "inspiration of the Holy Ghost," take up the same strain, and urge upon all Christians the duty of forbearance and charity in this particular. "Speak not evil one of another, brethren," is as plain a command of God as is "Thou shalt not kill." The sinfulness of backbiting was recognized even in the comparative darkness of the Old-Testament dispensation; for David writes, "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?... He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour;" thus placing the man who complacently listens to evil speaking in the same class with the backbiter himself. Some persons excuse themselves by saying that they are only speaking the truth, forgetting that we are commanded to "speak the truth in love;" and certainly we do not fulfil the Apostolic injunction by exposing and commenting upon the faults of our

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brethren. This practice arises partly from want of brotherly love, and quite as frequently from mental idleness. Persons must have something to talk about, and it is so much easier to indulge in gossip, than intelligently to converse on subjects that compel us to exert our mental powers. Hence we seldom find a person of much intelligence and cultivation delighting in the petty detraction so common to minds of smaller calibre. And this leads us to remark, *en passant*, that men are much less given to backbiting than women; we suppose because their education is generally of a more vigorous type, and also because their sympathies are widened by greater intercourse with the outer world.

It is our belief that many persons are seriously hindered in their progress in the Divine life by indulgence in this evil; and we would invite those who read these lines to look into their own conduct in this respect, and, if self-convicted, to turn henceforth to "a more excellent way."

As the cause of the evil is twofold, so is the remedy. The first thing to be done is to get the love of our neighbour implanted in our hearts, and to acquire the charity which will *cover*, not open out to public gaze, "a multitude of sins." Resolve never to speak of a brother's faults, unless you can by so doing benefit either the evil-doer or the person to whom you are speaking. If the sins and infirmities of your brethren cause you so much concern that you cannot keep silence, tell them to the one Father of all, and ask Him to heal His children; so shall you draw down upon yourselves the blessing promised to the merciful, for as ye mete so shall it "be measured to you again." And that you may not be tempted to this very small talk by want of subjects for conversation, cultivate your mind, read books that will make you think, take an interest in scientific discovery, and in works of philanthropy; study the lives of great and good men; try to draw out the knowledge that other people possess, and you will soon find that life affords much more interesting matter for social intercourse than the weaknesses and faults of your neighbours. M. S.

AN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER, AND A SISTER'S PRAYERS.

The general details of the greatest but least successful Government exploring expedition ever undertaken on this vast continent of Australia, have been given to the public in expensive octavos, and then in serials of the press. But the details of how a sister's prayers were made instrumental in preserving the life of the sole survivor of the party have never, to our knowledge, been in print.

Mr. King, the party alluded to, emigrated from the north of Ireland subsequent to the arrival of this much-loved sister. He had great difficulty in finding her. He was as one seeking for hidden treasure, and treasure indeed have these dear young people proved to each other. Shortly after discovering his sister, Mr. King joined the Burke and Wills Government expedition, which started from Adelaide to explore the northern portion of this continent. Mr. King's sister, anxiously in doubt for her brother's safety from the time he joined this adventure, only found her anxiety increase after his departure. In vain was she assured that a party so excellently equipped, were not exposed to the dangers which others with more slender resources had successfully surmounted, returning in safety. A praying, pious girl, and an ornament to the branch of the Victorian Church to which she had joined herself, she gave expression to her solicitude in a manner at once wise and affecting. She entreated constantly the prayers of pious persons for her brother's safety. Time wore on, and she still untiringly and systematically pursued this pious mission. In the church, at prayer-meetings, amongst her pious private acquaintance, and amongst any who feared the Lord whose ears she could reach, she was found most earnestly imploring prayer for her brother's safety.

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What a mass of prayers must that Christian woman have secured! for what Christian heart could deny her urgent, tearful, and affecting request? King proved the only survivor. The others gradually starved to death. He was the famous rescued one of Cooper's Creek, and when last we heard of him, pensioned by Government, but utterly wrecked in constitution, he resided with his pious sister in Victoria.—"*The Widow of East Angle,*" *by the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste.* *

"HERE" AND "THERE."

Here, the leaves fall sere and wither'd,
And the cheek with age grows pale;
There, bright, green, untouch'd by autumn,
Youth and beauty never fail.

Here, the rose dies in the plucking,
And the rugged thorns abide;
There, no thing of grace or glory,
Ere shall vanish from our side.

Here, the discord and the jarring
Smite upon our aching ears;
There, no sound or thought disturbing,
Wakes the peace-consumèd fears.

Here, the joys best loved and guarded,
Perish soonest, first depart;
There, the pleasures are undying;
Heal'd for aye the broken heart.

Here, our spirits are unshelter'd
From the wounds of friend and foe;
There, for all that we have suffer'd,
Streams of consolation flow.

Here, the discipline is given,
Tests which poignant pain distil;
There, no need of sorrow's schooling,
Fully moulded to Thy will.

Here, the service that we render
Falters, tarnish'd, weak, and cold;
There, our service shall be perfect,
Pure hands striking harps of gold.

Here, we languish, weep, and wrestle,
Stagger, halt, and blindly roam;
There, in bliss, and light, and splendour,
We shall swell the shout, "At home!"

Uttoxeter. .S. J. H.

* Recently published by Messrs. Morgan, Chase, and Scott, London.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. JOHN DRAKE.

Mr. John Drake, who died in the Lord, at Uppingham, on November 29th, 1870, in the eighty-third year of his age. Although he was not blessed with the advantages of a godly parentage, he yielded very early in life to the restraining influences of the Holy Spirit, and feared God from his youth. Soon after his marriage, he was induced to attend the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, who had just then opened a room for their services, in the town. He had not done so many times before he was brought to feel his need of a change of heart. In April, 1818, under a sermon preached by the late Rev. John Hobson, he was powerfully convinced of sin, and immediately joined the Society as an earnest seeker of salvation. It was not, however, until the following July that he obtained a clear sense of forgiveness. This he received in a class-meeting, a means he ever after prized very highly.

Having "put his hand to the plough," he never looked back; but "by patient continuance in well-doing" sought "for glory and honour and immortality." While entirely free from a narrow, sectarian spirit, he was intelligently and devotedly attached to the Church of his choice. Having found Methodism to be eminently calculated to promote the growth of Scriptural holiness, he thankfully embraced, and faithfully improved its provisions. As a matter of course, his "profiting" appeared unto all, and he soon became fitted for those spheres of usefulness in which Methodism reproduces itself by the employment of the gifts and graces of its active members.

In 1821 he was appointed the leader of a class; and in 1826 his name appeared upon the Circuit plan as a Local-preacher.

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In the discharge of the duties of these offices he laboured with unwearying diligence and delight, until the infirmities of age obliged him to desist, which in the case of his leadership, was not until a week before his death. Nor did he confine his labours to these offices. In the several stewardships of the Society he was "found faithful," and that when his fidelity was put to the severest tests. In short, he was always ready for every good word and work.

And yet his salvation was not "of works." While he sought to spend and be spent in his Master's service, he did not put that service in the stead of vital godliness. He never forgot the Saviour's words: "The kingdom of God is within you;" but, on the contrary, he applied himself to the promotion of inward piety with exemplary care. Prayer was his delight; and his public addresses to God were characterized by such power as only frequent and fervent private communion could supply. The habit of retiring for devotional exercises was with him a "second nature," which not even the extreme feebleness of age could weaken; but when, to ascend the stairs leading to his chamber, he was obliged to go upon his hands and knees, he would repeat the exercise three or four times every day, that he might renew his strength. His love for prayer also made him the most regular attendant at the early Sabbath morning service. Often when the snow and ice upon the ground made it difficult for younger men to reach the chapel, the subject of this memoir, when in his eighty-third year, might have been seen slowly tottering along a rough and dangerous path to get his accustomed early blessing.

To one so "fervent in spirit," the public services of the sanctuary could never be profitless; so Mr. Drake found. He heard the Word not as a critic, but as a child of God hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and his happy countenance and occasional subdued response, told that he was realizing the ancient promise, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Indeed, he often said he never left the house of God without having received a blessing, the natural fruit of such a use of the means of grace. Mr. Drake's "conversation" was "such as becometh the Gospel of Christ;" he embodied in his character "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report," and that so thoroughly as to win the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. Of this the writer had the most gratifying proof on the occasion of his funeral sermon, the congregation being largely composed of persons who had for many years known his "manner of life," who unmistakably testified to the correctness of the application of the text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright," etc.

Another fruit of his devotion to God was "patience in tribulation." Mr. Drake was never a strong man. For more than forty years he suffered almost incessantly from indigestion in some of its worst effects, which frequently laid him aside for days or weeks together. He was also called to suffer the loss of members of his family; and in October, 1867, his godly and devoted wife, who for fifty-six years had been to him a real "help-meet," was taken from his embrace: but under all trials he preserved an unfaltering confidence in God, frequently saying, "It is the Lord, and His will is best."

On the Sunday week preceding his death, Mr. Drake attended the public service in the morning, and in the afternoon met his class for the last time. On the following Sunday, Nov. 27th, being unable to go to the sanctuary, he was visited by some members of the class, to whom he said, "I am very weak; I shall not be with you again; pray for me;" and added, "whatever you do, keep together as a class and as a Church, and God will bless you." In the evening he was seized by death; but this did not alarm him. When able to speak, he invoked the blessing of heaven upon his son and daughters, who were weeping around his bed. He then repeated with great fervour the first verse of the hymn commencing, "Jesu, Lover of my soul;" then the whole of that beginning, "I thirst, Thou wounded," etc.

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Coming to the second verse, "Take my poor heart," etc., he exclaimed, "Take it now, Lord! Just now!" Later in the night he said, "O, my pain is great! The Lord is taking down this poor, frail tabernacle very fast." But pain had no power to draw his heart from God, for he immediately repeated,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

And added, "Bless the Lord, I am upon that Rock; Jesus is my Saviour, He will *not* leave me *now*." He remained in this state until Tuesday morning, when he became much worse, and it was for a moment feared his reason would be overthrown; this, however, was not permitted. As soon as consciousness was restored, he was asked if he were still resting upon Christ. He replied, "Yes .. There is no other foundation for a poor sinner to rest upon." His voice failed; he was just heard to articulate, "My Lord! my Lord!" and then "the weary wheels of life stood still," and Father Drake had gone from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

S. L.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For January, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	8 6	4 1	7 59m	4 15m	6 47a	5 11a	8 12m
11	8 3	4 14	6 37	4 38	6 53	4 25	7 37
21	7 54	4 29	6 22	4 59	6 59	3 38	7 2
31	7 41	4 47	6 34	5 17	7 5	2 52	6 27

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3d, Last Quarter .... 9h. 59m. after. | 17th, First Quarter .... 0h. 2m. after.
10th, New Moon ..... 2h. 58m. after. | 25th, Full Moon ..... 5h. 14m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Jan. 10th..... 4h. morn., Perigee; distance 221,937 miles.
„ 22d.....12h. night, Apogee; „ 252,329 „
Mean distance for the month..... 237,133 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st ..... 90,138,720 „
February 1st..... 90,355,770 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 217,050 „

Obedient to the same laws which regulate the motions of the larger bodies of our system, Encke's Comet made its appearance in the past year near the assigned place, and has been observed with great care. Its extreme tenuity and want of concentration have rendered the determinations of its positions very difficult. A slight condensation of the light on the eastern side takes the place of a nucleus, the rarer part is spread out like a fan in front of this as it passes through the field of view of the telescope, but the boundary melts off so gradually into the sky, that little reliance can be placed in any graphic representation of its form.

This Comet was first discovered on the 17th of January, 1786, by Mèchain. On the 7th of November, 1795, it was re-discovered by Miss Caroline Herschel, having, as subsequent calculations showed, made three revolutions round the Sun in the interval. After three more revolutions, it was again detected simultaneously by Bouvard, Pons, and

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Kuth, on the 20th of October, 1805. Pons again found it in 1819, on the 26th of November, and it has been called by many after his name. Encke laboured hard to reconcile some apparent irregularities of its movement by the supposition of a resisting medium pervading the interplanetary regions of our system, and probably the interstellar regions of the universe, the presence of which seems to be necessary for establishing an intercommunication between other worlds and ours, and to be as essential to our very existence as the air we breathe. This medium appears to be the vehicle by which the Sun's light and heat, and his chemical, magnetic, and electric influences, are conveyed to us: it is the grand artery through which is conveyed unceasingly those floods of life so needed now, and, because needed, so copiously supplied by *Him* who is THE LIFE.

Encke argued the existence of this medium from the fact that the observed places of the Comet from 1819 to 1848 could not be reconciled with calculation from the laws of planetary motion alone; and that the supposition of a resisting medium was competent to bring all into harmony. His first series of calculations extended from 1819 to 1838; they were afterwards carried on to 1848 with precisely the same result.

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 2d, too far north to appear on the disc. On the morning of the 13th, it will be stationary, and on the afternoon of the 24th it will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun, twenty-five degrees: it then rises an hour and a half before the Sun.

Venus is still the morning star. The form is gibbous. It will be very near the Moon at noon of the 7th. The apparent diameter diminishes during the month from nineteen to fifteen seconds.

Mars is too near the Sun to attract much notice.

Jupiter is visible throughout the night. Its position in the heavens is very favourable for observation, as it rises when on the meridian to an altitude of sixty degrees, and will be in opposition to the Sun on the 15th. On the 17th, it will be due south at mean midnight. The apparent diameter is forty-three seconds. This planet is watched with increasing interest. The suspected variations of its colour seem to indicate physical changes, which may lead to important revelations of the character of its surface. Variations of brightness in its satellites ought to be watched for and carefully recorded: in this way alone we can hope to ascertain the time of their rotation. It is to this end we give the times when they are seen on the disc of the primary. The first will be thus circumstanced on the 6th, from 3h. 45m. to 6h. 5m., morn.; 7th, from 10h. 11m. even., to 0h. 31m. next morning; 13th, from 5h. 29m. to 7h. 48m., morn.; from 14th, 11h. 55m., even., to 15th, 2h. 14m., morn.; 16th, from 6h. 21m. to 8h. 40m., even.; 22d, from 1h. 38m. to 3h. 58m., morn.; 23d, from 8h. 4m. to 10h. 24m., even.; 29th, from 3h. 23m. to 5h. 42m., morn.; and on the 30th, from 9h. 49m., even., till eight minutes past midnight. The second satellite will be seen on the disc from January 2d, 0h. 4m. to 2h. 59m., morn.; 9th, 2h. 17m. to 5h. 12m., morn.; 12th, before 6h. 19m., even.; 16th, 4h. 30m. to 7h. 25m. morn.; 19th, 5h. 37m. to 8h. 32m., even.; and 26th, from 7h. 51m. to 10h. 46m., even. The third satellite will be on the disc of the primary from January 6th, 3h. 36m. to 7h. 6m., morn.; and 13th, 6h. 51m. to 7h. 48m., morn. The fourth may be seen once on the disc during the month, viz., on the 16th, before 5h. 41m., after.

Saturn will not be visible this month.

Uranus is still near Jupiter. It will be in opposition to the Sun on the evening of the 19th, and on the 22d, will be on the meridian at mean midnight, altitude fifty-nine degrees. Armed with a powerful telescope, suitably mounted, and furnished with a spectroscope, the astronomer will be well rewarded by the examination of this remote member of our system.

Neptune sets at midnight on the 21st.

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SOUTH LEIGH CHURCH, WHERE JOHN WESLEY PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON.

BY THE REV. R. W. BROOMFIELD.

At a time when the life and labours of the venerable John Wesley are attracting so much attention, and even the topography of his toils and the scene of any particular occurrence, derive interest from the association, it seems strange that the place where he preached his first sermon should have almost escaped notice; especially as, with the exception of a few not very sightly pews since added, the Church remains the same both in its appearance and internal fittings as when the

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newly-ordained deacon commenced his Ministerial course. The Church of South Leigh, or Lye, about three miles E.S.E. of Witney, in Oxfordshire, has this distinction. The parish being small and exclusively agricultural, the Church bears no mark of architectural taste, but is a very plain stone building, with a low square tower; the pulpit, the very one in which Mr. Wesley preached his first sermon, is of oak, and rests on a square of solid brickwork, corresponding to the fittings of the Church, which are of massive oak, and indicate that strength and durability were the chief aim of the builder, without regard to appearance or the comfort of the worshipper. After examining the building, and while sitting in one of those narrow, grotesque pews in front of the pulpit, the mind wandered back a hundred and fifty years, endeavouring to reproduce the scene when that pulpit was occupied by a young man, probably unknown to most if not all his congregation, though well known in the neighbouring University as the elegant classic and accomplished scholar; and, moreover, as the leader of the little band of students who, for their devotedness of character, were stigmatized as Methodists. He was also well known in the city and in the city gaol as the devout visitor, faithfully reproving sin, and earnestly insisting on holiness of life. By this familiar intercourse he had made himself conversant with the colloquial speech of the unlettered multitude, and with their modes of thought: unto him, therefore, the engagement of this particular day, as the preacher to a congregation of uneducated peasants, not one in twenty of whom might be supposed to know a letter of the alphabet, would present comparatively little difficulty, the message being elaborated in the study, but delivered in the language of the people. Of the text and sermon we have no record; suffice it to say, it was not "Salvation by grace," for as yet he was "ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish his own righteousness, had not submitted" to "the righteousness of God." At length, however, he was induced to forego his own purpose of remaining in the University, and to accept an appointment as chaplain and Missionary to Georgia. That appointment was distinctly providential, as by the associations which it induced, he not only saw the transcendent excellence of spiritual religion in the daily life of a number of poor German emigrants, as well as in their triumphant joy in the near prospect of death, but became personally and intimately acquainted with several of their Ministers, who, with equal zeal and intelligence, explained to him the way of salvation by faith in Christ only, which issued in the exercise of that penitent trust on the Atonement that raised him to newness of life. Then, as baptized with the Holy Ghost, and ordained to the Ministry by the Great Bishop of souls, commencing in the Metropolis, he went everywhere through the United Kingdom preaching Him "Who of God is made

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unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," God working with him in the conversion of multitudes.

In Wesley's Journal we find the following entry, under date October 16th, 1771: "I preached at South Lye. Here it was that I preached my first sermon, six-and-forty years ago. One man was in my present audience who heard it. Most of the rest are gone to their long home."

Richard Harbud, "an old disciple," now with God, accompanied Mr. Wesley to South Leigh at this time. He stated that Mr. Wesley preached in the house of a person named Winter, who was the man he mentions as being in the congregation that heard his first sermon, which was delivered in the Church forty-six years before.

The cottages are thinly scattered up and down; and, on the whole, an air of neatness prevails. The population, which consists mostly of persons in humble circumstances, amounts to about four hundred.

The Church stands on an eminence. It is an ancient structure; consisting of a nave, north aisle, tower surrounded with battlements, and a chancel; which also has an aisle or chapel on its north side.

THE DEADLY PARASITE.

AMONG plants, there are some parasites which can scarcely be regarded as deadly. The mistletoe exercises no beneficial influence on the trees to which it clings, yet oaks will grow and flourish for many years though their trunks are covered with mistletoe. The ivy may be to some extent injurious to the trees which it embraces, yet it does not appear greatly to shorten their existence. But there are other parasitical plants which not only derive their nourishment from the sap of the trees into which they insert their roots or suckers, but do so at the expense of the life of those trees.

In Jamaica there is such a parasite, which is popularly known as "The Scotch lawyer," or, "The Scotch attorney." It would seem that in the days of slavery, legal practitioners from Scotland were supposed to secure by unfair practice personal aggrandizement. If such were the case, let us hope that honest dealings came in with better days. But the parasite of which we speak flourishes throughout other West Indian Islands than Jamaica, in some parts of South America as far south as Brazil, and elsewhere. It is generally spoken of as "The Copey tree." Now, the Copey is not remarkable for its beauty, nor for its great size, nor for its fruitfulness, nor for the utility of its timber. It is chiefly notorious for its destructive power.

Whether the Copey ever strikes its root into the ground, and draws its nutriment thence, does not appear to have been fully ascertained. Assuredly that is not the ordinary manner in which it sustains itself. Some who have seen hundreds have not discovered one young plant in the soil. It can sprout from the diminutive hole made by a woodpecker in the trunk or branch of a palm-tree. The Copey, however, does not confine its attention to the palm, nor seek

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exclusively woodpeckers' holes. Some trees it prefers to others, but can exist and exert its fatal power on almost any tree, and insert its mischievous suckers in any kind of interstice. In any case its main development is downward. As a rule, it commences high up in the tree, and sends off slender, thread-like branches, which hang down or twist around trunk or branch.

At first the Copey appears to manifest ardent affection for the tree which it has selected, clinging thereto as to an inseparable friend. To some, the visitor might seem a favourable distinction, if not a graceful ornament. Surrounding trees might, if possessed of consciousness, envy their associate thus made to differ from themselves. But, if trees had discernment, they would soon suspect that their neighbour was oppressed by the embraces of the stranger, while the sufferer would not fail to perceive that its vital power was failing. The growth of the Copey goes on while that of the tree is checked. At length the victim is completely surrounded by a network of bands, and is evidently dying, encompassed by a living cylinder. The dying of the tree does not seem to check the growth of the parasite; certainly not in the early stages. So long as any vital juices rise in the trunk of the tree, the Copey can flourish by appropriating them. At length, soner or later, according to its power of endurance, the tree dies. Then, of course, there is no further nutriment for the destroyer.

There is a deadly parasite which seizes as its victims human beings. Its fatal power may be, too frequently, alas! traced in the history of individuals, of families, and of nations. In this last aspect we read of it in the latter sentence of the following verse of holy writ: "*Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.*" Transgression of God's Law renders the real and permanent prosperity of a community impossible. There are indeed some forms of evil which, for a time, and in the estimation of the thoughtless or sin-loving, may seem a favourable distinction and pleasing ornament. The guilty may appear, for a season, to enjoy abounding gratification, to manifest unfearing gaiety, to possess joyous freedom, and to secure extraordinary success. But all this is only as the graceful tendrils and close embraces of the Copey. The self-deceived victim is in the grasp of a relentless destroyer. "Righteousness," and that only, "exalteth a nation," really and permanently. *Sin is ruin begun.*

There is abundant evidence and illustration of this in the past history and present condition of our world. Yet the proof requires careful consideration, because there is no nation under heaven which, as yet, has *fully* tested the beneficial influence of true rectitude. We in vain look for any country which is governed, or governs itself, strictly according to the laws found in God's Word, and approved by our consciences. Not until such is the case, and sufficient time has elapsed for the results of previous misconduct to pass away, shall we be able to see fully the unfailing word exemplified among men. Those lands where God's Word is free, and is practically revered by myriads, are, beyond all contradiction, the richest, most influential, happiest countries. But the model nation in morals and godliness has yet to be formed, consequently, we cannot point to the nation enjoying the complete blessedness which, in God's arrangements, it is possible for

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a people to possess beneath these old heavens and on this old earth. Still, there are lands from which some forms of evil have been banished, and others to some extent subdued. We are thus far in a position to discern the fulfilment of what has been divinely declared.

Idolatry is opposed to national prosperity.—We cannot deny that, in exceptionally favourable circumstances, a considerable degree of material prosperity has, for a season, been enjoyed by nations in which idol-worship prevailed. But that prosperity was very incomplete, and it was associated with the elements of decay. Belshazzar's banqueting hall contained indisputable evidence of conquest, and wealth, and luxury. But when the assembled guests drank wine in the vessels taken from the house of the Lord, and, as they drank, "praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone," the overthrow of the empire was only a question of time. The disgrace was already there, and it needed not the supernatural writing to declare that ruin was not far distant. The man's hand was only necessary to indicate that the catastrophe was imminent.

England could never have attained the high position which she now occupies, had we and our fathers been worshippers of Thor and Woden. Those men, illustrious in literature, in science, and art, by whom our nation has been led on to greatness, would never have achieved their triumphs if, when children, they had been taught to prostrate themselves before rude blocks of stone or images carved from wood. Degraded in their temples, they would have been impotent in the laboratory and workshop. In our own lifetime we have been permitted to witness the blessed results following from the lifting up the heavy incubus of idol-worship from a nation's intellect and heart. In the Friendly Islands we have seen a people wholly given to idolatry, become devoted to the worship of the One True God. How does their present contrast with their past of less than half a century ago! Righteousness, even in the incomplete manner in which it has there triumphed, has elevated that people beyond what the most sanguine anticipated.

Superstition is opposed to national prosperity.—This evil exists among different communities in various degrees. The baneful influence exerted is proportionate to the extent of the superstitious notions and practices. For instance, among the Damaras, in Africa, there was unquestioning credence given to the sorcerers, whose chief business was to invent and employ artifices by which the people might be held in bondage. When any person was sick, the sorcerer was sent for, and he examined the part affected. Secretly dropping a small splinter of wood upon it, the wily man solemnly declared that the wood had just been extracted by him from the sick man's flesh. Not unfrequently the sorcerer, when the disease proved obstinate, cut off the first joint of the sufferer's little finger, affirming that the disease would depart with the blood thus shed. A second joint would be sacrificed on a future occasion, should the crafty man think that his designs would be thus promoted. On each occasion the sorcerer demanded the fattest sheep in the flock, or some other reward. Such is but a specimen of the superstitions prevalent throughout the heathen world. Human nature, thus maimed, cannot achieve what other-

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wise it might. The Romish Church enfeebles every community which receives from its priesthood such lessons as—the anxiously awaiting the liquefaction of pretended blood enclosed in a vial; the cutting annually the hair of a canonized doll, which hair is alleged to have grown during the year; the gazing with rapturous astonishment at the winking eyes of a Madonna; the crowding together to celebrate "the feast of the Ass," and the myriad other superstitious dogmas and observances propounded by that priesthood. National vigour is impaired when men are content to believe, whoever are the teachers, that religion is a system of charms and talismans, and to rest in mere embroidery, and marble, and flowers, and incense, or in the mere use of water, and reception of bread and wine from the hands of consecrated pretenders to a mystical power. In proportion as superstition prevails, manhood is enfeebled. Within some of our mines, horses have been kept for years, toiling in the narrow and gloomy corridors. When brought to the surface again, they were found to be incapacitated for tasks of which they were naturally capable, and which they would otherwise have accomplished with pleasure. If not entirely blind, their eyes were unfitted to bear the bright sunshine we delight in, and their limbs could not bear them swiftly even across the soft green sward. Their powers appeared to have become adapted to the straitened and gloomy circumstances in which they had so long existed. In like manner our wondrous human nature may become degraded and feeble.

Infidelity is opposed to national prosperity. — Disbelief sometimes appears an unavoidable reaction from heathenism and superstition. This, however, is not the case. There are thousands of persons now living who this day intelligently cherish a pure and beneficial faith, who in their childhood were taught the most degrading forms of idolatry, both by ignorant parents and selfish priests. Thousands, at the period of the Reformation, who had from infancy received the dogmas of the Papacy at its worst estate, were happily led to an unwavering credence in God's holy Word, and into the enjoyment of the glorious privileges resulting from such faith. When, however, the people perceive that the dogmas by which a selfish priesthood has long held their souls in bondage, are both monstrously foolish and intensely wicked, and at the same time are so enamoured of sinful delight as to be unwilling to receive the instructions of God's Word, they almost necessarily become infidel or sceptical. Their disbelief is an occasion of national feebleness and wretchedness. France has long been pointed at, by sorrowful believers, as a striking evidence of this. We mourn over France because of her long subjection to an intolerant priesthood; but we blame her for her rejection of the Truth three centuries ago, and for her too general and persistent rejection of that Truth in our day. France, favoured by Providence in numberless ways, above most lands, cannot rise to true blessedness because of her practical rejection of the Bible. France chiefly needs a God! Thoughtful Christians cannot but regard India with intense interest as the light spreads, swiftly and irresistibly, over its vast populations, disclosing the folly and vileness of its long-cherished faiths. India cannot remain much longer devoted to the worship of idols. India, without a

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God, would sooner or later become a spectacle at which the whole world would shudder, and a scene from which Britain must weepingly retire. Wherever men tread who have been enlightened by the Bible, they disturb the foundations of idol temples.

Indolence is opposed to national prosperity. — A large number of Namacquas were assembled in order to listen to the advice of the Missionary resident among them, (the Rev. Barnabas Shaw,) and of another Missionary, (the Rev. T. L. Hodgson,) then visiting the station. Many of them had begun to serve the Lord, and had also made some progress in overcoming the utter indolence to which they had previously been accustomed. But habits formed and strengthened from infancy are not easily overcome. Mr. H. was much pleased with some of their doings, yet not altogether satisfied. Among other things which he thought might be improved, were the dwellings they occupied. So the public meeting had been convened that the natives might be stirred up to the work of building. Mr. H. was an able speaker in the language best understood by them. He showed clearly the comfort and convenience of good habitations, and their great superiority over Namacqua huts. He also offered the reward of a new spade to each of the first ten persons who should finish their work. The natives gave their assent to all that was said, by answering, *Ja, Mynheer, dat is waar*, ("Yes, Sir, that is true.") Afterwards, Mr. Shaw engaged to give to the same ten persons an axe and a mattock each. The settlement was speedily in a state of unusual commotion; Namacquas had never been seen working so energetically. But the speed soon slackened. One by one the builders returned to the belief that it was better to dwell anyhow than so fatigue themselves. Mr. S. then advised them to sow large quantities of corn. As the land was unlimited, and little or no ploughing required, and the Missionary provided the seed, the Namacquas acted on his advice. The rains happened to be plentiful, and the crops proved so abundant, that many of them had not sufficient room for their wheat and barley. So they went to Mr. Shaw, begging that he would take care of it for them. For a time he refused to do so, lecturing them for neglecting to build. At length he consented to help them in this emergency, if they would proceed to build cottages and barns as they were able. Some actually did finish the structures they had previously commenced, and others began to build. Thus, by degrees, the long inactive and degraded people were trained to labour, and so improve their condition.

Injustice is opposed to national prosperity. —Wrong-doing may, for a season, be attended by the appearance of success, but real and permanent prosperity can only be ensured by righteousness. This is true in reference to individuals and also in reference to nations. Knavery may prosper for a time, but only for a time. We are thankful that in some respects (far from all) our own country is favourably distinguished. Some thought that the sum of twenty millions paid for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies and elsewhere, on August 1st, 1834, was needlessly expended. Why, at five per cent., that sum would entail a permanent charge of a million a-year! But Britain never invested money better than on that occasion. How much did the States of America pay in hard cash, to say nothing of

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untold human agony, and human lives by hundreds of thousands, at the time the accursed thing was removed from their midst? The credit of British tradesmen and manufacturers is not unsullied. But, inasmuch as it does command general respect, is not our commerce thereby extended? Had we not better part with any article of our export trade than forfeit our credit? The Royal Exchange would be thrown into considerable confusion were it discovered that the supply of tin, or iron, or coal, or other store, had so far diminished that we had none to spare for foreign consumption. But what would take place at the Exchange if the nations universally believed that we were a nation of liars and cheats? Our credit is no small item in our wealth. On the other hand, we shall suffer, sooner or later, for our encouragement of the opium traffic in China; and for all such acts of selfish cruelty. Indian finance may have hitherto been replenished at the cost of the Celestials. But we shall suffer. Most likely the Chinese will long hate us, will grow their own opium, and millions who would have been good customers will be too poor to buy from Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield; but not unable to teach their children to curse those they designate "foreign devils." "Sin is a reproach to *any* people."

Vice is opposed to national prosperity.—Drunkenness stands at the head of the mournful list of evil practices by which our nation is still disgraced. To be "drunk like an Englishman," seems to be a by-word among many peoples. At home, as all thoughtful people are agreed, drunkenness is the heaviest of all national burdens. Tens of thousands who ought to be assisting in supporting those who are unavoidably poor, cast themselves and families as an additional incubus on those who are struggling hard for bread. By the drink traffic a few may be enriched, but the nation is struggling amid the meshes which that traffic has thrown around all classes. Do *something* to diminish our disgraceful intemperance.

Against sin in every form let us wage a determined and ceaseless conflict.—Left unchecked it would prove to us, as individuals, like the Copey around the tree. All that is desirable would be destroyed. All included in that comprehensive word, "life," must perish. *The deadly parasite must be slain, or it will slay us.* This is our worst enemy. Other foes may be transformed into friends, but this never. Those are true patriots who promote, in sanctuary, school, and home, the righteousness which exalteth. B. S.

AMBULANCES.

DURING the recent awful struggle between France and Prussia, distant though we might individually be from the scene of conflict, how absorbing in its thrilling interest was the daily news of the war! Chilled to the heart's core with horror at the atrocities we read of, melted to tenderest pity by details of agonies endured, there was yet, in all those gloomy pages, so fascinating in their painful interest, *one* word which breathed of humanity and hope. It was "Ambulance,"—indicating that modern beneficent institution for the amelioration of some of the miseries of war.

In ages past, a heathen general declared that he preferred saving the life of *one* citizen, to killing a thousand enemies; and in modern times

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we have heard of the noble saying of an Austrian prince, that he valued more highly the life of *one* brave man, than fifty pieces of artillery.

Although we may speak of the permanent establishment of these institutions as modern, we must by no means suppose that our own age is the first to occupy itself with this great problem of humanity. History tells us that the Persian Cyrus spared no pains to procure aid for his wounded soldiers; and in the Roman armies, especially under the Emperor Aurelian, it was an enforced custom for the soldiers to afford each other mutual succour in sickness, or when wounded in battle. The illustrious Saladin even enacted a law on the subject, treating the matter on international principles. Nearly four hundred years ago, Queen Isabella of Spain, during the siege of Granada, caused six immense tents to be erected, which she furnished with beds, and provided with surgeons and needful attendants, for the use of the wounded soldiers of Arragon and Castile. In France, ever since the reign of Henry IV., there has existed in the army some sort of organization for the relief of the wounded. But the first *moveable* ambulance was established by Larrey, in the army of Custine, in 1792. During the war of succession in Austria, in the time of George II., a treaty was concluded, not long before the battle of Dettingen, 1743, between the Austro-Hanoverian army on the one side, and the French on the other, wherein both parties agreed to respect the neutrality of hospitals, to regard them as sanctuaries, and to protect them; and this treaty was observed to the end of the war.

In the Peninsular war, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, finding that the French army in their retreat had left behind them their sick and wounded, sent after them, desiring they would immediately despatch French surgeons to attend them, and that he would grant them safe conduct, which was done. Notwithstanding many humane efforts to protect the wounded, it would sometimes happen that the hospitals in a besieged city became the point of attack for the enemy's artillery, from ignorance rather than intention, until the happy idea occurred to the surgeon-in-chief of an Austrian army, of establishing one uniform flag for the hospitals and ambulances of all nations. The plan was adopted; and now, not only in the rear of advancing armies, or on battle-fields, but in cities and towns remote from the seat of war, wherever the wounded are received, or hospital-stores deposited or collected, there waves the well-known RED CROSS on a *white ground*.

Without dwelling too long on the horrors of a battle-field, it may be permitted to make an extract or two from the "Souvenir de Solférino," illustrative of the need and value of moveable ambulances on the battle-field, and the advantages of international associations. The author, M. Henry Dunant, says:—

"When the shades of evening began to creep over the vast field of carnage, many an officer and private soldier might be seen searching anxiously for a comrade, a compatriot, a friend. If he succeeded, kneeling at his side, he would take his hand, speak words of hope, strive to reanimate the fainting spirit, staunch the blood flowing from his wounds, or bind with his handkerchief the fractured limb. But 'water! water!' was sure to be the cry, and no water could he get. Often so intense was the thirst, that the cry

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could only be appeased by a few drops brought from some muddy pool, and perhaps tinged with—*blood!* Night came, and what a night! Groans, and sighs, and stifled sobs; and again and again the piercing, anguished cry for help. At last the sun arose, and frightful indeed was the scene his light revealed. The plain, covered with human corpses, and dead and dying horses; the roads, the ravines, the ditches, the meadows, all sown as it were with dead bodies; the fields ravaged, the corn and maize beaten down. Through pools of blood, I approached the village: it was in ruins; its walls overthrown, its houses pierced with balls, or battered with bomb-shells; their miserable inhabitants, who for twenty hours had concealed themselves in the cellars, without food or light, were timidly creeping out, half-stupefied by terror, and crushed by sorrow at the ruin that had overtaken them.

"All day long the search for the wounded continued. Some, horribly mutilated, in the last stage of exhaustion, are already deprived of speech, though not dead to suffering. Others, whose wounds are violently inflamed, agitated by convulsive movements, and maddened by pain, entreat to be dispatched at once. Others, again, lie horribly tortured, with their limbs crushed by heavy artillery having passed over them after they were struck down by ball or shell. Many were not discovered for two or three days, who had fallen into ditches or behind bushes; and thus some whose wounds were comparatively slight, had perished solely from famine, exhaustion, and neglect. Then came the digging of deep pits, into which hundreds of the dead were hastily thrown; and there is too much reason to fear, that on this occasion and similar ones, many a living man has thus been buried who might by timely aid have been restored to his friends and country."

The same sad story, with never-ending variations of every conceivable suffering, formed the staple of our newspaper intelligence during the weary months of last winter; and until "the kingdoms of this world" shall become indeed the dominion of Him, the Prince of Peace, whose right it is to reign, rulers will fight, and wars there will be. Is it not the duty of universal humanity, still more of Christianity, to seek by every means to assuage the suffering and misery it cannot wholly prevent?

After the publication and multiplied translations of the "Souvenir de Solférino," the humane ideas of its author became widely spread and further developed. It was acknowledged that it was not in actual battle that the greater number of lives were lost, but that far more perished afterwards from neglect, want of speedy assistance, exposure, from overcrowding, and hospital fever. It is said, that during the war in the Crimea, sixty-seven thousand French soldiers perished in the hospitals, not on the battle-field.

It was Switzerland which had the honour of initiating a movement, which began by the establishment of a special commission at Geneva, composed of M. Dunant, M. Moynier, President of the Genevese Society of Utility, and the Doctors Maunoir and Appia: the illustrious General Drefouz accepted the Presidency. By the labours of these gentlemen, an European notoriety was given to the humane views of the author of "Solferino," and the co-operation of foreign powers was earnestly sought, and in many cases secured.

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On August 8th, 1864, there assembled at the *Hôtel de Ville* of Geneva, the neutral city *par excellence*, a Congress, consisting of the representatives of sixteen kingdoms, Republics, and independent States, for the purpose of arranging and agreeing to an International Convention, the objects of which should be, "To mitigate the evils inseparable from war; to suppress useless rigour and hardship, and to ameliorate the sufferings of soldiers wounded on fields of battle." The different Articles having been settled, the Convention was signed on August 22d, by the Plenipotentiaries of the Governments of Baden, Belgium, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Hesse, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Spain, Switzerland, and Wurtemberg. At a later period, the Governments of Norway and Sweden, Turkey, Greece, Mecklenburg, and the United States gave in their adhesion to the Convention.

Amongst the resolutions agreed upon were the following: That the various "Sections" of this International Association should occupy themselves in time of *peace* in *preparing* for war, by providing needful stores required for hospital service, and in the training of efficient voluntary nurses and attendants; also, that voluntary attendants on the wounded, while following an army, should be provided for by their respective committees, and protected; and that every individual attached to the Hospital Staff, of whatever country, should always wear the ensign, "a red cross on a white ground." Also, that perfect neutrality of hospitals and ambulances be proclaimed in time of war by the belligerent nations, such neutrality to be also acknowledged and observed with respect to the Sanitary Official Staff, the voluntary attendants, and the wounded themselves. Also, the periodical assembling of the different committees for the examination and encouragement of every invention tending to ameliorate suffering and save life.

M. D.

SETTLED STEPS.

GOETHE says,—

"To make room for footing was it
That the world was made so wide."

But through the many centuries bygone, men have left their own line of footing, and have trampled upon the rights of others. As far back as the days of Adam, we read how a jealous brother banished from the earth one whose heart-worship found the Divine acceptance which his own lip-service failed to receive. And who upon this earth has not outstepped the boundary of love and gentleness, or made rough the ground to a neighbour tread? We think of One only Whose feet never swerved from the path which God had given Him to keep; and though crowds pressed in to mock and revile, received the wounds, the scars, and the crown of thorns in sorrowful silence.

Easy it is for travellers to lose their way in districts not previously trodden by foot of man, and plunge deeper and deeper into a maze of forest and tanglewood, from which they with difficulty, if ever, escape. But for us, the road is marked by the footprints of that loving Leader Who traversed it in its pristine ruggedness, Who crushed the thorn and the thistle beneath His bleeding tread, and unbarred the glory-gates, with the declaration, "I am the Way."

But many, in the darkness of ignorance, or the blinding glare of self-righteousness, lose the trace of a path

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so Divine, and sink lower and lower in the yielding sand. The deceitful "Will-o'-the-Wisp" lures many by its distant brightness, into the almost inextricable bogs of dissatisfaction and misery. The light so enchanting to the eye, moves on with the same rapidity as the pursuer employs in hope of its attainment; and the pleasure-hunter at last perceives the folly of his course, and looks repentantly upon the high road,—tried and firm,—where purer pleasures make glad the way to everlasting joy.

Bossuet tells us, that among the Persians the services that every one had rendered to the State were inscribed upon a register, for fear that, to the shame of the Prince and to the misfortune of the State, they should remain unrewarded. And we know of a Deed-Book wherein is recorded every act of man; not services of good alone, but services of evil, and according to its account will our reward be. Fenelon says, "To pray for men who are in error, is better than confuting them." True benevolence follows in the footsteps of Him Who "went about doing good." It whispers in the ear of those who gain its ready compassion, "See thou tell no man."

The circumstance which is said to have given a favourite flower its familiar appellation of Forget-me-not, illustrates the readiness with which many step upon the uncertain and the dangerous in their eagerness to grasp the novel and the beautiful. Better far to pass by the coveted prize, than lose all in its acquisition. Flowers of fame, of honour, and of position too often bloom where the safety of the soul is for ever sacrificed, by those who ford the stream without a Hand to uphold and preserve them; and the buds are thrown to shore as mementoes of their strenuous efforts, obtained, but at the cost of eternal life.

"In all Thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Wherever we climb, let our eye be fixed heavenward. Happy are we if from our hearts we say,—

Lord, I do not ask to guide
Only where the path is smooth;
Only on the sunny side,
Only with bright blue above.
If the steep and rugged way
Lieth nearer to Thy throne,
Therein let my footsteps stay,
Till Thy will in me be done.

If the corner of the field,
Where Thou bidd'st me work and weep,
Doth no ready harvest yield,
Granting me in joy to reap,—
Though of fruit as yet I've none,
Toil I with fresh faith and prayer,
Hoping for the "further on;"
Many saints are reaping there.

Lead the way Thou seest best,
Long and lonely though it be;
Sure and sweet will be the rest
Thou art holding out to me.
Let me ne'er release the Hand
Which upholds me day by day;
Bring me to the promised land,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD.

I. THE STONING OF THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

THE Sabbath is an institution bearing the impress of a sacred and venerable antiquity. It is first mentioned in connection with the narrative of the Creation, and the sublime thought is presented to our minds, that He who said, "Let there be light," hallowed the seventh morning of its dawn, and gave to the seventh day a sanctity to be perpetuated until He shall hide the sun in

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darkness, and end the long succession of day and night by the dissolution of the world. The Sabbath which made the landscapes of Eden yet more lovely, and the light of which was hailed by the patriarchs in their tents and groves, was a prominent feature in the Mosaic government. Even before the law was given, the holiness of the Sabbath was guarded by miracle. Manna sufficient for two days fell on the sixth day of the week, but none on the seventh, and those who sought it on the Sabbath were thus reproved: "How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My laws? See, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." When the commandments were issued from the cloud and flame by which Sinai was canopied and curtained, there was an imperative prohibition of labour on the Sabbath, and the reason of that prohibition was found in the origin of the day. "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." The transgression of a law given thus repeatedly, and with such emphasis, was to be visited by severe penalty. "Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath-day, he shall surely be put to death."

There was one man who, in defiance of the commandment and the threatening, went out to gather sticks on the Sabbath-day. He was found by some of the people, and taken before Moses and Aaron, and the great congregation of Israel. There was difficulty in deciding what his punishment should be, and he was put in ward or prison, and appeal was made to the Lord. The awful response was, "The man shall be surely put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp." The people were gathered together, and the doomed man was conducted past the rows of the tents, until the open wilderness, with its rock, and sand, and thin herbage, was reached: the stones were hurled, and the unnamed offender perished.

At the first glance it may seem somewhat hard that a man should suffer capital punishment for gathering a few sticks on the Sabbath-day. But it was not simply the thing done, but the spirit in which it was done, that brought upon him that condemnation and that death. It was a presumptuous sin, a sin by which he reproached the Lord, and withstood His authority. With the thunders of Sinai yet reverberating through his soul; with the sands which on that one day in seven received no manna under his feet; with the pillar of cloud, the shadow of Jehovah's presence over his head; he had dared to go forth on his unlawful errand: and every stick he held in his hand became a weapon by which he disputed the Divine government of the tribes. Knowing the law as he did, it was as much a crime in him to gather those sticks on the Sabbath-day, as it would have been to have set fire to the gorgeous hangings of the tabernacle, or to have stolen the beryl or the onyx from Aaron's breastplate.

Moreover, his punishment was not only just, but also necessary. If he had been spared, on the following Sabbath there would have been numbers who would have imitated him; the hallowed quiet of the camp

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would have been disturbed, and the sanctity of Israel have been but a dream of the past. The Sabbath was so intertwined with all the other Mosaic ordinances, that if it had been disregarded, the great end of Israel's emancipation from Egyptian bondage would have been frustrated, for the people who became Sabbath-breakers would have found it easy to slide into idolatry, to blaspheme Jehovah, or to be guilty of any of the crimes condemned by the tables of stone. The people, seeing the tremendous judgment which had overtaken the man who profaned the Sabbath by gathering sticks, could not fail to be impressed with the thought, that the Sabbath was one of the stateliest pillars in the great fabric of their civil and religious polity, and that it could not be removed or undermined without disaster to themselves.

"The ministration of death written and engraven in stones," has given place to "the ministration of the Spirit," and the ancient law against the Sabbath-breaker is no longer in force; still, the transgression is followed by retribution, silent, it may be, but not the less real. "Whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him." Neglect of the Sabbath is in many cases the precursor of bodily decay, if not of death. A people who spend the Lord's day in business or frivolity, will become physically degenerate. The body is so constituted that its living force is exhausted, its mechanism weakened, without a day of rest. Nor is it alone the evil that is done on the Sabbath. The profanation of that day is a sign of what is going on all the week; it is a sign of earthly tendencies, of sensual predilections. Those who make the Sabbath a day for trade, or revelry, fill up every day with care, or covetousness, or dissipation, and thus wear themselves out by unceasing devotion to the world. The Sabbath is needed to break in upon the whirl and excitement of daily life, to cool the fevered brow with airs of a purer clime, and to raise the soul from the dust, with its melodies of eternal love and its visions of immortality. And how complete the death of the soul without the Sabbath! Let this day, "the bridal of the earth and sky," be blotted from the number of the days, and what love to God would there be in human hearts? What thanksgiving on human lips? What beauty of holiness on human lives? The day of rest is the day of spiritual revival and refreshment for the soul. It was on the Lord's day that the faces of the fishermen shone with Pentecostal glory, and that in strange tongues they declared the wonderful works of God. It was on the Lord's day that the hearts of the disciples burned within them as they walked with the risen Saviour on the way to Emmaus. It was on the Lord's day that John, being in the Spirit, beheld the radiant form of the God-Man among the seven golden candlesticks. Nor have the Sabbaths of a later time come without peculiar blessings for the people of God. Thousands of saints in heaven, and thousands yet on earth, bear witness to the Sabbath as one of God's most blessed gifts to man, and as a day to which they have been indebted for many a holy impulse, and many an opportune renewal of their spiritual life.

"Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view;
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come:

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Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold."

RUSSIAN SERVANTS.

THE servants get by far the best of it in St. Petersburg, as I think they are doing everywhere. For the very simplest service that is rendered, such as sending a message next door, it is an insult to offer a gratuity of less than a rouble, which is equal to the modest tip of 3*s*. 1½*d*. of our money. Russian housemaids moving in good society get £22 a year, with extra allowances for tea; and every servant, from the major-domo down to the shoe-black, expects a douceur at Easter and Christmas. Sir A. Buchanan incidentally mentions that he pays his English coachman £110 a year, so as to put him on the same footing as Russian coachmen. With such salaries as these the "swarrys" of the St. Petersburg "gentlemen" must consist of more luxuries than boiled mutton and trimmings.—*The Food Journal.*

THOMAS VASEY.

WRITTEN AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN THE CITY-ROAD CHAPEL, OCTOBER 24TH, 1871.

ONE less on earth to raise the warning cry,
Where men rush madly to the doom of sin;
To weep o'er them, and plead, "'Why will ye die?'
Why; when God wills you endless life to win?"

One less to witness, 'mid man's unbelief,
For Christ, Who fully saves him that believes;
And show that sinners, e'en the very chief,
Are those the loving Saviour still receives.

One less to share the cross with burden'd souls;
To help the halting up life's rugged steep;
To lead the faint where life's pure river rolls;
Joy with the glad, and "weep with them that weep."

And yet, though pass'd away, his work still lives;
In many a soul still live the truths he taught;
Death to his life this compensation gives;
Its lessons are with deeper meaning fraught.

He pray'd that through his death, more might be saved
Than he through all his life to Christ had won;
God send the prayer his passing spirit craved
Be answer'd, ere this passing year be done!

By life, by death, Christ shall be magnified,
And death as life shall yield rich gain to man;
While converts through the ages multiplied,
Shall glad his soul in whom this work began!

He'll bless the day that saw him consecrate
His soul and body's powers before the throne;
He'll bless the hour he vow'd to elevate
And "preach Christ crucified," and Him alone!

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How poor to him must lower themes appear,
Which hold in rapt attention many a throng!
What madness in the fleeting Sabbaths here
To please with quibbles, or to soothe with song!

If he might come again, how he would preach!
How he would set forth Christ first, midst, and last!
To fly to Christ, how he would men beseech!
Nor rest till they through Him from death to life had pass'd.

He may not come! but he has brethren here,
Who by his life and death may yet be fired.
In all may instant "profiting appear!"
Be all with burning zeal for Christ and souls inspired!

One less on earth, but, gather'd home, one more,
To where the sowers rest; but resting reap,—
Reap the high joys they sow'd in tears before;
No more to sink in toil, no more to weep!

One more in heaven the countless hosts among,
For ever safe beyond the chilling flood!
One more in heaven to swell the grateful song
To Him who bought us—wash'd us through His blood!

One more gone home to God, the soul of joy!
The light of life! our being's blissful end!
Whose love no lapse of ages can destroy,
Whose Presence shall our bliss eternally defend! W. D. TYACK.

NOTES IN GUERNSEY.

BY REV. J. LANCASTER BALL.

No. II.

IT is the boast of the Channel Islanders that though subjects of the British Crown, they did not become such by conquest; or, rather, that the conquest was on the other side; the Normans in the year 1066 simply annexing England. They maintained their allegiance to their Dukes when crowned at Westminster, and the *Islands* maintained it still when continental Normandy became subjected to France. A stranger here is often curiously reminded by the stately names with which he meets in humble life—historic names of the eleventh and twelfth centuries with the coveted prefix "De"—that this is the race which founded the proudest houses of the English nobility. For three centuries their language was that of the Court and the aristocracy; and it still lingers in some forms of state, as when the words, "La reyne le veult," transform what before was only a "Bill," into an Act of Parliament.

The connection with "the adjacent Island of Great Britain" may well, as seen from this point of view, be regarded with complacency; it may also be admitted that it has its commercial advantages, and that there is a convenience in the use of the British flag: and as the requirements in return in the way of revenue are *nil*, the existing relation is neither derogatory nor unremunerative to "the noble little nation of the sea."* They have, in fact, a quasi-national existence, and with the exception of some occasional unpleasantness about smuggling, their ancestral *privileges* and usages have been little meddled with. The British Constitution has never been extended to the Islands. They are unrepresented in

* So M. Victor Hugo, in acknowledgment of his eighteen years' residence with them as a refugee, addresses the Guernesiase in dedicating to them his "Toilers of the Sea."

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the Imperial Parliament, exempt from Imperial taxation, unvisited by English judges, in blissful ignorance of the Court of Chancery, and in Guernsey, destitute even of trial by jury. An Act of Parliament has no force unless officially transmitted, and unless the Islands are expressly named in it. What *would* come to pass if the local legislature should decline to "register" it, is a question which happily neither party is likely to try. In all matters, however, judicial or legislative, there is a right of appeal to the Queen in Council, and Royal Commissions have from time to time effected considerable changes.

Connected with Great Britain by this very silken cord, it must be observed that Jersey and Guernsey are entirely independent of each other. Only eighteen miles of sea lie between them, but they have never thought of blending their "autonomy." There is evidently a distinct patriotism. Each has its own "States," or local Parliament, and their constitution and laws differ considerably, as also do their currency and their patois. There is even an hereditary rivalry between the two which is often amusing. The historians of the one island—for each has its separate histories—have been very watchful to detect any undue assumption made on behalf of the other, either as to the events of the past or the condition of things in the present. Jerseymen claim the credit of having largely assisted in the expulsion of French invaders from Guernsey in the reign of Edward III. A Guernsey author * devotes many resentful pages to

* Jonathan Duncan, Esq., B.A., "History of Guernsey," 1841. Here (as, indeed, where not?) Scotch names are thoroughly naturalized, and Duncan, M'Culloch, and Mackenzie have been long familiar and prominent in Island literature and business.

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show that they had nothing to do with it; and accuses the Jersey historian of propagating "a very idle story" to deprive Guernseymen of having come to the rescue of the larger island in a subsequent reign. On the subject of the breed of cattle, Mr. Duncan is very emphatic: "A Guernsey farmer would not even allow a Jersey cow to come on his land, though this distinction is unknown in England. The pure Guernsey cows are infinitely larger, taller, and of a somewhat darker colour than those which come from Jersey, and may be had rather cheaper." What he *means* may be true; but we should firmly object to the presence of the "*infinitely*" larger cow! However, these and other points of comparison between the islands must be left without decision here. The cows—though in their native fields they never stray, by reason of being tethered each to her individual stake—have got out of their place on this page.

The States of Guernsey consist of the Bailiff, twelve jurats, eight rectors of parishes, the *Procureur de la Reine*, (or Attorney-General,) and fifteen deputies from the various parishes. The Bailiff and the Procureur are appointed by the Crown. The jurats are elected for life by an intermediate constituency of little more than two hundred persons, themselves, for the most part, elected by the ratepayers, or *chefs de famille*. The deputies, again, are appointed by *other* small intermediate constituencies. The popular influence, it will be seen, is indirect and not large; the clerical element may seem decidedly mediæval; the result is a quiet and highly-respectable little oligarchy.

The title of Bailiff has in most places in England lost its dignity. As applied to the chief magistrate in municipal corporations, it has generally given way to the title of Mayor. The Bailiff of London became Lord Mayor in the year 1189; but Westminster has its Bailiff still. The office of Bailiff of Guernsey is, however, very different to that of Mayor. He reigns for life, independent of all votes and suffrages. After the manner of other potentates, he convenes his legislative assembly by a document furnishing a programme of the Session, called a "*Billet d'Etat.*" He and the jurats are not only magistrates, but judges; and form the Royal Court, which is the Supreme Court of Justice, and has also wide powers for the government of the island by "Ordonnances," which have the force of law for a time without the concurrence of the States.

The reader will gladly excuse us from entering into the details of island law; but by a visit to the Royal Court we may see it in operation, and shall be at least interested in much that is novel to an English eye and ear. There are the Bailiff and jurats seated in a semicircle, the Bailiff having, if all the jurats are present, six on each side of him. Their purple robes and quaint head-gear become them well, and remind one of Venetian senators of old. The Procureur and advocates are, in appearance, English barristers minus the wig. As the number in practice on the island is by law limited to six, the bar is not crowded. The proceedings begin, as do also all the Sessions of the States, with the Lord's Prayer, reverently read by the *Greffier* (Registrar). Supposing the Procureur about to prosecute some unhappy delinquent, all the witnesses for and against are first placed in a group before the Court, and the oath is administered to them collectively, each witness raising the right hand. All proceedings are in French, except when some of the parties or the witnesses can only speak English, when an odd mixture takes place, and knotty points of interpretation as well as of law may arise. The Procureur gives the law, sums up the evidence, and even suggests the sentence, which is generally adopted by the Court.

At certain sittings when the business is more legislative or administrative than judicial, all *Seigneurs*, or lords of manors, in the island, are imperatively required to attend, or to be represented by deputy, not for the benefit of their counsel, but that they may know the law. In the

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list which on such occasions is gravely called over, are dignities, both temporal and ecclesiastical, whose actual presence would considerably surprise the Court, but who, by a legal fiction, are still *supposed* to be *expected* to be present. The Bishop of Winchester (as successor, since the Reformation, of the Bishop of Coutances) is one of them. He might possibly present himself in the flesh if he saw it his privilege to cross the Channel on purpose; but what shadowy and awful forms would be some of those who, without any tone of satire, are cited in his company—sundry abbots and abbesses, who for centuries have been mythical personages, mere *nominum umbræ*.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep;"
"But will they come when thou dost call for them!"

For these incurable absentees the Procureur generally constitutes himself the representative, and the law is satisfied.

The professional education of the advocates is obtained upon the Continent. "The Channel Islands' Lincoln's Inn, the Channel Islands' Temple, is in Normandy or in Brittany, at Caen or Rennes, as the case may be." (Dr. Latham.) This is necessary, because the basis of jurisprudence is not the common or the statute law of England, but the ancient "customary law" of Normandy. Many of the principles and provisions of this law are said to date from Rollo, the founder of the Norman Duchy. This Norwegian chieftain, who in the early part of the tenth century wrested Normandy from Charles the Simple, cannot be said to have been an amiable character in private life; but he gained a repute, and left behind him a long-enduring fame for inflexible integrity in the administration of justice, which, after the lapse of nearly ten dim centuries, has still a practical acknowledgment in these islands. He is said to have established a right of personal appeal to himself, and that his name continued to be so invoked after his death. We refer to the singular legal process known as the *Clameur de Haro*. If the legendary and long-accepted account of its origin is true, it shows that his name is still a power, and is a striking instance of the enduring memory of a just ruler. The following statement is from the pen of a Guernsey lawyer in 1836, and is not obsolete:—*

"A custom peculiar to Guernsey and Jersey is the famous *Clameur de Haro*, or 'Cry of Haro,' which was formerly practised in Normandy, and which has been praised by most writers on the Norman laws. It is thus practised in Guernsey:—When an individual finds that his neighbour or any other person is encroaching upon his property by the erection or demolition of a wall or other structure, or by any other trespass, he repairs to the spot, accompanied by two witnesses, in presence of whom he orders the aggressor, or his agent, to desist, by invoking the name of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, in the singular form of exclamation: '*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon prince;*' and by addressing the words, '*je vous ordonne de quitter cet ouvrage,*' to the aggressor; upon which he must instantly desist, as in the event of his daring to proceed, he is liable to be punished for a breach of the peace, and a contempt of the King's authority, the property being supposed to be under the King's special protection from the moment the cry is made. The word 'Haro' is compounded of 'Ha!' the ejaculation of a person suffering, and of 'Ro,' a contraction of Rollo; so that the meaning of '*Ha-Ro! à l'aide, mon prince!*' is, 'O Rollo, my prince, afford me thy succour!' The party who, supposing himself aggrieved, has thus availed himself of the *Clameur de Haro*, is bound, on pain of nullifying his proceeding, to appear before the Bailiff, and a written declaration of all the particulars of the case, signed by the Bailiff, must be deposited at the *Greffe*, or Record Office, within twenty-four hours of the crying of *Haro*. The next step is to bring the matter before the Court in the shape of an action."

* "Guernsey and Jersey Magazine," 1836.

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"Haro" has evidently been supposed by many, and probably by some who have used the cry, to be the name of the prince. Thus an engine on the pretty little railway at Jersey is so called in his honour. But the above account represents the first syllable as an interjection, and the second as his name, or a contraction of it; and it is in correspondence with this that we find that his name, though variously written Rollo, Rolf, Raoul, was more properly, and among his own people, Rou, as in the ancient Norman-French poem, the "*Roman de Rou;*" which, by the way, contains many odd, and some rather shocking, examples of his absolute and rigid administration.

After all this, we must add, that a learned contemporary Guernseyman, M. Georges Métivier,* sees no connection between the *Clameur de Haro* and Rollo, but assigns to it a far *higher* antiquity. He acknowledges, however, and himself produces evidence to show, that at least so early as the thirteenth century, it was regarded as an invocation of Rollo. This ancient and so long-undisputed attribution of the origin of the custom to him, whether etymologically justified or not, equally witnesses to the strength of the popular and traditional belief in his strict and unfailing integrity.

It is rare indeed to hear or read anything good of King John. This is a new sensation reserved for a visit to the Channel Islands. In Guernsey his name has a place of honour. He stands in the same category as Rollo. To him are traced the constitution and liberties of the island; and that not as extorted from him like the famous charter of Runnymede, but graciously and royally proffered. He is credited with a peculiar regard to the islands. "However guilty," says a writer whom we have before quoted,† "John was to the Normans and English, he was the best friend the islands ever possessed, as the founder of their present freedom and happiness." Dr. Latham is somewhat sarcastic about this:—"No one can have attended to the tendencies of the modern school of what is called history,—too often the narrative of events which never happened,—without having a certain conviction that, before many years are over, some eloquent expositor of some hitherto unknown records will do for John what has been done for Henry VIII. and others; *i. e.*, will (to use a coarse expression) *whitewash* him. There will be an error of fame; and the barons who won Magna Charta will be the villains of the transaction. John will (after Henry) be the greatest king who has ruled over England, and the facts of his having given a Lord Mayor to London, and a constitution to Guernsey, will make him the founder of the municipal liberties of Great Britain. Such a history will, doubtless, be written; and it ought to be written in the Islands." * There can be no doubt, however, that poor Lackland, when he had lost Continental Normandy, from whence the Islands had previously been governed, and had received their judges, would feel himself under a necessity, on account of their distance from England, of giving them a jurisdiction of their own, and a large measure of self-government. These advantages they very wisely appreciated, remained loyal to him, and honoured his name and memory. Moreover, he is said to have visited the islands. This is doubtful. If he did, he was the last Sovereign of England seen here until the welcome and memorable visit of Her present Majesty.

Local historians give a list of the Bailiffs of Guernsey in the order of their succession from the year 1264. During the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth there was an interregnum of eighteen years, when the levelling tendencies in England were so far adopted and improved upon, that the jurats resolved to exercise the functions of Bailiff among them, each taking his turn for a month

* "Dictionnaire Franco-Normand," par Georges Métivier, 1870.

† Duncan, "History of Guernsey."

* "The Channel Islands," p. 355.

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at a time! The office has generally been held by upright magistrates, but, unfortunately, the very first name in the catalogue is one which tradition has covered with infamy, an infamy likely to be as enduring as the good name of Rollo, to which it is a sad and striking contrast. Gualtier (Anglicè, Walter) de la Salle is to this day spoken of as "the wicked Bailiff." The legend concerning him reminds us of two subjects of sacred history, the vineyard of Naboth and the gallows of Haman. He had a poor neighbour whose little heritage he coveted, and not succeeding in inducing him to dispose of it, he basely fabricated against him a criminal accusation. Hiding two silver cups in one of his own wheat-ricks, he charged the poor man with having stolen them. The crime was punishable by death; committed against the chief magistrate, it was especially heinous and daring. The innocent man was thrown into prison to await his trial, and in the meantime two or three witnesses against him were suborned by the Bailiff. On the day of trial the evidence offered against the accused seemed so full and conclusive that there could be no doubt of his guilt, and sentence of death was about to be pronounced, when the breathless silence with which it was awaited was broken by one of the Bailiff's servants rushing into the court, panting and faint from the exertions he had made to reach it in time. As soon as he had recovered the power of speech, he cried out, "They are found! They are found!" and proceeded to inform the court that having been employed that morning in removing some of his master's wheat-ricks into the barn, he had found the cups in one of them. The accuser, in his rage and vexation, was thrown off his guard, and betrayed himself by exclaiming, "Wretch! did I not tell thee not to touch *that* rick?" By this exclamation the clue was given which discovered the atrocious plot, and the Bailiff was condemned to suffer the punishment which he had designed for the innocent. He was accordingly executed on the spot which had been prepared for the murder of his intended victim. The legend adds that he died a contrite death, and that on his way to execution he received the "last offices of the Church," at the place which has since been known as the Bailiff's Cross, where is a small flat stone with the figure of a cross rudely carved upon it. De la Salle's estate was forfeited to the Crown, and is still called "*la Ville au Roi.*" Visitors to St. Peter-Port will soon find out a pleasant road bearing that name, and from it may be seen the remains of an ancient house which is said to have been his residence. With its picturesque old gateway, its ivy-mantled walls, and spiral granite staircase, it has every appearance of the required antiquity, though it is still tenanted, and that by an honest man, which, it seems, is more than could have been said for it always in its more bright and juvenile days.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

After all, there was something noble in the design of the Crusaders. We cannot help feeling some degree of admiration for the men who fought to protect poor pilgrims, and to rescue the sepulchre of our Saviour from the hands of blasphemers. We may, perhaps, in these days, be inclined to judge them too harshly, and, with too much cynicism, refer their efforts to a wild and idolatrous enthusiasm. Doubtless the Crusades were undertaken in a spirit of superstition, of knight-errantry, and romance, and were carried on with the bigotry, cruelty, and pride inseparable from religious warfare. The armies of the Cross were stained with debauchery and blood. We must ever regret their misapprehension of the aims of Christianity, and the misapplication of their zeal. But let us not be too hastily persuaded that fervent piety was absent from their camps, or that their motives were altogether sordid. The things of this world are a curious medley of truth and error. The zeal of religion may imperceptibly become the fanaticism of bigotry. To defend the latter were as impious as to rebuke the

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former: but we are sometimes in danger of forgetting that the parentage of intolerance is conviction; and our charity is never so likely to fail us as when it is required for the uncharitable.

Let us not be too ready to think slightingly of the Crusaders' devotion; but, while we linger over the history of their deeds in wonder, and sometimes in horror, let us learn the lesson of gratitude to God for giving us life in a more enlightened age, for superior opportunities of understanding the truth, and better channels for our enthusiasm.

There is one incident in the history of the Crusades, so mysterious, so interesting, and so suggestive, as to merit the especial attention of the young.

The bones of thousands of Christian soldiers lay unburied upon the shores of Palestine; all Europe had poured its forces against the Saracen; army after army had been destroyed; crowns had been pledged, and kingdoms exhausted of treasure; kings and princes had fought and fallen; nobles had not weighed toil or pain, hunger, thirst, or death itself, in comparison with the glory of the war. The people crowded to enrol themselves beneath their standards, and marched with songs to join the armies of the Cross. For a time the allied hosts had triumphed, and had apparently confirmed their conquest of the land by establishing the Christian "kingdom of Jerusalem." But now the infidel again possessed the country, and again the Crescent waved upon the walls of Zion. The military orders charged with the protection of the city had been remorselessly exterminated, their churches and their dwellings had been pillaged, and the Holy Sepulchre had been ostentatiously profaned. The struggle of three generations seemed to have been in vain; and at last, after a century of warfare, Christian Europe sank into ignominious peace, and silently acquiesced in the renewed dominion of the Mahometans.

But after a few years of peace a remarkable event occurred. A frantic religious enthusiasm seized the minds of a vast horde of children in France and Germany. Of the horrors of war they knew nothing; but they knew that the relic which they were taught to believe was the "true Cross" was in the hands of the foe, and they knew that the Saviour's tomb was being desecrated; and inflamed by the harangues of the priesthood, they burned to fight for the Cross, to vindicate the honour of Jesus, to take vengeance on His adversaries, and to drive them from His Sepulchre. They determined to march to Palestine. The authority of parents could not restrain them. All their natural affections were drowned in this one absorbing desire—to fight for Jesus. Bolts and bars proved as ineffectual as entreaty. They forsook their homes, and traversed the country in companies, proclaiming the Crusade. Their cry, "O Lord Jesus, restore Thy Cross to us!" echoed throughout the land. Their numbers grew in every hamlet. Girls as well as boys flocked to join their ranks. Hundreds of peasant homes lamented absent children. "O, where is our Jacques or our Hans? how is it we have missed him all day?" cry poor parents in the evening. And when they learn that he has joined the children's army, their grief is bitter, for they are afraid he will never come back; and they dare not follow and force him to return, for fear of the priests. Multitudes of mothers spend the night in anguish and in tears; they cannot sleep for thinking of their poor lost boy.

By the wayside or in the streets, you might have seen groups of eager little listeners, breathlessly attentive to the words of some boy fanatic as he urges his mission: "We are going to Jerusalem; we are going to the land of Jesus, to take it away from the Turks. We are going to the Sepulchre. Children, join us! come and fight for the Cross! come and fight for the Cross! O, Christ, restore us Thy Cross!" His spirit is contagious; his audience excitedly re-echoes his ejaculation, and he never fails to allure a goodly number to join in that strange procession.

They were no disorderly rabble; they marched in set array: flags were displayed,

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and trumpets sounded. Some kind of military discipline was maintained; obedience was yielded to officers of their own election.

Protected by ignorant and superstitious priests, they made their way towards the South, a part purposing to take ship at Marseilles, and a part at Genoa. When they arrived at these ports, we are told their numbers had reached the incredible total of thirty thousand! From this time their history is very sad. A large number went on board ship, gratefully accepting the offer of some merchants who promised them a free voyage to Palestine. These odious wretches designed to sell their freight as slaves. But disaster followed; or rather a merciful Providence averted their miserable fate. A storm arose, the ships were wrecked, and not a soul escaped. Those who had not embarked, were soon persuaded to return to their homes; and thus ended one of the most extraordinary delusions the world has ever seen. But its effects were mighty. Pope Innocent, when he heard of the matter, exclaimed in astonishment, "The children are awake, while we sleep!" and ashamed of his negligence, set himself with vigour to organize a new expedition to the East. Men's minds were stirred. The Crusade known in history as the fifth, was dispatched. The "true Cross" was regained, Frederick Barbarossa crowned himself at the Holy Sepulchre, and for fifteen years Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth remained in the peaceful possession of the Christians.

It is a strange and melancholy story. The age was indeed "dark," and few events more clearly show its darkness. Nothing more clearly shows how great was the ignorance of the priests on the one hand, and how great their influence on the other. Our blood boils when we think of how they excited and fostered this maniac expedition. Charity itself could hardly find a punishment severe enough for the merchants who were willing to sell these innocents as slaves for love of gold. When we think of the misled little ones who perished in the waves of the Mediterranean, and when we think of the French and German Rachels who wept for them "because they were not," we feel as if we, too, could shed a tear, although nigh seven centuries have passed away since empty requiems were chanted for their souls. We are almost tempted to believe with quaint old Fuller, that "the devil being cloyed with the murdering of men, desired a cordial of children's blood to comfort his weak stomach."

Is this a narrative of facts? *Liberrime credimus quod volumus.* We readily persuade ourselves that that which we wish to be true *is* true; and just as ready are we to pronounce that a fiction of which the recital causes a shock to our feelings. A clergyman in conversation with an ignorant old woman, was giving a most harrowing description of our Saviour's sufferings in the Agony and the Passion. "O Sir," exclaimed she, "let us hope it *isn't all true!*" Like her, but in our case without impiety, let us hope that history has exaggerated the details of the story. But be that as it may, let us leave it as it stands, and try to derive some lessons from it for the children of our own times.

A crusade is preached to-day! It is a children's crusade. Girls as well as boys may join. Thousands upon thousands of the upright and noble have fought and have died in the conflict. The strife has continued for ages, and there have never been lacking those who would suffer and die in the cause. Still the enemy rages, and appears to triumph, and the ultimate victory of truth must undoubtedly be won in a large measure through the instrumentality of children.

The enemy is immensely strong, and active, and wary; but the battle is not with the strong. David with his pebble on the side of God, is more than a match for the giant who could have felled him with a touch.

If any one join the Crusade, he is the sworn enemy of falsehood, of dishonesty, of drunkenness, and of all other vice; he is the champion of all that is honourable and true. He must despise scorn; he

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must be prepared to face a laugh. He must have real courage, remembering he is engaged in a war, a hard, unceasing strife. It may even be necessary to leave home and friends, as the young Crusaders did, for whoso "loveth father or mother more than ME is not worthy of Me." The tree on which the Redeemer's body hung has crumbled away, and its atoms now mingle with ordinary dust, but at the very outset of our Crusade, the Cross, the true Cross, must be sought. There must be laid the burden of our sins, and a *daily* cross assumed instead. We cannot redeem the Sepulchre of our Saviour from the stranger and infidel. Despite all the Crusades, the feet of Arab tribes still press the soil of Judæa. But we *may* help to rescue His blessed Name from impious and blaspheming lips; by our warnings and entreaties we may lessen the number of swearers in our country. Pilgrims to Jerusalem no longer need protection, their useless wanderings are a thing of the past. But have we not more glorious work in helping and protecting, to the extent of our little powers, the pilgrims to the Everlasting City?

Every kind and generous deed, every gentle word, every holy thought, is a furtherance of the great cause. Every time self is denied, every time a hasty word is checked or an injury forgiven, a triumph is won for the Cross. Whenever an evil temper is "ruled," a greater victory is gained than when King Richard took the town of Acre.

O that without their folly, we might have something of the chivalrous love for Jesus that these French and German peasant children had! O that such a spirit of devotion to Him might fall on thirty thousand British children! Filled with their zeal, and rightly guided, such an army would gloriously hasten the reign of universal peace. Growing up to manhood, still giving all their energies to fight for God, what an incalculable change might be produced in these Islands, and, through them, in the world!

Sunday-scholars, members of the Band of Hope, when on your treat-days you march in rank, with your banners waving, and singing hymns, I think I see a noble cohort of the Children's Crusade. Be true soldiers of the Cross, faithful, earnest, enduring. Be more valiant than your fathers; and, when the older warriors grow weary and lag behind, let your zeal fire them to fresh enterprize, and make them in shame cry out with Pope Innocent of old, "The children are awake, while we sleep!"

Southport. W. EDMUND BALL.

PROMINENT PERSONS IN SACRED HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION; ADAM; ABEL.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

THE Divine Spirit, who inspired holy men of God to write the sacred Scriptures, has greatly varied in the amount of space He has given to the different characters or persons whom He has mentioned. Some cases occupy nearly a whole book; others have scarcely a whole chapter; and others, again, have hardly a paragraph or a few verses. Some are just introduced, and we have not another view of them throughout the sacred records. Others are made very prominent, as representative men, whose history is full of important instruction to mankind in all succeeding ages. The events of their active existence in this life were so varied, numerous, and important, that they illustrate and confirm many of the great principles of the moral government of God. If precepts are principles embodied in words, then history is an illustration and confirmation of such principles in active life.

ADAM is first presented to us. He had not to begin at the alphabet of things, as all who have come after him have had to do. Was not the Book of Nature the first which God wrote to teach man his lessons of duty to his great Creator? What language and what letters of light were there! what character and capacity were required to read that Book! Where now is the great Light that shone on that Book? where now is the vast human capacity that could read and understand

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it? Has that sun set on our world? has that capacity gone from human life? has that Book been closed and sealed for ever from human eyes in this world? How has the crown fallen from man's head! how is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!

Adam's position in Paradise as the representative or federal head of the human race, was tremendously important and responsible. Placed under the covenant of works, "This do, and thou shalt live," what a standing in the scale of existence was his! what issues were at stake! how wide! how various! how vital! how important! how lasting! How much was involved in what he said and did!

Was not Adam's fall a sin of the mind? True, it was the mind addressed through the bodily sense of vision, but still the temptation was an appeal to the mind. The language of the tempter was, "God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and *ye shall be as gods*, knowing good and evil." The forbidden tree appeared "pleasant to the eyes, and a tree *to be desired to make one wise*." Thus looking begat longing, and longing led to taking, the fatal act which brought sin into our world, and all its train of woes. Had God's will been the limits of man's desires, and the rule of his conduct, whilst Adam was in his state of probation, how different would the history of his race then have been from what he by his fall has made it!

How much was involved in the fall of Adam, affecting himself and his posterity. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." A transmission of death, guilt, and depravity, so that not one of his race could, or can, enter heaven under the covenant of works, or in the strength of his personal character and conduct, as the unfallen angels have done, and as man before his fall might have done. Sin has gone everywhere, and touched everything, and the effects of its presence in this world are stamped on every form of life on the face of the globe.

Adam's fall has made it impossible for us to enjoy God's favour in this life, or dwell in heaven in the life to come, except through a medium suited to God's demands and man's necessities; and here comes in the principle of substitution, which is recognized also under a human government. If a man in this life contracts a debt which he is unable to pay, the law has demands on him to the amount of his debt; but if a friend goes into the court of justice where the debtor is arraigned, and pays the amount due, the law in operation against the debtor acknowledges the substitute, so that it cancels the bond and frees the debtor; and now he can walk at liberty, and can meet his former creditor and look him in the face without fear, *under the protection of the law*. Human redemption is on the principle of substitution; so that the Substitute meets the vast demands of the Divine law in this case, and Justice acknowledges the payment of the debt. Provision for such a case had to be made as soon as the debt was contracted, or else how could the insolvent debtor live? how could he walk at liberty, since the penalty was the loss of life?

How have infants who die before personal responsibility begins been affected by the fall of Adam their representative? If "in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Infants, as spiritual beings, are as much benefitted by the death of Christ, as they have been injured by the fall of Adam. It is a most revolting view of the Divine character to suppose that any such are lost; but the "horrible decree," as even those who once believed it, called it, is now dying its proper death. "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Did the fall of man set aside the chief design of God in his creation? The Bible says it did not. It changed the face of nature. It changed the covenant under which God at first placed man. It deprived him of many blessings amidst which he lived when in Paradise; it brought a train of evils into existence,

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all of which were *new* in his experience; and it made him liable to many painful influences which he did not previously know. But it left man his faculties, capacities, and destiny as a spiritual being, and the great end of human existence in this world is substantially the same now as when Adam was in Paradise; namely, to glorify his God in this life, and then pass from earth to heaven, to be "for ever with the Lord."

Though man is a fallen spirit, is he not great in capacity, even in ruin? Look at his acquaintance with the laws of nature, and see how he turns them to his own account. The discoveries of science have greatly lessened manual toil, and facilitated the despatch of business.

By the assistance of gas, man can dispel the darkness of the midnight hour, and thus his purpose is served in the absence of the sun and the moon, by a substance too subtile to be seen. By the aid of glasses of his own construction, he can penetrate the regions of space, and count suns and systems at the rate of scores of millions. By shaping other glasses, he becomes acquainted with creatures around him too small to be seen by his unassisted vision, and thus he discovers colonies, we had almost said worlds, of creatures on almost every leaf that grows. The lightning he can now conduct in its course so as to stand uninjured amidst the roar and clash of elements.

But man's great distinction in the scale of existence is his capacity for religion. Man can know God's character and government having reference to himself, quite sufficient for all practical purposes. Man can obey God's commands by ceasing to do what the Deity forbids, and by becoming what He requires. Man can bear God's image in righteousness and holiness. Man can enjoy God's favour, so as to be at peace with Him, and to have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Man can become a member of the family of God by adoption and grace on earth, and then a member of the community of saints in heaven.

ABEL'S case will illustrate and confirm what we have just said. If the fall of man in Adam closed the covenant of works, and rendered it impossible for human spirits to enter heaven as the unfallen angels did, the covenant of grace, under which we have been placed by the interposition of our Divine Redeemer, is adapted to our state as fallen spirits, and is intended to reinstate us in God's favour and image in this life, and fit us for spending eternity with Him.

To do so in harmony with the character of God and the principles of His government, required the interposition of One Who could meet the demands of God, and supply the necessities of the human race as fallen spirits. The history of Abel throws much light on what we are now considering. Cain and Abel both practically owned God's existence, and in one sense God's claims. But the acknowledgment of the two brothers was very different; for whilst the Deity was approached by Cain as a deist, God was worshipped by Abel as a sinner.

Abel's mode of worshipping God—by sacrifice—gives the idea that it was in harmony with a revelation from God. What was there in nature, or the human mind, to lead Abel to believe that the killing of an innocent lamb would benefit him as a spiritual being, when he, as a sinner against God, was approaching the Deity, whose moral perfections are infinite, for the purpose of obtaining His favour? Now, if he had been left to himself, would not the thought have been the personal payment of some price, in the form of some valuable gift, or the infliction of some personal punishment? Is it not like human nature to act like that when left to itself amidst such circumstances? But if Abel as a sinner had been so left to himself, what would have been farther from his thoughts than *the thing which he actually did?* We are told further that he did it BY FAITH, which confirms the idea that a DIVINE REVELATION was the basis of his conduct.

Then, further, he obtained WITNESS that he was righteous, *God testifying of his gifts.* Whether that was by fire

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from heaven consuming the sacrifice, or by any other mode of expressing approval and acceptance which God was pleased to employ, does not affect the case. It was something which assured Abel that his religious approach to God for gracious purposes was acceptable in His sight; the very thing which Abel desired. Abel's different manner of approaching God, from that of his brother Cain, shows how different was his state of mind.

Abel obtained witness that he was RIGHTEOUS. As he was a human spirit fallen in Adam his representative, and a sinner against God by actual transgression, we see in his case the principle of substitution in saving operation. "The Lord our Righteousness," as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," had been made known to him in that way which was suited to his case; and "he being dead yet speaketh" on the subject of human redemption as being available for him, under the first, as much as for others under the last, dispensation of grace. The first sinner saved under the first dispensation of grace, and the last sinner saved under the present dispensation, will, in heaven, be equal debtors to the great Propitiation for the sins of the whole world.

The battle between the carnal mind and the spiritual mind began in Adam's family. "Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him." "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," said Jesus, and His words have been verified from the days of Cain till now. The carnal mind was stronger than natural affection, or the family bond. The goodness or piety of Abel was in the eyes of his brother a capital crime, for which Cain demanded the price of Abel's life; and he shed his life's blood, which cried to a holy God from the ground.

If Abel was the first of the human race that died, the first human death was a violent one, and it was accomplished by persecution for righteousness' sake. Thus began the existence of saints in heaven, which has gone on from one individual to a community so great that when John, the beloved Apostle, was in the vision in Patmos, he saw a company so large that "no man could number" the whole. From then till now the redeemed have been washing "their robes, and" making "them white in the blood of the Lamb;" and thus they have risen from earth to heaven in an unbroken stream from "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues;" and as time rolls on, the same stream flows increasing in breadth, and we trust will continue to do so till the grand consummation.

If the whole of the human race under every dispensation of grace have had the same great work to do in this life, to hold them in readiness for the life to come, how needful it was that they should have had a revelation from God sufficient for such a purpose! Yet many generations passed into eternity before the Bible was given; and hence we infer, that in the absence of the Bible, God was pleased to give manifestations of His will in other ways. Some of those ways may now be beyond the knowledge of mortals in this life, but the *sufficiency* of such teaching, when it was rightly improved, is seen in *the lives* of those whose brief history the Bible gives.

Dispensations of Divine grace have advanced from the patriarchal to the Jewish, and from the Jewish to the Christian, the last and best of all. These different dispensations have varied in their forms and aspects, as suited to the different ages of human existence; but they have never changed in their principles and requirements regarding mankind, God, and the human soul; religion and sin, heaven and hell, time and eternity, have always been the same. What was needed by Abel and Enoch under the patriarchal dispensation, was required by David and Isaiah under the Jewish dispensation; and by the Apostles, and those now alive, under the Christian dispensation of grace. It is a remarkable fact, that *the only two* of the human race who have gone to heaven by translation from this world—Enoch and Elijah—lived under what we call inferior dispensations of grace.

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The history of Enoch is equally remarkable for its brevity and its fulness. Some of the *subjects* revealed to Enoch go so far into the future, and are of such a character, that without his history we might have concluded that no such subjects could have been known before the Bible was given. (Jude 14, 15.)

The moral constitution of man is in exact agreement with the moral government of God; and thus one book which God has written for human benefit is contemporary with human existence: we mean, "the law written in their hearts," as St. Paul tells us, which some call "the Book of Conscience," or "Natural Law." "God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers." The ministry of angels was more manifest when the Bible had no existence. There was also tradition amongst the antediluvians. Methuselah, the son of Enoch, was born more than forty years before Adam died, and lived six hundred years after Noah was born. May we not regard him as the uniting link between Adam, the first, and Noah, the last, of the old world? Did Methuselah talk with Adam and with Noah? If so, how much could Methuselah have told Noah of what Adam told him regarding the "first estate" of man! Is it not reasonable to suppose that Adam, whose primitive state was so rich in religious experience, was of great advantage to his contemporaries? His existence in this world stretched over a period of more than nine hundred years.

FOREIGN EVANGELISM.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

BY MRS. DURDEN.

A FEW weeks since, being in the South of France, I revisited Cannes, where it is my privilege to know the Protestant Ministers of the town, and some devoted Christians among their congregations. One of them, the Rev. M. Espenelle, was just then absent in the Cevennes, attending a Biennial Synod, held in the town of Mazamet. On his return, he communicated the following particulars:—

This manufacturing town has a population of fourteen thousand, of whom at least four thousand are Protestants. On one occasion during the week of this religious Conference, a congregation of two thousand five hundred assembled in their large Protestant temple to hear a sermon by the Rev. M. Pressensé. The English congregational Minister at Paris, Rev. Mr. Hart, had promised them on a former occasion to speak in French this year, and had written and prepared a speech, which, as a foreigner, he was allowed to read. In the course of his remarks, he expressed his thankfulness that their chapel in Paris had been spared all injury, whether by fire or ball, Prussian or Communist.

A Minister from Geneva, M. Dardier, related two interesting anecdotes of the war. The first was concerning a young Colporteur Evangelist, who, in pursuance of his vocation in the vicinity of Strasbourg, was taken prisoner by the Prussians as a French spy. At first he was greatly cast down at this interruption to his work, but soon he saw *why* it had been permitted. Instead of being shot, he was able after some time to effect his escape into Lorraine, and happened to be on the spot during the passage of the prisoners of Bazaine's army. He wisely availed himself of this unlooked-for opportunity, and was enabled to distribute on that occasion copies of the New Testament, and tracts to the number of one hundred and thirteen thousand.

The other interesting fact was this:—The army of the East being at one period of the war domiciled at Geneva, the "Evangelists" would gladly have gone amongst them to minister to their spiritual wants, but were interdicted from so doing. How, then, should they get access to the poor soldiers? It happened that some agents of the Bible Society observed a grocer's boy frequently entering the Palais Electoral, where many of the soldiers were quartered, carrying provisions of all kinds. A happy thought

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struck one of them. He followed the boy home to the shop whence the goods were sent; and, on conversing with the mistress of the establishment, found she was a pious woman, quite ready and disposed to co-operate in any good work. Therefore, with her full consent and willing aid, they managed to introduce an abundant supply of Scriptural teaching in the shape of tracts and portions of the New Testament, every basket sent in to the Palais being well stocked with such publications; and we will hope many of them perused with profit by the soldiers.

It is said that the illustrious victim of the Commune, President Bonjean, when in prison, wrote from his cell to a friend, "I know not the fate which awaits me. Help me to prepare for death, and to die as a Christian. To that end send me a Bible." It was sent, and we are told it was *read* by the unfortunate prisoner. May we not hope its reading was not in vain, for "the entrance of" the "Word giveth light!"

Amongst the statements of the Report read was this,—that during the past year fourteen thousand copies of the Bible, ten thousand Testaments, and fifty-four thousand Gospels and portions of the Bible, have been sold in Spain; and further, that in Turkey, a Christian, for the first time, had been named Secretary of State.

Lang-Court.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

ALONE, yet not alone, I am,
For Thou, O Lord, art always nigh;
And, whilst I commune with the Lamb,
For earthly friends I need not sigh.

Though all the world were waste and drear,
And all mankind were false and base,
If Thou, O Saviour, should'st appear,
And show the glories of Thy face;

The waste should then as Eden bloom,
The false ones all forgotten be;
Yea, glory shines around the tomb,
Since it shall lead me up to Thee.

When earthly friends surround my way,
And pleasure's stars upon me shine,
Thy rising still creates my day,
Still all my comforts are Divine.

In them Thy greater Light I see,
Adore in them Thy bounteous hand;
And own whate'er may come to me,
It comes, O Lord, at Thy command.

W. H. W.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM HALLAMORE.

How true it is that God's judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. In nothing is this more apparent than in the deaths of His people. Many whose continuance among us seems most desirable, are cut down before the great mission of life appears to us to be half accomplished; but He who gives both life and mission knows best when both should terminate; and it is ours to bow to His infinite wisdom, and to trust in His infinite love, even when both are, for a time, hidden and unsearchable. We desire to rescue from oblivion the name of one, a great part of whose life was spent in suffering, and who died in early manhood, lamented by all who knew him, and most by those who knew him best.

WILLIAM HALLAMORE was born at Falmouth, in the year 1845. His parents were Members of the Wesleyan Society, and early sought to bring their children under the influence of Christian teaching. In this case their prayers and efforts were not in vain, for impressions were made upon William's mind which afterwards bore fruit in his life. At the age of seventeen he went to Toronto, in Canada, where he spent about five years. It was during his stay in that city that he gave his heart to God, but unfortunately the particulars of his conversion

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are not known. His natural reserve prevented him from saying much about himself on any subject, so that much that would have been highly interesting to his friends is unknown. The reality of his conversion, however, none who knew him will doubt. His life was consistent and pure, and his patience in suffering remarkable. In the year 1867, a very serious illness, which undermined his constitution, and ultimately caused his death, made it necessary that he should return to his native country, which he did in August of that year. For some time his health seemed to improve, but it soon became evident that the improvement could not be permanent. His lungs were diseased, and his breathing became so difficult that he could scarcely move about.

Early in 1869, another voyage to a warmer climate was thought desirable. He therefore sailed with a friend to the West Indies, where he arrived in safety. But he derived no permanent benefit. Soon after his return he became much worse, the difficulty of his breathing increasing. It was very evident that he could not continue in this state very long. Yet in the prospect of death he was calm and even happy. It was cheering and inspiring to see the manly and Christian manner in which he bore his great sufferings.

On Saturday, November 27th, 1869, he became suddenly worse. On the morning of that day he seemed better than usual, and yet had some strange presentiment that the end was near. He warned those around him that he might be taken any moment, but begged them not to be alarmed, assuring them that he was willing and prepared to die at any time. In the evening his breathing became much worse, and his sufferings then, and for several days after, were very great. Amid all, however, his patience and resignation were complete. The Lord was with him: the valley was full of light. During his illness he constantly exhorted those about him to give their hearts to God. He spoke most earnestly to those members of his own family who were still undecided. His manner and his words will never be forgotten by those who saw and heard him.

On the morning of Wednesday, December 1st, it became evident that his end was very near. He was fully conscious of this, yet he lost none of his confidence. To his medical attendant he said, "Do you think I shall live out the day?" and on being told that in all probability he would not, he said, "I must wish you all good-bye." He bade them all farewell, exhorting them to meet him in heaven. His countenance then seemed to light up with glory and joy, and with unearthly emphasis he exclaimed, "I am happy, gloriously happy!" To his father he said, "Don't grieve, I am going home." He then requested those present to sing the hymn commencing,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.

This was done twice. He then exhorted some young friends who had come into the room to give their hearts to God, and begged them to meet him in heaven. To his brothers at a distance he also sent his dying message, adding with great emphasis, "Tell them I die happy, in the happiest sense of the term." "After this exertion," writes his father, "he said to a young friend who had just come into the room, 'good-bye, meet me in heaven; I am too weak to say more.' He then reclined his head, and gradually passed away, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus." Thus he died, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, leaving behind the blessed assurance that he has gone to be "for ever with the Lord." J. F.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Labours of the Rev. John Smith, late of Sheffield. By RICHARD TREFFRY, Jun. Eleventh Edition. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The Efficacy of Faith in the Atonement of

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Christ; Exemplified in a Memoir of Mr. William Carvosso, sixty years a Class-Leader in the Wesleyan-Methodist Connexion. Written by Himself, and Edited by his Son. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The Life of the Rev. John W. De La Flechere; Compiled from the Narrative of the Rev. J. Wesley, A.M.; the Biographical Notes of the Rev. Mr. Gilpin; his own Letters, and other Authentic Documents. New Edition, slightly abridged, with Portrait. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

Prayer; Secret, Social, and Extempore. A Treatise on Secret and Social Prayer. By RICHARD TREFFRY. *A Help to Extempore Prayer.* By JOSEPH WOOD. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner; containing Copious Extracts from his Diary and Epistolary Correspondence. Eleventh Edition, with Portrait. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The above select and well-known works form part of the Methodist Family Library, which bids fair to be the choicest collection of religious biography and of popular experimental Divinity in the language. Each book is in itself a gem. We know nothing more calculated to revive and strengthen spiritual religion — vital godliness — than this reissue, in a form alike accessible and attractive, and the general perusal of these little masterpieces. Who can estimate the good which these works have already achieved, even in a form and at a price not so suited to universal circulation? How many hearts have they fired! How many young converts have they ignited with the pure flame of love! Every Methodist should read and recommend, and, if possible, possess and circulate these invaluable books. Of their blessed spiritual effect we must ourselves speak with devout gratitude.

The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. With an Introductory Essay by THOMAS JACKSON. Fourth Edition, with Additional Lives; in Six Volumes. Vols. I. to III. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1871.—A neat and cheap reprint of a book happily too well known to need commendation. A writer in the "British Quarterly Review," for October, 1871, says: "Few lives are more startling than that of John Nelson; few types of saintly holiness are higher than Thomas Walsh, while Thomas Olivers, John Haime, George Story, and Sampson Staniforth, and a number of other goodly names, represent lives of such intense earnestness, holiness, and activity, as would certainly win them a place in a Catholic calendar of saints, and are so full of glowing adventure that the story of many of them would keep a boy's eyes from winking even late in the night."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR FEBRUARY, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
Jan.	H. M	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	7 41	4 47	6 34m	5 17m	7 5a	7 6m	6 27m
Feb.							
10	7 25	5 5	6 45	5 30	7 11	6 23	5 51
20	7 6	5 23	6 49	5 35	7 16	5 41	5 15
Mar.							
1	6 45	5 41	6 45	5 34	7 21	5 0	4 39

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, Last Quarter ....10h. 10m. morn. | 16th, First Quarter .... 6h. 24m. morn.
9th, New Moon ..... 1h. 52m. morn. | 24th, Full Moon .....10h. 56m. morn.

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MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 7th.....	3h. after.,	Perigee; distance	223,935 miles.
„ 19th.....	2h. after.,	Apogee; „	251,811 „
Mean distance for the month.....			237,873 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st.....	90,355,770 „
March 1st	90,901,300 „
Increase of distance for the month	545,530 „

The Moon will rise very near *Venus* on the morning of the 6th. She will be a thin crescent; Venus gibbous, being in the more remote part of her orbit. At eight o'clock on the evening of the same day she will be near Saturn, both below our horizon. At noon on the 7th she will be close to Mercury; not far from Mars on the afternoon of the 10th. On the evening of the 20th she will be near Jupiter, and near Uranus next morning.

On the evenings of the 1st and 2d she will be in the constellation Libra. She enters Scorpio on the 3d; Sagittarius on the 5th; Capricornus on the 7th; Aquarius on the 9th; Pisces on the 10th; Aries on the 14th; Taurus on the 15th; Gemini on the 18th; on the afternoon of the 20th she will be near Castor and Pollux; on the 21st she will be in Cancer; she enters Leo on the 22d, and on the next day, at six o'clock in the afternoon, will be four and a half degrees north of Regulus; on the 25th she enters Virgo; on the evening of the 27th she will be near Spica, in that constellation; on the 28th she again enters Libra, after having made the circuit of the heavens.

It is interesting and instructive thus to watch the Moon in her march through the heavens throughout a complete revolution, when we remember that the Sun takes almost exactly the same route. The Moon travels eastward among the fixed stars about thirteen degrees per day, the Sun rather less than one degree. There is this difference, however: the Moon's motion is real; she actually revolves round the Earth, the Sun's is only apparent; it is we who unconsciously make a long voyage round him once a year.

The Moon's comparatively rapid motion among the fixed stars is utilized by mariners to find their longitude. Her distance from some of the larger planets and fixed stars is given with great accuracy in the "Nautical Almanac," and other similar publications, for every three hours, with convenient means of finding, by inter-polation, the distance at any other time, or of finding the Greenwich time corresponding to any given distance. When the distance then is measured by a sextant on any part of the globe, the traveller is able to ascertain what was the *Greenwich time* of the observation; observation of the Sun enables him to find the *local time*: the difference between the two gives the longitude.

Mercury is approaching the Sun in the remoter part of its orbit.

Venus is visible for about two hours before sunrise. It will be very close to *Saturn* on the morning of the 14th.

Mars sets about two hours after the Sun.

Jupiter is now the most conspicuous of all the planets. It is in Gemini, close below Castor and Pollux.

Reappearances of the first satellite after eclipse will take place on the 6th, at 5h. 2m. 42s., morn.; 7th, at 11h. 31m. 24s., after.; 9th, at 6h. 0m. 3s., after.; 15th, at 1h. 26m. 14s., morn.; 16th, at 7h. 54m. 55s., after.; 22d, at 3h. 21m. 13s., morn.; and 23d, at 9h. 49m. 55s., after. The second satellite will reappear on the 4th, at 9h. 3m. 36s., after.; 11th, at 11h. 39m. 45s., after.; 19th, at 2h. 15m. 50s., morn.; 26th, at 4h. 51m. 50s., morn.; and 29th, at 6h. 9m. 42s., after. A reappearance of the third may be witnessed on the 21st, at 8h. 1m. 53s., after.; a disappearance on the 28th, at 8h. 38m. 43s., after.; and a reappearance two minutes after midnight. The fourth will emerge from the shadow on the evening of the 10th, at 9h. 50m. 39s.

Saturn is visible before daylight.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.

A LARGE portion of our lives having been spent abroad, we have at a distance watched with ever-increasing love and admiration the character, the sayings, and doings of the Royal Lady whom we are proud to speak of as *our* Queen.

In earlier days, her magnificence and splendour dazzled our imagination, her many deeds of charity touched our hearts, the various projects for ameliorating the condition of the poor, carried into execution

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by herself and her noble husband, called forth our admiration, and the language of our hearts was,—"Happy are thy servants, which stand continually before thee. Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of England: because the Lord loveth England, therefore made He *thee* Queen."

During our residence in the Isles of the South Pacific, we were often asked whether Queeni Vikatoria came to drink tea with us. To the surprise, and perhaps disgust of the inquirers, we were compelled to confess that we had never seen the Queen, that many thousands of our fellow-countrymen had not; but that we all loved her as though she were our mother. They did not easily weary of speaking of "*our* great Lady," "our Queeni," as they always said. Singularly enough, the children in the schools would never sing "God save *the* Queen," but always "God save *our* Queen." When, in the wonderfully mysterious dealings of Providence, our beloved Queen was called to pass through the great ordeal of her life in the removal of her most noble husband, nowhere throughout her world-wide dominions was more sorrow felt, and sympathy elicited, than in our little community.

Now that the path of duty has brought us to Windsor, we have lost no time in looking on the face of our Royal Lady: that good, calm, benevolent, intelligent face excited emotions not easily expressed.

Earnestly desiring to see the Mausoleum erected to the memory of His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and finding that admission was restricted, and could only be by special order, we sent a respectful request to be permitted to enter on December 14th, (the tenth anniversary of the Prince's death.) A gracious permission was sent per return of post; but as days passed on, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales lay in so critical a condition, we believed that for this year we must forego the melancholy pleasure; but Her Majesty, who ever thinks for others more than herself, in small things and in great, sent her commands for the Mausoleum to be opened to the servants of the royal household and tradesmen, as though she had been here.

At twelve o'clock, therefore, we wended our way to Frogmore Lodge-gate. We met some persons turning from the entrance, who had not provided themselves with proper credentials; two or three members of the household police kept the gate, whilst one inspected the right of pass. Ours being "*en règle*," we passed on up the carriage-way for about two hundred yards, then turned sharply to the right, having a beautiful greensward and the "long-walk," celebrated for its beauty, on one side; and, on the other, a gardener's cottage with some thick shrubbery and gardens attached. Before we had proceeded far, we came to a handsome ornamental gateway, with a small bell-tower, surmounted by a gilt cross, the inner sides being decorated with the monogram

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(V A) gilt on a blue ground. Passing through, we saw the Mausoleum at a little distance to the right, on a mound shaded by the cypress and yew. On the grassy slope here and there, most artistically arranged, are choice and rare pines, planted by different members of the Royal Family: a more lovely and secluded spot could scarcely be found.

The external appearance of the Mausoleum itself is not imposing; it has no special architectural beauty. It is in the Italian style, and of a campanile form, the summit of the building being simply a flattened cone. On the west, a handsome flight of granite steps leads up to the entrance. But what pen may endeavour to describe the inexpressible combinations of architectural elegance and artistic decorations which entrance the gaze of the beholder on entering this mystic monument, erected by wifely love and royal munificence to the object worthy of such a memorial! A unique outer circle, broken into four transepts, with a grand centre, meets the eye; columns of marble with golden bases and capitals, broken into arches and recesses of great beauty; here adorned with bronze Etruscan urns; there filled with statuettes of wondrous skill in chiselling, and of marvellous adaptation to their use; frescoes of unparalleled excellence, some of them tributes of filial love as beautiful as rare! Bas-reliefs of white marble on dark grounds; of Abraham going out not knowing whither he went; of Jonah cast out of the ship, and vomited by the whale on dry ground; of Manoah and his sacrifice, where the angel of the Lord "did wondrously," and of other scenes. Fine paintings of Peter with his keys, with the significant motto, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee?" of Paul, with "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;" of Moses the legislator, and Isaiah the seer. Smaller gems, innumerable and costly, surmounted with rising columns of marble and alabaster; and crowning the whole, a central dome of cerulean blue with golden stars, having a fourfold groining of golden-winged angels, finishing the ceiling of the dome; and rich stained-glass windows in the sides of each transept, and between the columns supporting the dome, give the most perfect artistic finish to the whole structure, the floor of which, and the sides and walls to the whole height of the structure, are composed of marbles in elaborate tracery, with slabs of scagliola, malachite, and serpentine in the most graceful arrangement. Then there are in the passages which unite the transepts extraordinary effects, produced by what at first appear to be designs of ancient forms of palms, and pelicans, and swans chiselled in marble, but are in truth paintings.

Thus have we lingered, only to *pause* ere we attempt to describe that which is the most remarkable and impressive work of the whole. It fills the whole vision as you enter. For with an appropriateness in its majestic proportions, not so large as to be oppressive; with a sense of

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beauty arising from the highest artistic skill, and with a solemnity which hallows the feelings and softens the footfalls of the rapt beholder, there rises in the centre the sarcophagus of the Prince Consort. On the top is a recumbent figure of the revered Prince in white marble, by Baron Marochetti, of exquisite beauty. We have gazed upon monumental memorials in our old cathedrals, but have seen none that can equal this. The likeness is perfect, the chiselling of the profile from two points of sight most remarkable; the details, even to decorations on the flowing robe, and the outlines of the form, are a study. The white marble bed, with the corners of the pillows on which the head reposes, has the appearance of softness which an actual bed would have. It rests on a slab of polished black marble. Of equal size, and prepared to receive a similar recumbent figure, a place alongside the Prince is left for one whom may God long spare; and then will be complete one of the most magnificent memorials of departed royalty the world has ever seen. ALBERT THE GOOD and VICTORIA THE GENTLE will leave behind them an imperishable name. Long may it be ere this monument shall be complete!

The sarcophagus itself is large, necessarily; but the proportions are in exact harmony with the building. On one side is the following inscription:—

FRANCIS ALBERT AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMMANUEL,
Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha,
Prince Consort:
Second son of Ernest 1st,
Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha;
Born at Rosenau, near Coburg, Aug. 26th, 1819,
Married Feb. 10th, 1840, to Victoria,
Queen of Great Britain and Ireland;
Died at Windsor, Dec. 14th, 1861.

At the four corners of the tomb are kneeling figures in bronze. The expression of holy grief in each face (life size) is wonderful. The wings of each so nearly unite as almost to surround the tomb, and the flowing robes have the reality of actual garments. The block of polished marble at the base is a fitting finish to the whole.

A hasty glance at some of the surroundings, and we must finish our inspection and retire.

Opposite the four corners of the sarcophagus there are four statues. Standing at the foot, you have on your left David, with the motto, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in Whom I will trust." On the right is Solomon, with a scroll containing the words, "Lo, I have given thee a wise and an

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understanding heart." Opposite David is Daniel, and opposite Solomon is Isaiah.

We come next to the three large frescoes at the end of each transept, each having appropriate passages of Scripture as mottoes. In the northern, "The adoration of the Magi." "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." In the southern, "Our Lord sinking under the weight of the cross." "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." In the eastern, our Lord is bursting from the tomb, and has the heart-cheering mottoes, "I am the resurrection and the life;" "O grave, where is thy victory?" Over every arch, and above and below every picture, there is a passage of Holy Writ, all chosen by an evidently loving, earnest piety.

We finish our hasty and imperfect notice of what will ever remain a privilege in our life to look back upon, heightened as it is at the moment of writing by the devotedness of the Royal Mother at the bedside of her suffering son, both of whom may God long preserve!

CAROLINE CHURCHILL.

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THE INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

In entering upon the consideration of any topic, it is well to have clearly in view the end at which we aim, and to define distinctly the terms we employ. Let us, then, somewhat amplify our title, and state with more precision and fulness the proposition we would establish. That proposition is—That the influence of religion upon the mental faculties is, and must be, a beneficial one. And by religion I mean, not the belief of the head, but that of the heart; not a bare, cold creed, but faith in Christ; not intellectual gymnastics, but the submission of the soul to God. We are aware of, and, did time permit, could enlarge upon, the effect produced by creeds upon the minds of those who embrace them, as illustrated by the peculiarities of the peoples where they obtain. And it would be interesting to notice the idiosyncrasies of the Englishman, the Italian, the Hindu, the Chinaman, and the Turk; and to show how those distinctive features may be largely and directly connected with the religious beliefs they respectively hold.

We are not just now in search of moral or spiritual fruits, but desire to show what intellectual fruits may be expected to follow a vital union with the True Vine; the power of grace in the heart over the understanding and intelligence.

No one disputes that the power of Divine grace is, or ought to be, all pervasive; that it should be felt in every part of man's constitution; that spiritually, morally, physically, as also mentally, it ought to be operative. I think that this prayer of the apostle will warrant such an assertion: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And where the grace of God has been permitted to exercise its due and natural influence, the result has shown how true is that saying. The Christian is the highest style of man. Grace makes the best husbands and wives, the best children, the best men of business; and, taking the expression in its legitimate sense, the most successful men. It also makes the most intelligent men and women.

Let us see how it effects this. Some of our good poor friends tell us that religion is meat, drink, and lodging. And rightly understood, this is true: for without it many of them would have earned none of these. We go a step further, and say it is education also. Let us take an average human being; average in mental power, in intellectual gifts. Or if you please, one below the average; say that "honest John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher,—Who though he was poor did not want to be richer." Stand forward, honest John, and let us examine you; we will not put you through Whately's "Logic," nor even his easy "Lessons on Scripture Evidences," but will ask you a few simple questions, which we trust you will answer with candour. "How old are you?"—"Twenty-five, Sir." "Can you read?"—"No, Sir." "Can you write?"—No, Sir." "If you had a dozen shillings, and I took away five, how many would you have left?"—"Don't know, Sir." "Well, but, think a moment."—"Never does think, Sir; don't know how." "Did you ever go to school?"—"No, Sir." "Where do you live?"

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—"At home, Sir." "Yes, but where is your home?"—"Just over yon." "What do you do?"—"Work, Sir." "What at?"—"Hedgin' and ditchin'." "What do you do when work is over?"—"Go to sleep." "Do you ever go to church?"—"Went once, Sir, but couldn't tell what th' parson were talking about. Church isn't the place for the likes o' me." "Do you know the name of the country in which you live?"—"I lives in Dumplington parish." "But don't you know that there are many other parishes, and places called towns and cities, all around you?"—"Can't say as I do; never was anywhere else but here." "Where does the farmer send his corn?"—"To market, Sir." "Where is the market?"—"Don't know, Sir." "Who made you?"—"Made me what? Master makes us work hard, and doesn't give us much for it." "That is not what I mean. Who created, who formed you? who made you live and grow from a baby to a boy, and from a boy to a man? Who gave you a body, head, legs, arms, and all the rest of it?"—"Mother fed me on buttermilk and tatoes, 'cause she said they'd make me grow." "Do you know why you eat?"—"'Cause I'm hungry."..

And so the dialogue might be extended.

I have here imagined what may be regarded as an extreme case; one, however, which might be frequently met with. Our friend is a perfect boor, dull, obtuse, stupid, unintelligent, anything of that kind you like to call him; without two ideas to rub against each other; about as unpromising a case as any one could wish to experiment upon. What can religion do for that man's mind? Let us suppose that he has strayed into a Methodist chapel; that "the sword of the Spirit" has pierced that almost impenetrable heart; and that He Who hath torn hath healed. Having the eyes of his understanding opened, he now sees all things in a new light, and is made to feel and lament his dense ignorance. What help will his new-found grace render him? Let us first say what it will not do for him. Much disappointment is often caused by expecting from religion what it was never designed to supply. It is folly to suppose that because "godliness is profitable unto all things," therefore every godly man is to expect that the "promise of the life that now is," necessarily includes wealth and worldly prosperity. It does no such thing. Godliness imparts no new mental gifts. It does not recreate the mental constitution. It does not endow the man of one talent with ten. It does not make dull men brilliant. It does not make dwarfs into giants. It ever was, and ever will be, that even amongst godly men, there is a diversity of gifts; that some shall rule, because they are fitted to rule; and others shall obey, because they are fitted to obey; that some shall lead and others follow, because their capacities fit them to lead or to follow. It may be that there are "village Hampdens," "mute, inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood." But there are millions who are neither embryo Hampdens, nor Miltons, nor Cromwells; and no effort and no opportunity will ever make them such; nor will the grace of God, however diligently used, transform them into celebrities. But this it will do:—

I.—It will enable them fully to develop and make the most of what there is in them. It will supply them with motives to self-improvement

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which nothing else would supply. It will stimulate them to, and sustain them in, efforts which no other power can prompt. Let us suppose now that our honest friend Tomkins is under this influence. He sees and laments his dense ignorance, and the conviction flashes upon him that it ought to be removed. Impelled by a sense of duty, as also by a desire for knowledge, he sets himself to remove it. He finds that there are mines of vast and precious wealth around, which to him are unavailable because he lacks the power and the skill to explore them. He knows not the "Open Sesame" at the utterance of which these treasures shall be laid bare to him. It is a weary and an uphill task which lies before him. The very faculties that should assist him have rusted through desuetude. His hand is unfamiliar with his tools. We should not wonder if he were daunted. But he resolves by Divine help to overcome all obstacles, and he humbly asks and depends upon the aid which he feels he needs. And thus he sets to work. Ah, it is a hard task, learning the A B C at twenty-five! Vowels and consonants puzzle him: orthography, etymology, syntax, prosody are mysteries. The parts of speech are very perplexing. But these are only the beginnings of trouble. Other and deeper things are before him. Many a time he is tempted to give up in despair. It is too much for him, he cannot do it. The weary spirit flags; the perplexed brain is confused; his energies fail. Everything seems complicated, inscrutable. He can make nothing of it. He looks forward, and sees a vast, interminable vista; he looks back, and finds himself pretty much where he was. But he uses the privilege of the Christian. He lays the matter before God. He cries, "Lord, help me!" The help is given, and he goes on. And as he perseveres, he finds that one difficulty is overcome, and then another; he is making headway. He struggles, and every convulsive effort helps him forward, though ever so little, but he still achieves, still pursues. Mind, there is no constraint upon him. The schoolmaster and his rod have no terrors for him. The effort is purely voluntary. And it is not yet the love of knowledge which impels him, for he is unfamiliar with its sweets. For weeks and months, and it may be years, all is weary drudgery, with little to relieve the dull monotony. Failure succeeds failure, discouragement is piled upon discouragement. He finds himself left behind by the little ones who play around him: he is distanced by the greatest dullard in the parish school. But after every fall he picks himself up; after every failure, he arms himself with fresh courage; from every discouragement he extracts new hope. Could we lose sight of him for a few years, and could he be again introduced to us, we should almost fail to recognize him. He would be so changed that we should almost doubt his identity. And if we asked him to account for this alteration, he would say, "'By the grace of God, I am what I am.' When God converted me, He did it thoroughly. He showed me that for a man to remain in ignorance when he had the means of getting knowledge, would be for him to continue in sin. So I set myself to learn, and a weary task it was. Many a time I threw aside the books in despair, and was tempted to think that all my efforts were in vain. But He taught me to persevere. He bade me not be 'weary in well doing,' for

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in due time I should reap, if I fainted not. In His strength I went on, and had it not been for His help I should have fallen by the way. But His grace has been sufficient, and I praise Him for what He has done for me." *

This has been a genuine instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and our hero comes out triumphantly. I do not mean that he has made himself a world-renowned name, or even achieved any marked success. "'Tis not in mortals to command success; but they may do better, they may deserve it." He deserves it, and has it. He has done his best; he has made the most of himself, has overcome interposing obstacles, and deserves the victor's crown. Dr. Arnold, speaking of some men who, lacking natural talent, and having no pretension to brilliance, yet tried to supply the lack by unwearied patience, persistent care, and unflagging diligence, said: "Sir, I could stand hat in hand to such men." But better even than the respect of Dr. Arnold, such men have the approbation of God, and of their own consciences, which is worth more.

II.—We said that religion gave a man no new faculties: but it often discloses and calls into action latent ones. It creates the demand, and affords the opportunity for their exercise. And the constant putting forth of effort shows a man that he is capable of many things which he had never dreamt of doing. The memory which formerly was hardly trusted with six lines, may, by constant and judicious exercise, be made capable of retaining six hundred. Many a dull-looking, unpromising, unpretentious youth has in him the makings of a great man; it needs but the right magnet to draw them out, and they will rush to it as steel-filings to a loadstone. The materials of combustion are there; it wants but a spark to kindle them into a flame. The intellectual powers are often like the cocoa-nut, enclosed in a hard shell, which it requires much force to break ere you can get the fruit. But when the action of the Spirit is upon them it is like the explosion of gunpowder in a quarry. The rock is shivered, yet the fragments may be made subservient to the uses of men. And it is only when the adamantine crust of a hardened heart has been rent asunder, that the faculties of men enjoy that full development of which they are capable; and it is then seen, that beneath that base and bald exterior, there existed powers which only needed the beneficent rays of the Sun of Righteousness to cause them to bring forth abundant fruit. When that tinker's son was making himself a public nuisance upon the village-green of Elstow, distinguishing himself as the prime liar and swearer of the neighbourhood, who ever dreamt that the same lad would one day write a book which every Christian pilgrim, young or old, rich or poor, learned

* The following, taken from the *Methodist Recorder*, September 1st, 1871, bears upon this point:—"An old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way from the Missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work and he made such little progress, that the Missionary got tired, and told him he had better give it up. 'No, massa,' said he, with great earnestness, 'me nebber gives up till me die;' and pointing with his finger to the beautiful words he had just spelled out in John iii. 16: 'God so loved the world,' etc., he said, with tears in his eyes, 'It's worth all de trouble, massa, to read dat one verse.'"

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or illiterate, will for ever prize as one of his most precious treasures? We hazard nothing in saying, that without the influence of religion, the "Pilgrim's Progress" would never have been written. And to the same gracious influence many other invaluable works owe their inspiration.

III.—I have mentioned two ways in which religion operates upon the mind: by developing its evident powers, and by calling forth its latent ones. I will briefly indicate one other; viz., the direction it gives to them. Let us take an instance, which, unfortunately, is no supposititious one; that of a youth who has been viciously trained, some *Artful Dodger*. In such a case every faculty has been trained to evil. His wits are sharp enough, but they have been sharpened by the practice of vice. The eye has been trained to detect safe opportunities of thieving, and the hand to avail itself of such opportunities. The ear is educated to catch the most distant echoes of the policeman's tread. The mind is employed in devising schemes whereby others may be relieved of the care of that which justly belongs to them. The whole bent and inclination is to evil. The "Newgate Calendar" and the "Police News" are his devotional works; "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin" his biographical delights. Now, imagine such a character brought under religious influence, and what a revolution would take place! I mean not merely a moral, but a mental revolution. The whole course of thought, of mental exercise, would be changed. The faculties would be employed on nobler themes, the intelligence directed to more salutary ends, a new bias, a different inclination, would be given to the imaginings. The mind would be elevated, refined. Base ideas would be exchanged for pure ones. The Bible would take the place of the "Calendar;" songs of praise of the sounds of revelry.

It only remains to offer in one or two sentences an explanation of these phenomena; and it is one which applies to each of them. The grace of God acts upon the will, which in turn acts upon the mind. Every faculty is brought into submission to the will of God. And the will of God is, that men should make the best of themselves in all respects, that so His glory may be promoted. Acting under such impulse, man inquires what is right to be done, and having learned that from a source of unerring wisdom, he sets himself to do it. He regards it as a duty not to be neglected, and he sees that duty must be performed unflinchingly and persistently. He is taught that whatever his hand finds to do, he must do it with his might, remembering that there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave, whither he is going. He is incited to effort by the promise that as his days so shall his strength be. He is stimulated by the hope of reward, for he is told that in due time he shall reap if he faint not. His desires are excited by the expectation of a rich return, for he is assured that as a man soweth so shall he also reap. He is warned against negligence by the knowledge that He who hath committed the talent to him will expect to receive His own with usury. His affections are touched, for the love of Christ constraineth him. Hence he derives every motive, every inspiration, every argument. And when he has reached the climax of his heaven-born ambition, he offers all to God; he lays the whole upon that altar which sanctifieth the gift.

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A WINTER EVENING'S DREAM.

As, one evening in December, I sat before a glowing fire in my little parlour, musing on the business of the day, and listening to the wind as it howled around my dwelling, I fell into a pleasant sleep. Presently, a man unknown, of heavenly mien, stood by my side, and thus reprovingly addressed me: "Thou art one of those (of whom the name is legion) who, while themselves enjoying many comforts, think not of the many thousands living in destitution, and dying of starvation at their very doors. Come, cloak thee, and let us together visit the town."

Responsive to my visitor's request, I donned my great-coat, threw my scarf around my neck, and drew on my thick, warm gloves. We sallied forth into the darkness—the mysterious stranger and myself. "Let us enter this court," said he, turning as he spoke, and pointing with his finger to a narrow opening I had often passed on my way to business. Accordingly we entered, and he bade me notice well whatever I might see.

We met a man—thin, lean, and ragged—in great haste.

"Whither now, friend?" said my companion, arresting him; "have you need of help?"

"Help, Sir!" said he; "O, Sirs! not so much for myself as for my family, and especially for my Maggy, who is at the point of death. Will you come and see her, gentlemen? Help? yes, help!"

The poor man wept; then, turning, led us to his house.

What a contrast! thought I, as I entered, and beheld the faint glimmering of a few dying embers in the grate. What a contrast to the snug little room I have so recently quitted! O, how cold, how gloomy, how desolate appeared this hut which the dying girl called her home! Yes, the *dying* girl; for there, in the corner, on a pallet of straw, lay a delicately-fashioned, but haggard-looking maiden, who, judging by her sighs and groans, was suffering great internal agony.

"Is this your daughter, friend?" inquired my companion.

"Yes, my Maggy. Poor thing! if we could keep her warm, and give her suitable food, I think she might yet recover," said the man; "but she will die of want."

"Is not this a touching sight?" said the stranger, turning to me. "This girl, on the margin of the grave, might yet become a healthy woman, could there be found a heart sufficiently generous to supply her with a little fuel, wholesome food, and reviving drink. Come to the doorstep," continued he, and, by the light of the moon, he pointed out some twenty houses near. "There," said he, "live some whom men call Christians, but who forget the Christian duty, 'to do good and to communicate.' There, in those beautiful mansions, dwell the rich, but they give not of their abundance to feed the poor. Across the entry to this court," continued he, "many thousands hurry, and within call lies a young girl dying for want of food and warmth. A young girl! ay, many human beings, whom none regard, but many despise."

Again he spoke reprovingly, and said, "Wilt thou still repine? still receive so bountifully at the hands of God, and fail to scatter comforts to the destitute around thee? O! remember, Jesus will say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of

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these My brethren, ye did it not to Me.'"

He left me; and I awoke with those awful words still sounding in my ears, "ye did it not to Me." "This, then, has been a dream," I said; "yet surely the reproof is just, and I must henceforth give to the poor and lend to the Lord."

DORMITATOR.

HOME.

WHAT is there in the very sound of the word "Home" which seems to bring comfort and joy, and make our hearts bound even in the midst of trial and perplexity, lighting up with a golden glory the darkest cloud of trouble? What is it cheers the poor man at his daily toil? It is the thought of that sweet evening hour, in that quiet cottage-home, where in fancy he already finds himself, feels the softly-clasping arms clinging round his neck or stroking his beard, or childish kisses on his cheek; while opposite, with baby on her knee, sits his wife, in quiet enjoyment of the society of him who long ago wooed and won her girlish heart, and who still, in sunshine and in shadow, is the light and crown of her existence.

In a little cabin of yonder gallant ship, which sails so proudly o'er the waste of waters, on this calm Sabbath evening, a boy is sitting, with the Bible lying open on his knees; but he has ceased reading, and his thoughts are far away, and in his eyes there lies a soft and dreamy look. Suddenly the tears start, and large drops roll slowly down his cheek. What is the picture here that he sees?—the happy yet sad recollection—A quiet parlour, lit up by the cheerful blaze of the fire, round which are grouped his stalwart father; and three gentle, graceful girls, his sisters, with their arms twined round each other; and the loving, tender mother, who used to look with such maternal pride on the growing manliness of her first-born son: and the boy asks himself, "Are they talking of me now?" And then he seems to hear again his mother's affectionate counsels on that last Sunday before he went to sea, bidding him choose his father's God, and not forget the lessons of his home; when her voice faltered, and she wept, and clasped him to her bosom in a long embrace. And many a time in his wild sailor-life has the recollection of that scene kept him from joining in the evil practices of those by whom he was surrounded.

In a close, crowded workroom a number of young women are seated, hard at work, busily toiling to win their daily bread. Do they ever look forward to *home*? O yes! Let us follow one of them. As soon as the hours for work are over, she hastily puts on her bonnet and shawl, and passes quickly along the streets, till she comes to a small, dreary-looking house, and even here she is only a lodger; yet that barely-furnished room is *home* to her. Is there some fond mother or faithful sister there to welcome her? No; she is all alone. The mother she so tenderly nursed throughout a long illness; the sister, who once seemed almost a part of herself, now need her care no longer; yet she is seldom sad, that poor workwoman. She knows her dear ones have gone to a better *home*. On earth, love to each other made them happy, in spite of poverty, and Ellen knows a bright prospect awaits her as she sits in that poor little room, with its scanty furniture, silent witnesses of her troubles and her joys. It would cost

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her many a pang to leave it, could she go even to a sumptuous home, like some of those she passes on her way from the workroom; and often she feels a heavenly Presence with her there, and a Voice softly whispers to her heart, "Sometimes thou art lonely now, but 'in My Father's house are many mansions... I go to prepare a place for you;' and 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.'" To her, heaven were no dull place of perpetual singing, somewhere in the regions of space; no, no; it were just "home, sweet home;" the end of all trouble, and the beginning of joy, endless joy.

Let us, then, try to make our earthly homes, which are so dear to our hearts, what our Father would have have them be,—types and shadows of that heavenly home which we all hope one day to reach.

A. A. A.

DANIEL BAILEY, THE COLLIER.

About ten minutes' walk from Hill-Top chapel, in the Wednesbury (Wesley) Circuit, a fire broke out in a coal-pit in which there were seven men and a boy, with eight horses. It was on the night of November 29th. It was not discovered till some men went to commence their work the next day. It was soon noised abroad that the Black-Lake pit was on fire. This brought thousands together, and the Government Inspector, with several other brave men, risked their lives for nearly forty-eight hours in trying to put out the fire, or get at the men; but the heat and smoke, with the noxious gas, drove them back again and again, till the persons who had charge of this perilous task came to the conclusion that there was no alternative but putting some timbers across the mouth of the pit, and covering them over with a thick layer of sand, to prevent any smoke escaping, or any air getting to the fire. The poor men left five widows, and between thirty and forty children, several of whom have lost both parents. Very large numbers of persons assembled at the pit-bank on the following Sunday, when religious services were held by some of our kind and zealous friends. One of the seven men was a Local-preacher amongst the Primitives, and therefore, we may hope, was prepared for his painful death. Of the others we know nothing, with the exception of Daniel Bailey, who was a Member of our Society at Hill-Top; and to improve his death and the catastrophe, a sermon was preached on December 10th, and a collection made for the benefit of the widows and fatherless children.

The following is part of the account which was read after the sermon:—

Daniel Bailey was in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He was converted at the communion-rail of this chapel about thirteen years ago. He was powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit of God, so as to produce deep distress and earnest wrestlings in prayer for God's pardoning mercy. He was waiting in agonizing expectation, when in a moment the Spirit of God testified to the fact of his forgiveness, which brought him to his feet, and caused him to shout, "Glory be to God! Glory be to God! He has set my soul at liberty, and I am happy in His salvation." At that time he did not know the alphabet perfectly; but he diligently applied himself, and could soon read God's holy Word, which he loved most ardently, and read with great regularity. The religion he obtained in

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the chapel was conspicuous in his own home, and to all who knew him best. He commenced family prayer, and was known to habituate himself to private prayer. These exercises supplied him with grace to let his light shine before men. He was generally respected. When working at the Mill-pool pits with other men, the damp came in upon them, and the lives of all were in great danger; one of the men cried out to Bailey, "Dan, pray for me, that my life may be spared, or I shall be lost for ever." The Lord heard the prayer, and this man acknowledges that his spared life is in answer to the prayers of Daniel Bailey.

He was faithful but mild in reproving sin. In the pit one day things were going wrong, and one of the company began to curse and to swear; on the first opportunity Daniel called him aside, and remonstrated with him about his sin. The man excused himself because he was in a passion; his faithful monitor reminded him there was a reckoning day coming.

Bailey was a cheerful, happy Christian. He seldom if ever complained, though he was often in deep poverty. He would in the darkest day encourage a hope that the sun would shine on him again. To be with the people of God in the means of grace was his great delight. He allowed no frivolous excuses to detain him from means which he found so intimately connected with the maintenance of heartfelt religion. He was regular in his attendance at the week-night preaching, and always willing, if possible, to assist at cottage prayer-meetings; and his simple, fervent breathings rarely failed to produce a good effect, and bring down God's blessing upon the meeting. The last cottage-meeting he attended was on the Thursday night prior to his death. He went home, and said to his wife, "We have had a good time at the prayer-meeting; one like the old sort."

He was considered faithful in his monetary obligations to the Church, and was often heard to say, if it was the last penny he had it should go to the Cause. He appeared to act upon the Apostolic direction of giving "as the Lord prospered him;" considering that all his blessings came down from above, and that if he had only a little, he was not justified in burying or withholding his one talent because it was no more; and that his Divine Master required its use as much as he did the employment of two or five talents from those to whom they had been entrusted.

At his class the Wednesday preceding the calamity by which he and his fellow-workmen met their dreadful deaths, he said, "I want to live nearer to God; I feel something telling me I am not long for this world; I have an impression on my mind which I can't shake off, that death is near; and therefore I want so to live, that if anything occurs in the pit, so that I never return home alive, my wife may know I am gone to heaven. I am not afraid of death." His last prayers at his class and at home were attended with more than ordinary power.

On that fatal night, before he went to his work, he, as usual, gathered his family about him, and prayed fervently for God's blessing upon them all. After prayer he kissed them, and started for the pit; but, what was unusual with him, after he had gone a little distance he turned back, and repeated that proof of his affection, and gave them a last, long farewell, for he went to his work and to his fiery grave, but

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his soul, we have reason to believe, passed to glory and to God.

He has left a widow and four children, the youngest of whom is only a few weeks old. T. L.

CONSCIENCE.

A DEAR friend placed on my window-sill some plants. They were healthy-looking and full of bud, giving promise of bright flowers as the season advanced. I watched them daily with interest, but soon they began to look sickly, some growing lank and weed-like, and the remaining ones showing colourless leaves and shrivelled buds. Now, I felt sure there must be a cause for this blight. It was soon seen; the sun shone but obliquely upon my window, for a high wall obscured his rays, and then the air was vitiated because of the confined space. While daily thus watching their decay, I wondered whether they could not teach a lesson. I thought they might be aptly compared to that pure, healthy, Divine "plant," sown in the garden of the soul: I mean "Conscience." It, too, will only grow and flourish under favourable circumstances. It must have the pure sunlight of heaven, and the fresh atmosphere of truth, with the soft showers of Divine grace constantly to nourish it, or it will become either a drooping, sickly sentiment, or it will altogether wither and die.

Some time ago, while visiting in my district, I was asked to call upon a poor girl, at a disreputable house. I felt reluctant at first to comply, as I was alone; but the urgency of the appeal overcame my scruples. I was invited into a cold, cheerless room; the object of my visit soon afterwards entered, and the door was locked upon us. After a flood of tears had somewhat relieved her, the poor girl told me her sad story. She had been a respectable servant, but had, unfortunately, broken down in health; her mistress, a kind Quaker lady, had done all in her power to help her recovery, by getting her into the hospital, and afterwards into a convalescent institution; but after a year's useless efforts, her malady became marked. Lingering consumption had seized her for its prey. She resolved to go home to her mother; but very soon her mother, a highly respectable poor woman, died, and then came the great trial of her life. Her father gave up the home to live in the house where I found her, and he offered her the sad alternative of either going to the workhouse or sharing his home of infamy.

During the time she was at service, she had been under the teaching of the Good Spirit, had read good books, and was partially enlightened, but not yet prepared to make the sacrifice which Christ requires. She said to me, "I have been miserable since I came here. The inmates of the house are most kind; they liberally supply my wants; but of a night, when I lie awake for hours coughing, 'conscience' tells me that God in heaven cannot give me peace while I am a partaker of unholy gains." After suitable counsel and prayer, in the exercise of which God gave special power, (and which was listened to by the girls outside through the keyhole, as I afterwards heard,) I left, and sought for the sufferer temporary lodgings till her future course should be resolved upon, for she insisted upon leaving at once. She dared not die where she was living.

Some days after, in consulting

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with her medical man, it was thought best for her to go to the Infirmary, where she would be better attended to. I saw her often while there, and at each visit found her religious experience clearer, and her hope brighter, and her conscience more at rest. Two days before she died, on entering the room where she lay, with its long rows of invalids on either side, I saw at a glance the pallor of death on her countenance, but her spirit was bright and joyous. On asking her if she found Jesus precious, and was still looking to Him, she said, "Ah! one look will not do; I keep looking, and am safe and happy." Thus peacefully she entered into rest.

Amid the dark scenes of sin, and the unholy atmosphere of guilt, conscience could never have ripened and bloomed in heavenly fruit and flowers. Better die in a parish Infirmary, surrounded with squalid misery, than in the brightest scenes of luxury and elegance, if outward comfort is procured by sin in any of its corrupt forms. In this age of money-making, how many of its possessors feel that in its enjoyment conscience becomes a very dwarfed plant in their hearts, because of the dubious ways in which their wealth was obtained.

Peterborough. S. A. T.

AUSTRALIAN MEAT.

THE great mistake which is liable to be committed is this, to expect that preserved meat, even when presented with the appearance of freshness, can ever compete with the fresh meat of this country; but, in truth, there is no necessity that it should. The working-classes of this country do not live wholly on fresh meat. They freely consume salt beef and pork, bacon, ham, dried and salt fish, and there is an opening for preserved meat at a moderate price as an addition to the food supplies of the country. If the quantity of bacon imported could be doubled, it would be a great boon; but it will be a still greater boon to obtain increased supplies of colonial meat, which may approach more nearly in character to fresh meat.—*Food Journal.*

REST.

CHRISTIAN, art thou weary, oppress'd
with many a care?
Come to the living fountain, find sweet
comfort there;
Come to the precious Saviour, cast all
thy care on Him,
Find there thy sure relief, when grief
thy cup doth brim.

Find there a faithful Counsellor, a
peaceful, hallow'd rest,
When storms of fiercest passion surge
o'er thy swelling breast;
And there the balm of Gilead to ease the
smarting pain
That oft assails thy fainting soul on life's
rough, troubled main.

Find there a loving, trusty, and ever-
faithful Friend
To guide thy wayward footsteps, e'en to
thy journey's end;
To ease thy burden'd heart of all its
heavy care,
And in thy every sorrow to take a
Brother's share.

And then, when life's long, dreary,
and toilsome course is run,
The Jordan pass'd in safety, and set thy
earthly sun;
When thou dost lay thy aching head
upon thy Saviour's breast,
Then thou shalt taste the fulness of God's
eternal rest.

Southampton. MARY BASKIN.

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I SAMUEL.

YET yet five passing years had quickly sped,
Ere thou wast number'd with the sainted dead;
From earliest days a lamb of Jesu's fold,
Thy infant prattle love to Jesus told:
Offer'd from birth as consecrate to God,
Thou serv'dst His altars, and His temple trod;
While, His acceptance of thee to reveal,
The Father set on thee His sovereign seal;
Nor did the hallowing Spirit, Dove Divine,
Disdain to make thine infant heart His shrine.
Thy words, not link'd to childhood's sportive freaks,
Were sweetly grave, as when an angel speaks;
Thy thoughts were love, thy actions true and pure,
Thy years were tender, but thy grace mature.
What time the autumn tints with gold the trees,
And falling leaves float down on ev'ry breeze,
Then, like a leaf, its short-lived summer past,
Thou fadedst,—felst,—touch'd by the with'ring blast
Or rather, early ripe, thy Saviour's hand
Bore thee, in autumn, to the garner-land.
Like him of old, whose sacred name was thine,
Who, reverent, listen'd to the voice Divine;
"Speak, Lord," thou saidst, "Thy servant heareth Thee!"
—O happy Samuel! call'd in infancy.

II. HILARION.

Like to the sparkling rill, singing in gladness,
Like to the summer light, banishing sadness;
Like to sweet music that charmeth all sorrow,
Like joy after weeping, that dawns with the morrow;
Like the harp, from whose chords ev'ry breath music waketh,
Like perfume that from swinging thurible breaketh,—
Such wert thou, sweetest one,
Happy Hilarion!
E'en as the soaring lark fails not in singing,
So was thy merry voice constantly ringing;
Even as seraphs cease not to chant praise,
In song never-tiring thy voice didst thou raise.
Where art thou, dearest one?
Holy Hilarion!
Was it because thy heart breathed after heaven,
Because early conscious that thou wast forgiven,

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Because the new song was familiar to thee,
Jesus said, "Let the little one come unto Me?"
And thou so soon hast gone,
Sainted Hilarion?
Scatter the lilies pure over his pillow,
Weave not sad chaplets of cypress and willow;
Lay him down gently,—there, close to his brother,
Sing hymns of gladness, beseem us no other.
Sings now before the throne,
Happy Hilarion!

* * * * *

Alas for *us*, who bury with our boy
Our fondest hopes, our sunshine and our joy.
He was our sparkling, beaded cup of gladness,
Now ours is but the chalice fill'd with sadness.
The music of our home has died away,
The golden sunlight vanish'd from our day;
Darkness and gloom our heavy hearts becloud,
And silent sorrows round our household crowd.
But in some happier hours faith's piercing eye
Strikes through the cloud and penetrates the sky;
Before the throne the happy brothers stand,
Crowns on their heads, a harp within each hand;
And Jesus smiles, and calls them to His arms,—
O! would we call them back to earth's alarms?
Nay, Saviour, happier far, embraced by Thee,
Nor soil'd nor sorrow'd now they e'er can be.
We dry the tear, we still the fretting heart,
And know 'tis Love that from us them doth part.

* * * * *

And yet again the gathering shadows come,
And sorrow's gloom invades the joyous home;
Hope slow retires, while nameless fears intrude,
And threat'ning troubles o'er the household brood.

III. LEONARD.

Mild as the summer evening's air,
Gentle as woodland stream;
Pure as the lily, and as fair,
Placid as moonlight beam;
Sweet as the humble violet's breath,
True as the constant star;
Loving, unchill'd by change or death,
Tender as angels are;—
Such, sainted boy, thou wast to us,
While thee we call'd our own;
But now, escaped from us and earth,
Thy soul to Christ hath flown.
Thy soul hath flown on high, to meet
Those that went home before;
And now our *three*, from suffering free,
Stand on the sunny shore.
Ah! they were lovely in their lives,
Nor did death them divide;

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Now join'd for ever, no more to sever,
We see them side by side.
Behind them stands a radiant Form,
O'er them He spreads His hands,
While, all around is heard the sound
Of singing seraph-bands.
He smiles,—and as we mark His face,
We know the visage marr'd;
And as He stands with open hands,
We see the palms nail-scarr'd.
He speaks,—our children hear the words,
Look up with beaming eye,
"My flock I feed, My lambs I lead
To pastures rich and high.
From earth's distrest and desert land
Their souls I've summon'd home,
Through fields of light, in radiant white,
For evermore to roam."
And angels loving cluster near,
Gaze on with aspect mild,
And glory sing to glory's King,
To Christ, erewhile a Child.
O, blessed three! exalted high
To honours, joys unknown,
Soon shall we come to your blest home,
And meet you at His throne.
O Saviour! heal the broken heart,
O Spirit! soothe our pain;
O God of love! take us above,
With Thee and them to reign.

JAMES YEAMES.

PROMINENT PERSONS IN SACRED HISTORY.

II.—ENOCH; NOAH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

ENOCH.

THE state of soul reached by some under the Patriarchal dispensation shows us the high character of the revelation they enjoyed. Enoch's religious life is spoken of by St. Paul as *a life of faith;* and as his faith was practical in its influence, so as to produce a character so exalted as to be fit for translation from earth to heaven, we conclude that appropriate and corresponding objects of faith were revealed to Enoch as the ground of his conduct. If Enoch "walked with God," it is plain that he knew God, His gracious character and gracious purposes. Enoch had for his instruction such teachers as Nature, Providence, conscience, tradition, the Spirit of God, and, may we not add, the ministry of angels? God in His natural attributes and moral perfections; God as the Creator and Upholder of the universe; as Legislator, moral Governor, and final Judge,—is not such a revelation of the Deity the foundation of religion as practised by intelligent beings throughout the universe?

But how was Enoch, as a fallen human spirit, to approach God with acceptance? We are told he "pleased God;" consequently he must have sought and found the favour of God in the way of God's appointment,—through a provided Redeemer, Who was made known to

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mankind before the time of Enoch. Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, has ever been "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Enoch sought and found forgiveness at the hands of God, through faith in the great Sacrifice provided for the sins of the whole world. Enoch thus became a member of the household of faith and the family of God, having the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him.

If Enoch "walked with God," he loved God supremely and constantly, and from conviction and choice. The Divine character was so unveiled to him as to command his "full consent, and whole desires and undivided heart." God became the centre of his affections, the spring of his joys, the life of his delights, and the portion of his soul; so that Enoch could say to Him Whom he so loved, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." "All my springs are in Thee." Could Enoch have "pleased God" as he did, unless he had reached a very high state of grace?

Enoch "walked with God," yet he had to mingle with men for purposes of trade, and at other times for social intercourse. The character of heaven as a place of abode for human spirits beyond this life has always been the same. The standard of character to determine man's fitness for heaven has never changed. Holiness has ever been the great requirement. What a high state of mind, will, judgment, conscience, affection, heart, and soul must man have reached to fit him for the heaven which the Bible reveals! To be an inhabitant of a world into which sin has never entered, and not one of whose laws has ever been broken! To live with beings who have kept their "first estate," that in which God made them; to have an eternal interchange of ideas, sentiments, feelings, and social pleasures with spirits who never broke a law of God, or stooped to the meanness of doing wrong! To contemplate God in the various unfoldings of His character in the heavenly world; to see and feel, to adore and praise, to obey and enjoy the Deity with cherubim, seraphim, and "the spirits of just men made perfect!"—here we see a state so exalted, that man must be elevated indeed to be fit to dwell in it. No human training in school, college, or university, to fit its scholars for the bar, or the legislature, or the government of an earthly empire, will reach the requirements of the case. In connection with all human fitness for heaven, we invariably read of *God*, "Enoch walked *with God*."

A long time he thus walked, as it now appears to us,—three hundred years; yet during the whole of that time the pious patriarch maintained intercourse, communion, fellowship, and friendship with the Deity. His was a state of loyalty to a holy God, long, and sometimes severely, tested in this wicked world. But such a trial had its limits, and in due time came to an end; "God took him" *from* this life of dangers, sorrows, temptations, doubts, fears, griefs, pains, tears, difficulties, and all the other trials which belong to a state of probation. Sometimes his way was mountainous, his sky was cloudy, his region of abode tempestuous, and his battles with spiritual foes severe. But his life on earth was a journey *through* them and *out* of them. For "God *took* him" away from all of them. "God took him" *to* the heaven whither his thoughts, desires, and affections had long gone before his translation. The voyage of Enoch's life in this world was over a wide sea, but it came to an end, and he went ashore in the heavenly world. He entered heaven as a saint, and found an existence there suited to a saint; and from that time to this he has felt, and henceforth and for ever will feel, the blessedness of having "walked with God" whilst passing through this life to his home in heaven. Walking with God on earth leads to living with God for ever in heaven.

NOAH.

The Bible, as a revelation from God to mankind in this life, is a grand whole. If any portion of it were taken away, would not a blank thus be left which nothing else could fill? In the Old

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Testament we see different characters governed by different principles, and we see those principles leading to corresponding results, as certainly as the laws of nature. Cause and effect, means and end, events and consequences, are not more surely connected in nature than in the moral government of God. History thus becomes to us a practical exhibition and confirmation of that government.

The world before the flood was a sad evidence of the fallen state of mankind. "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." What a sight for a gracious and holy God to behold! If many of the contemporaries of Noah had talked with those who had conversed with Adam about the blessings of Paradise, how strong and rapid was the moral degeneracy to have produced such a state of society throughout the world in the age of Noah!

But the strength, and breadth, and commonness of sin did not lessen its guilt, or prevent its consequences. The scene of practical forgetfulness of God was the scene of God's manifested displeasure. The *world* had sinned, and the *world* must be punished. The event by which such punishment was to be inflicted was "not seen as yet." A deluge was new in history, new in public opinion. Nature gave no indication of the coming of such an event, public opinion rejected it, and it might have said, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." But God had said it, and in due time His word was proved to be stronger than heaven and earth.

Noah stands before us as a fine character in such a world at such a time. He was "just," "perfect," and "walked with God." It is something for a good man to withstand the opinions and conduct of all with whom he mingles in a wicked *family;* it is more to do so in a wicked *town;* it is still more to do so in a wicked *nation;* but Noah "walked with God" in a wicked *world*. What strength of views, motives, principles, state, and prospects must Noah have had to do as he did, amidst the testing influences of his life! Well, his labour, toilsome as it was, led to a corresponding issue. If Noah was loyal to God when all in the world were sinning against Him, God would protect Noah when the day of reckoning brought a universal judgment on the ungodly.

Noah was told beforehand of the coming deluge, and the means he was to use for his safety. He was to build an ark of certain dimensions, so the security was suited to the danger. Noah believed God, was "moved with fear," and began at once to build the needful vessel. The ground of Noah's conduct was faith in Divine testimony; and he needed such help to sustain him during one hundred and twenty years, whilst he was withstanding the opinion and conduct of the whole human race. Who can tell how often, and to what an extent, he was the subject of laughter, banter, and persecution in an age that was "filled with violence," and was "corrupt before God?"

But the declaration of God was more to Noah than all the forces of opposition. The question with Noah was not, Has the coming event any precedent in history? or does it give any sign of its approach in the operations of nature? or has it any place in public opinion? but, Has God said it? That was sufficient for Him.

Noah was moved with a filial fear of offending God, and a fear of falling a prey to the coming deluge, if he did not make the provision for his own safety which God had prescribed.

In his doing what God had told him to do, we see the dutiful and loyal character of his faith. We see no presumption leading him to cast himself on the protection of God in any unwarrantable manner. He did not conclude that because he had served God and preached righteousness when all his neighbours were living in open sin, God would, therefore, specially interpose and protect him, when He brought a universal ruin on the ungodly. No. When Noah

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knew of the coming danger, he began at once to provide against it in the way of God's appointment. He did not build some tall and strong house, or tower on some hill or mountain, but he "prepared an ark to the saving of his house."

The coming deluge was an event of common interest to all Noah's neighbours, and all who were living in this world at that time. They had the same personal reasons for providing for their own safety as Noah had. Noah, by building an ark for the safety of his house, "condemned the world." His faith in Divine testimony condemned their unbelief. His obedience to God's instructions condemned their disobedience, and his preparation for what was coming condemned their indifference to it.

When the work was done, the corresponding result followed, "the saving of his house." We see the vessel finished, and Noah and his family going into it, and when all was done as God commanded, "the Lord shut him in."

Now begins the change. That which had no precedent in history is about to transpire! The public opinion of the world is about to be confronted and confounded! History shall henceforth record "a new thing." Nature shall obey the will of her Divine Author in unusual operations and manifestations of her laws. Restrained forces shall have unwonted liberty, or general laws shall be allowed to operate beyond their common freedom. The long calm is disturbed by a tremendous tempest! the bright sky is covered with clouds surcharged with rain! the face of nature is such as the oldest of the antediluvians never saw before! all the elements are in unexampled commotion; the "windows of heaven" opened! "the fountains of the great deep broken up!" What is coming? What is nature, that has been so uniform in her operations, about to do? Now the doubters believe! The careless become concerned! "What shall we do?" is the language of those who had called the old man who built the ark a "fool!"

See, now it is "every man for himself!" See how they flee as river meets river, and the surface of the great deep becomes wider and yet wider. Yonder, some have crowded into a tall and strong building, but at length the roof of that building is covered! Yonder, others have climbed lofty trees; but see, the water rises till the topmost bough of the tallest tree is under! Look! some have taken to the hills; are they not safe there? No; the hills are covered! See again, others, judging from the operations of nature that the tempest would be long, and the rise of the waters would be very high, have hastened at once to the mountains, which seemed likely to hold their heads higher than the rising waters. See, there they stand, but the waters continue to rise till "the tops of the mountains" are not "seen," and the cries of those who had survived all others are hushed in death! So we see there was no security anywhere for any one out of the ark. Noah was saved amidst the universal destruction, because he did what God told him to do, in the right time, and the right way.

Geographers tell us that water constitutes more than two-thirds of the surface of the globe. "If we reckon its average depth at two miles, it will contain two hundred and ninety-six millions of cubical miles of water. We shall have a more specific idea of this enormous mass of water, if we consider that it is sufficient to cover the whole globe to the height of more than eight thousand feet; and if this water were reduced to one spherical mass, it would form a globe of more than eight hundred miles in diameter."

Philosophy has changed sides in this debate, and has now come over to the side of the Bible, under the influence of the facts which it has discovered. "A farther progress in mathematical and physical knowledge, has shown the different seas and oceans to contain at least forty-eight times more water than they were supposed to do; and that the mere raising of the temperature of the whole body of the ocean to a degree no

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greater than marine animals live in, in the shallow seas between the tropics, would so expand it as more than to produce the height above the mountains stated in the Mosaic account." Besides, do we now know the exact height of its mountains before the deluge?

The difficulty with some who object to the deluge, is,—Can the laws which usually rule any given body, great or small, animate or inanimate, produce any other results than those which we usually witness? Do not many facts in nature answer in the affirmative? Cannot physical science make certain substances pass from one form to another, and so produce different results? What produces steam, and makes it so mighty? What takes away its power and makes it so feeble? What causes a bladder to expand, and what leads it to collapse so as to return to its former state? What makes gunpowder so explosive, and what makes it as moveless and as harmless as sand? If man can do such things, and many others, with his feeble and imperfect acquaintance with science, could not the Divine Author of nature, Who fully understands its laws, and hath them under His absolute control, have easily done what we are now considering?

In the Scriptures, we are told that at first the waters covered all; "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so."

If an objector say, "Laws can produce their intended definite results, but no more." Well, are there not other "laws," which, if allowed to operate, could and would produce other results on their respective subjects?

Is not the difficulty in some minds *a question of degree?* But what is great in the eyes of man, is little in the sight of God. What is this comparatively little ball on which we dwell, in the eyes of Him Whose empire, *as known to mortals in this life*, includes *one hundred millions of systems?* And who can tell what "worlds on worlds" are revolving in those regions which have never been penetrated by science? The great thing which concerns us is the *the* VALIDITY *of the statement*, or *the authority of the Testifier*. In the case before us, the basis of our belief is the Bible, whose Author is God.

To us of this age, the final deluge of fire is yet future, and many now alive may be disposed to treat it as the neighbours of Noah did the deluge of water. It is a coming event, "not seen as yet." It may have no precedent in history; public opinion may reject it: and those who look around on the operations of nature may say there is no indication of the approach of such an event. It is enough for our belief that God hath said it, and the true Christian, like Noah, takes timely refuge in the appointed security. How glad will the child of God then feel that he took timely warning, fled for refuge to Divine security, and held himself in readiness for the great conflagration!

A BAD OBSERVANCE OF A GOOD CUSTOM.

SITUATED on the banks of the Wey, in the centre of the hop-country of Hampshire, stands a town which claims Cobbett as a native, and a bishop for its patron-saint. I rambled over with a couple of friends to see if there was any truth in the strange stories circulated as to the manner in which Gunpowder-plot is celebrated there. It was between seven and eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the old market-town, and found to our astonishment the whole place in utter darkness; shops were shut, houses closed, windows boarded up, and every grate and grid covered over with some sort of non-combustible material, reminding me forcibly of what I had seen in Paris immediately after the reign of the Commune. The whole place had the appearance of a town in a state of siege; dull, heavy reports were heard ever and anon, accompanied with vivid flashes, revealing strange figures dressed in every imaginable garb, and parading the streets arm in arm. Nearly every man we met was in some sort of disguise, ferociously

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painted, and armed either with a stout cudgel or some other formidable weapon. At eight o'clock we were told the procession was to start from the market-house, so thither we wended our way. Taking our stand in a secluded corner, we had not long to wait before we heard the beat of a drum and the discordant sound of trumpets. Glancing in the direction from which the sound proceeded, we witnessed a sight which it is almost impossible to describe. Torch after torch was lit up, and our ears were startled by the tramp of many feet. Presently a number of uncouth-looking figures emerged from the gloom, carrying a variety of banners, on which were inscriptions bearing reference, so far as we could make out, to some murders of modern date, and other recent sensational occurrences. Then followed a large cart pulled by some thirty or forty sturdy fellows, upon which was erected a heavy platform, filled with men armed and dressed in the most barbarous fashion, who amused themselves by flinging blazing rockets promiscuously amongst the crowd. Above them the glare of the light revealed on another stage a rough sort of gallows, hideous to behold, from which were suspended two huge figures, one, of course, representing no less important a personage than Guido himself. This was the great centre of attraction. The rear was brought up by a tumultuous throng, like that which ordinarily closes a popular London demonstration.

Slowly did this grim pageant move on through all the principal thoroughfares of the place, headed by a brass band. Along the line of march innumerable fires were kindled, which illumined the scene. At every inn the procession stopped, and the excitement perceptibly increased under the effects of the liquor imbibed. Roman candles were set spurting and blazing in every direction, and a shout of uproarious mirth was raised if one managed to find its way through an unprotected pane of glass into the room of some peaceable inhabitant. This continued far into the night, and then, when the revellers were almost disabled for further acting their wild part, the effigies were burned, and the "reign of terror" was brought to a close.

Such is the commemoration of Gunpowder Plot in what the Guide-book states to be "the most important place in the locality, whether regarded in point of population or of antiquity." A captain of the 102d Royal Madras Fusiliers who was with me, said that it reminded him of some of the great idolatrous festivals he had witnessed in Central India. And to my mind it presented almost a fac-simile of the pictures I have seen of the car of Juggernaut drawn by its infatuated devotees.

> "I do see no reason
> Why Gunpowder treason
> Should ever be forgot."

But in a civilized community, not forty miles from London, one would think that a less barbarous and harmful, and a more Protestant mode of celebration, might be devised.

Aldershot Camp. H. E. THOMPSON.

THE INDIRECT POWER OF THE BIBLE.

IT is interesting to note cases in which conviction and conversion have been brought about in individuals who have accidentally come in contact with the sacred volume, persons who had never read it, and perhaps hardly heard about it. The reading of a stray leaf picked up in the streets by a passer-by has resulted in the conversion of that individual; a few sentences read by a pious exhorter in the public thoroughfare, have fallen upon the careless ear of a loiterer, sinking deep into his conscience, and springing up unto eternal life. A page of the Bible, in which a godless shopman has wrapped up his goods, and sent them to a purchaser, has proved a message of life unto his customer. Each page of the Bible has a power of its own, the impress of the Divine Author.

A short time ago, a young man was induced to attend the Sunday evening

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service in the village of B—. The chapel was densely crowded on this occasion, and he could only find a seat within the communion-rail, amongst others, just under the pulpit. In due time the preacher announced his text, the subject being the "Barren fig-tree." He had nearly finished his sermon, expounding the truth, and urging it upon his hearers, when he put the question, "Have you been bringing forth fruit?" He then proceeded to warn the careless of their danger, to exhort the backslider to return to God, and to arouse the slumbering professor of religion to a sense of his duty. "And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." "Then," said he, "you will have no excuse to make, and you cannot escape from Divine justice, which will lay upon you its retributive hand, exclaiming, 'Thou art the man!'" Just at this point, a loose page from the Bible slipped over the pulpit side, and alighted upon the head of the young man referred to, whose conscience was then accusing him of unfaithfulness to God. The young man remarked afterwards what a startling sensation thrilled his soul as the leaf fell on his head; and added, that he felt it was a witness against him, and a strong appeal from "the Dresser of the vineyard" to take advantage of the intercession, "Spare it yet another year."

God can use very small means to effect great purposes, and here was a winged messenger direct from God to startle and awaken this young man's conscience from its spiritual lethargy.

Such little occurrences, simple as they may seem, may, nevertheless, be the warnings of Divine Providence. It often happens that such incidents occur on peculiar occasions and at striking times, giving to them noteworthy prominence, and are the precursors of great good. O that we may always be able to discern and appreciate the warnings of God, however they may come!

Derby. R. J. K.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER OF THE LATE DR. ADAM CLARKE.

London, Harpur-street,
December 29th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN a little boy I met with these words in my spelling-book:—

"Despair of nothing that thou wouldst obtain,
Unwearied diligence thy point will gain."

They then fixed my attention. I began to act on the maxim, and after a trial of nearly fifty years, I can say it has never once failed.

Parker's "Hebrew Lexicon" is the best of the kind ever published. I think you might get this for about twenty shillings; and Dr. Ashworth's "Hebrew Grammar," published by Mr. Yates, price two shillings and sixpence, will answer every purpose. If you could pick up the "Hebrew Grammar," by Dr. Cos Bealey, of Manchester, it would certainly help you most.

Nothing could ever be done without the blessing of God, and he that does not pray will not profit.

I am, dear Sir,
Your humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

IESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR.

ASSIST, O Muse, my feeble voice
To sing the Saviour's praise!
Awake, O harp, thy sweetest notes,
Thy noblest music raise,
To tell how, wandering far from God,
Lost, graceless, unforgiven,
From Calvary's high Pisgah top
I view'd my blood-bought heaven!

Swift treading on the downward path,
My spirit sought in vain
With earth's cold, hollow vanities
To charm away its pain;
And then the cry came surging up
From out its anguish wild,
"O, Father, look in mercy down
Upon Thy erring child!"

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Whilst yet the prayer was on my lips,
Before the Cross I stood,
I saw my Saviour hanging there,—
I felt the cleansing blood.
I look'd into His loving eyes,
I knew my sins He bore;
He bade me, kneeling at His feet,
To go and sin no more.

And when I win the victor's palm,
The wedding garment wear,
And when upon my deathless brows
A kingly crown I bear,
And when adoringly I fall
Before the Great I AM,
My voice shall swell the song sublime
Of Moses and the Lamb.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

TWO RICHMOND STUDENTS.

JOHN PAYNE WRIGHT.

JOHN PAYNE WRIGHT; who was born in Cornwall, February 2d, 1847; and died October 19th, 1871. As a child he was amiable, diligent, obedient, and greatly beloved by his companions. When eleven years old, he gave his heart to God, and thenceforward his life, unmarked by any very striking event, was spent in the diligent performance of duty, and in earnest devotion to the ways of religion.

In each step of his career, from his commencing to teach in the Sunday-school to his being appointed a Missionary to the West Indies, he displayed a uniform determination to honour God by doing His work thoroughly, and a ceaseless anxiety to promote the spread of religion in his own and others' hearts. He won high praise from his employers in the trade which he followed for some years; but while thus "diligent in business," he lost no opportunity of working for God, and fitting himself for that higher work to which he had long felt himself called. In the London house where he was for some time employed, he found some godly Methodist youths among his companions, and made one with them in stated meetings for fellowship and prayer; meetings which in after time he would often speak of as having been the means of much good to him.

Having passed with credit the usual preliminary examinations for the ministry, he entered the Richmond College as a student at the Conference of 1868, and continued there three years. This privilege he to the full appreciated, and sought anxiously to make the most of. To "apply his heart to know," was a genuine delight to him. His enthusiasm when he gained new light on any point, or mastered a difficulty, was very refreshing to witness. He was a diligent student. The high position he gained in the College was due, not to any special advantages, not to peculiar genius, but to his untiring pursuit of knowledge. He was not naturally so quick of perception as some of his classmates, and was too honest in his search for knowledge to be content with imperfect and dim understanding of any point; but sheer hard work accomplished what natural ability failed at first to do; and his tutors esteemed him highly, as one upon whom they could fully rely.

All his work was done conscientiously. Never losing sight of what he had hoped was to be his future life-work, he was anxious to go forth to it as efficiently prepared as might be; and studied steadily with this end before him. His relations with his brethren were all happy. He was invariably courteous and kind, always ready to oblige, strong in his sympathies, and full of life. All loved him, and not a few mourn a "brother indeed."

To preach was a great delight to him, and he looked forward with lively anticipation to being employed as a Methodist Preacher. He was by no means blind to defects in his preaching,

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but sought honestly to get rid of them, and was always thankful for any help in this way. To the great end of preaching he was fully alive, and often expressed his yearning anxiety that his preaching might lead to the conversion of the ungodly.

His piety was unmistakable. Being well "rooted and grounded in love," he was not easily moved, and seemed to have few of those doubts and fears of the Christian which many feel. His life was a manly, trustful serving the Lord Christ.

But our hopes for his future usefulness were doomed to disappointment. He learned with pleasure that the last Conference had appointed him to Jamaica, and went home to take leave of his friends previous to sailing. He took leave of them, indeed, but for a journey other than had been anticipated. A cold caught after preaching one Sunday evening, brought on low fever. Typhoid fever supervened. And though at one time it was hoped that a robust constitution would overcome the disease, the hope was not realized, and he passed away on the morning of the 19th of October, resting on Jesus.

During his illness, he felt keen disappointment at being delayed from his work, but was content to believe that all is good which God sends, and did not repine. He thought it was only a temporary delay, and did not anticipate death until the day before it came. When he realized the nearness of the end, he said, calling his sister to his bedside, "I am going to die. 'Tis all victory! victory!" Some one expressed a belief that he would yet recover. But he answered, "Never in this world; for I have had a glimpse of eternity."

His eagerness to be a Missionary was seen even in his delirium. His talk was all of the great work to which he was called. He often spoke of his friends at Richmond; and once was heard earnestly praying that God would "bless those of His servants who had gone forth to preach the everlasting Gospel in foreign lands."

At another time he said, "I have given myself wholly to God and the Mission work, and nothing in the world is of such importance to me." "'Tis *all right;* glory be to God," he exclaimed on another occasion,—

> "Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
> The wounds of Jesus, for my sin," etc.

The day before his death he said, "I have been a great sinner, and deserve hell; and had it not been for the greater Saviour, I must have gone there. O, live every day with the consciousness of acceptance in the Beloved!"

He continued preaching and praying till within an hour of his death. The last hour was one of fierce delirium. But for a short time before the end he was peaceful, and just as the day was dawning, heaven's morning broke upon his soul.

"It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

JOHN HARDY LYTH.

John Hardy Lyth; who was born at Lakemba, Fiji Islands, on March 20th, 1850. He came to England in 1858, and shortly after his arrival had a severe attack of scarlatina, which considerably undermined his strength, and from the consequences of which he probably never recovered.

He was educated at Kingswood School, and, about the time of his removal thence, the happy consequences of an early religious training manifested themselves in his consecrating himself to God, and joining the Church of his fathers. On commencing business life in London, he had many hard conflicts, being exposed to powerful temptations, but he found a source of strength in at once commencing to work for God, and joined the Blackheath Sunday-school, a step which, by Divine grace, greatly helped him to success in resisting the adversary.

He commenced to preach in 1867, and soon after being accredited as a Local-preacher, began seriously to think of the

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work of the ministry. In order to gain more time for study and self-culture, he accepted the post of teacher in a school at York, and found in that Circuit ample scope for the exercise of his preaching gifts. As a preacher he was very acceptable, and the Circuit very cordially recommended him as a candidate for the ministry.

His entering the Richmond College to prepare for Mission work was a happy event in his history, and many bright hopes of future usefulness were at this time entertained, both by himself and his family. At the time of his death, Mr. Lyth had just entered upon his second year at college, and had resumed his studies with the steady earnestness that characterized all he did. In his first year he had been very successful as a student, thoroughly mastering everything he took in hand, and showing remarkable aptitude for utilizing knowledge. In every branch of study he displayed a quiet but unmistakable power, and was one of those who make the class a pleasure to the tutor, as well as a source of profit to the taught. He studied intelligently. Whatever he had to do was well done; and he deserved all the credit and success which his persevering application brought him.

No one could know him without being attracted by the sweetness of his disposition and his sterling character, while to have him for a friend was indeed a privilege. The most striking feature in his character was his habitual seriousness. Without being gloomy and morose, he was *serious;* and whilst no one entered more heartily into the pleasures of life than he, he was never known to indulge in foolishness or levity. On this point the friend at whose house he died, writes:—"For his goodness he was ever a welcome visitor at our house: he had no light or trifling conversation or conduct, such as I have often seen in young professing Christians; and I attribute his very happy death to his consistent Christian life."

In all religious exercises and duties, he was very earnest and fervent; his prayers showed that he lived near to Christ; and his preaching, that he spoke of what he had himself experienced. Several persons who heard his last sermons were particularly struck with his manifest desire to win souls, there and then, to Christ. Had it been God's will that he should live, he would probably have taken a very high position as a preacher of the Gospel. But this was not to be.

On Saturday, September 30th, 1871, he left College for Blackheath, on a visit to some friends, in the hope that this change would prove beneficial, his health not having been good since the Conference. On the following Monday, some alarming symptoms appeared, and a medical man was sent for, who pronounced the illness serious. No one, however, anticipated a speedy close of life, until his brother visited him on his return from Sweden, and to him the sickness appeared to be unto death.

All that could be done, was done, but to no purpose. When Mr. Lyth was first told that he could not recover, he answered, "I had not thought it fatal, but I am ready. I have peace with God; my sins are pardoned." During the few remaining days he did not seem much worse, but even appeared a little better on the morning of the 23d. This raised some hopes in the minds of his friends, hopes that were soon to be destroyed.

About seven o'clock in the evening of that day the worst symptoms returned, and it became evident he would not rally. Up to this time there had been some natural clinging to life, and hope of recovery, but he now girded himself for the last conflict, and God gave him richly dying grace. When the attack of coughing allowed, he asked those around him to sing, "Rock of Ages," and "Jesu, Lover of my soul." Perceiving their grief, he said, "Don't cry, I'm going to be with Jesus." He was quite conscious and calm, with no pain, although gasping for breath. About one o'clock his brother, who was near him, heard him say, "What a mercy to be ready to die! I shall be with my Jesus soon." In half-an-hour he again seemed to rouse

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himself, prayed for the salvation of a young friend, and sent a solemn message to his fellow-students. "Tell them," he said, "to preach a present Saviour, and a present salvation." Several times he shouted, "Jesus!" "glory!" All fear of death had long disappeared, and in an ecstasy his happy spirit seemed to pant for the change. "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better," he exclaimed; and then, as if checking impatience, said, "Perhaps I am too anxious." Again he said, "Can this be death? why, it's better than living, it's quite different to what I thought death was! Tell them I die happy in Jesus." About two o'clock the whole household were summoned to witness his triumphant passage to the skies. He was perfectly conscious, and recognized those about him. At his request they again sang "Rock of Ages," (in the whole of which he joined,) and "Jesu, Lover of my soul," etc. He then asked for the 202d Hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise," etc., and they sang that. As he came nearer to the end, he exclaimed, "I die trusting in the atonement of Christ;" and then he said, "Good-bye, my love to my father and mother, and all of them. Glory! hallelujah! I'm going to Jesus." He then gradually sank, and at half-past two his spirit fled to the throne of God.

"The less of this cold world, the more of heaven:
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

D. S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

God's Work at Newport, Monmouthshire. A Narrative by the Rev. J. Tinson Wrenford, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. 1871. Price One Penny. This is a very interesting and encouraging account of a great revival in the church of which the author is Vicar. We give a few useful paragraphs:—

"Prior to the commencement of this season of blessing was a seed-time of tears. The inquiry was frequently made of members of different communions, 'Are you prospering? Is there much *life* amongst you?' To which the humbling reply was almost always returned, 'Alas! we are not as we should be: there is much deadness of soul: we greatly need an awakening.'

"It pleased God, about two years ago, to put it into the hearts of some of His children to meet together every Friday evening to pray, specially, for a blessing on the services, Sunday-school teaching, and other means of grace on the approaching Lord's Day, and also that God would graciously pour out His Spirit on the church with which they were connected, as well as upon all other Christian congregations in the town. Amid various discouragements this little prayer-meeting was carried on week after week. At first only a very few assembled; but by-and-by the number increased; until, at last, the room in which they met became inconveniently crowded. The Lord gave them the spirit of prayer and supplication, but withheld any special or signal indication that their petitions would be abundantly answered. They did certainly perceive a change in their Minister's preaching, and remarked upon it one to another. He himself, too, was conscious of it, and was led publicly to express his gratitude to God for the sustaining intercessions of the 'praying band,' meeting together, in so much love and faith, each Friday evening. At length, however, a deep impression was made on the minds of some of those who had thus continued together in prayer, that the Lord was about to commence a great work in Newport. Their faith had long been exercised: now they began to expect a gracious answer.

"Just at this time the wish was

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expressed by members of the Young Men's Christian Association, (with which several of our praying men were connected,) that a meeting for united prayer should be held at an early date. The Committee of the Association at once took steps to carry out the suggestion, and an earnest invitation was issued to 'Christian men and women of all denominations,' asking them to meet together at the Victoria Hall, on Thursday evening, January 12th, 1871, 'to call on the Lord (1.) for the descent of the Holy Spirit amongst us, and an increase of vital godliness; and (2.) for the conversion to God of many of our fellow-townsfolk during the coming year.' This united prayer-meeting was attended by a large number of persons: a most solemn spirit pervaded the assembly: the Lord Himself was in the midst, His presence being felt by many a soul.

"A short season of praying and waiting again elapsed. The Lord 'tarried'—but it was not a long tarrying. The spirit of expectation continued, and, indeed, became intensified. At length the Lord gave the 'earnest' of the approaching 'showers of blessing.' On Sunday evening, February 26th, the preacher (who had himself on the previous day experienced a glorious deliverance from the buffetings of Satan, and been brought out into 'a wealthy place,' a place of sunshine and certainty never before experienced by him) made an earnest appeal to any of his congregation who might then be in an anxious and inquiring condition of mind, to remain in church at the close of the service. His prayer that *one* soul might be given him as 'a token for good' from his Heavenly Father, was more than answered. The penitents were not counted, but several souls that night found peace with God, through Jesus Christ. The work of 'in-gathering' had now fairly commenced, although, as yet, but on a small scale. Several weeks passed away. Every Sunday night inquirers were led to Jesus: and every week it became more and more apparent that the Lord was preparing the minds of many for the utterance of the momentous cry, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?'

"At the close of the sermon an invitation was given to any who might be desirous of direction, to remain to the after-service. A large number remained, many of whom were evidently in a state of deep concern as to the salvation of their souls. Penitents thronged the chancel rails, and were there led to Jesus. The Lord Himself was present, giving, 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"The Lord owned His word upon each occasion of its utterance. Every night crowds of penitents came to God's ministers for direction. The after-services were prolonged until nearly or quite midnight; and, even when the last doxology was sung, numbers lingered in the sacred edifice, as though loth to depart without realizing a further blessing.

"His people *felt* they were '*one*,' not artificially or theoretically, but actually and truly. Blessed be the name of the Lord for that! God's children knew not of distinctive titles, indicative of divisions in the family; they were forgotten, at all events for awhile. Churchmen, Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Brethren — all met together in the house of their common Lord, not as 'sectarians,' but as '*Christians*;' with one heart and voice they prayed and praised; with one purpose they assisted, when occasion served, in directing the inquiring.

"Thus closed the second week of the special services. Altogether six hundred souls had been brought to the Lord. Among the converts were persons connected with nearly all the congregations of the town. No attempt was made to proselytize; on the contrary, the converts were desired to remain in connexion with the communions to which they had formerly been attached, unless indeed it seemed clearly laid upon them by the Lord, as a duty, that a change should be

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made. It cannot be wondered at that many congregations were stirred up to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon themselves, and that a reviving work began to make itself felt among the people."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For March, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
Mar.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	6 45	5 41	6 45m	5 34m	7 21a	5 0m	4 39m
			Sets.				
11	6 23	5 58	5 57a	5 27	7 26	4 20	4 2
21	6 0	6 15	7 15	5 15	7 30	3 41	3 25
31	5 37	6 32	8 22	5 0	7 34	3 2	2 48

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, Last Quarter .... 7h. 28m. after. | 17th, First Quarter .... 2h. 25m. morn.
9th, New Moon ..... 0h. 53m. after. | 25th, Full Moon ..... 1h. 43m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 6th ..... 2h. after., Perigee; distance 227,212 miles.
„ 18th .....10h. morn., Apogee; „ 251,285 „
Mean distance for the month..... 239,249 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st..... 90,901,300 „
April 1st ..... 91,688,970 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 787,670 „

Satisfactory, but very brief, intelligence has reached us with reference to the total solar eclipse of December 12th, 1871. Observers had been stationed at various points in India and Ceylon along the zone of totality, furnished with all the appliances which modern ingenuity has devised for the investigation of the interesting problems furnished by the greatest and most important body of the solar system. The spectroscope, the polariscope, and the photographic camera, have all been placed in requisition at nearly every station; and, though the time of observation was so short, not more than about two minutes on an average, the unusually favourable character of the weather at most of the places has enabled those engaged in the work to make the most of the opportunity.

The great question of late has been the nature of the corona. It has long been noticed as the most striking and startling feature of a total eclipse; but, till very recently, the crude guesses which have been made about its true character have only left us more hopelessly perplexed. That it is not due to the lunar atmosphere is undoubted, for multiplied

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observations show that the Moon has no atmosphere to produce such an effect, or indeed any appreciable effect. Whether it is due to glare in our own atmosphere, is still a controverted point, but modern investigations seem to pronounce decidedly against it. We believe it to be a veritable appendage of the Sun. Of what character, is the problem to be solved, and for the solution we wait the results of the eclipse expedition. This much is certain, it bears some relation to a phenomenon seldom noticed in our latitude, but often very conspicuous near the equator, *the zodiacal light;* and to another phenomenon with which we are all familiar, *the aurora borealis.* The spectra of all three are very similar, if not absolutely identical. The supposition has some weight, that the zodiacal light is caused by very minute bodies revolving in countless multitudes round the Sun, within the orbit of Mercury; but very marked features of the corona are inconsistent with such an origin. For a longer time, perhaps only for a little longer, the matter must be left in this unsatisfactory state. The rapid progress made in the discovery of the nature of the red protuberances, leads us to hope that we shall not be left long in ignorance on the far more ancient problem.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 10th, and yet by the end of the month will have receded so far from him as to set nearly two hours later, and may be seen by the naked eye. On the afternoon of the 24th it will be very near Mars, the apparent distance being little more than one degree. The next day, at midnight, it will be in perihelion.

Venus is approaching the Sun, but is still visible in the morning twilight. It is receding from us, and rounding in form. On the morning of the 1st, it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit, going southward.

Mars sets soon after the Sun.

Jupiter, in comparatively close proximity to Castor and Pollux, has long been an object of interest. It is still in a position very favourable for observation, being on the meridian on the 13th, at eight o'clock, and on the 28th, at seven o'clock, in the evening, at an altitude of sixty-one degrees. On the 15th, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde to direct.

Saturn may be seen before daylight, at a very low altitude.

Uranus is on the meridian on the 6th, at nine o'clock, and on the 21st, at eight o'clock, in the evening; altitude, sixty degrees.

Neptune is approaching conjunction.

The Sun will be in the vernal equinox on the 20th, at 6h. 57m. in the morning.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Banks, Hephzibah,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, (Springhead,)	46	Nov. 22d, 1870.
Hall, Mary Ann,	Willenhall,	Walsall, (Centenary,)	54	Oct. 28th, 1871.
Inskip, Ann,	Longton,	Longton,	84	Nov. 11th, 1871.
Jackson, Miss Eliza,	Longton,	Longton,	26	Nov. 14th, 1871.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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AN INCIDENT IN THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Mr. Helps's great work, "The Spanish Conquest in America," the chief moral interest gathers about a most noteworthy, though heretofore but little noticed, character—Las Casas, "the Apostle of the Indies." Cortez and Columbus may challenge the highest homage of the imagination and the intellect, but the hero of the conscience is Las Casas, "Protector of the Indians." Not that he is a whit behind the very foremost of the Discoverers and Conquerors of his time in any of those high qualities to which their fame is due. In all-conquering energy of will, in the uttermost contempt of personal danger

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and hardship, in the pursuit of a grand object, he is worthy to stand abreast of the great Genoese, and of that plebeian Hannibal and uncrowned Napoleon, who executed such awful judgment on the gods of Mexico. In breadth of nature, in variety of power, in mental vastness and versatility, he was conspicuously in advance of all the many memorable Spaniards of his time. As a discoverer, or, more strictly speaking, a re-discoverer, he was in morals almost as daring and successful as was Columbus in the physical universe. In the days of Cortez and Pizarro, he was the firm asserter of the claims and dignities of unbaptized humanity. In the country of the Inquisition, and during its fiercest domination, he everywhere maintained that Scripture and conscience supply the final test of truth and right, to which even Popes and Prelates must submit; and, to quote Mr. Helps, "In an age eminently superstitious, he was entirely devoid of superstition. At a period when the most extravagant ideas as to the divine rights of Kings prevailed, he took occasion to remind Kings themselves to their faces, that they are only permitted to govern for the good of their people. At a period when brute force was universally appealed to in all matters, but more especially in those that pertained to religion, he contended before Juntas and Royal Councils that Missionary enterprise is a thing that should stand independent of all military support." "As an historian, a man of letters, a colonist, a Missionary, a theologian, an active ruler in the Church, a man of business, and an observer of natural history and science, he holds a very high position amongst the notable men of his own age." No wonder that such a personage should have a great charm for the ethical and genial author of "Friends in Council," and "Companions of My Solitude;" and for our part, we quite agree with him when he says, "I think it is more than the natural prejudice of a writer for his hero, that inclines me to look upon him as one of the most remarkable personages that has ever appeared in history." Mr. Helps here admits what the readers of his former work could not but perceive, that "Las Casas" is his *hero*. We confess that he has made him ours.

Truly, "It is strange that, comparatively speaking, so little should have been heard about him." Mr. Helps is entitled to the gratitude of English readers, as the first writer who has made us familiar with the character and career of so great and good a man. We are glad that he has published a separate biography. Not only will this introduce Las Casas to those who may not be acquainted with the larger work, but it is due to the surpassing virtues of the man. Many "Lives" have been written of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro; and it is but just that the noblest of their contemporaries should at last individually have his own niche in our gallery of Great Men.

It is true that Mr. Helps was not the first to awake in English readers

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a desire to know something more about Las Casas. Mr. Prescott, just at the close of his "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," pays a tribute to the virtues and abilities of "the venerable Las Casas." (Pp. 573-4.) He tells us that in 1515, "Las Casas, moved by the spectacle of human suffering, returned to Spain, and pleaded the cause of the injured native in tones that made the dying monarch tremble on his throne." And in a foot-note he writes, "Las Casas concludes an elaborate memorial, prepared for the Government in 1542, on the best means of arresting the destruction of the Aborigines. '1. That the Spaniards would still continue to settle in America, though slavery were abolished. 2. That if they would not, this would not justify slavery, since *God forbids us to do evil that good may come.*' Rare maxim for a Spanish Churchman of the sixteenth century! The whole argument, which comprehends the sum of what has been since said more diffusely in defence of abolition, is singularly acute and cogent. In its abstract principles it is unanswerable; while it exposes and denounces the misconduct of his countrymen with a freedom which shows the good bishop knew no other fear than that of his Maker." Robertson gives a cold and imperfect outline of his philanthropic labours; but the above passage from Mr. Prescott is, we believe, the first warm burst of recognition of the moral grandeur of Las Casas that occurs in English literature.

Bartholomew de Las Casas was born at Seville, in 1474, and died at Madrid, in 1566, having lived almost to complete a century. That century was one of the most stirring and significant periods of human history: marked by the discovery of the way to India round the Cape of Good Hope, the discovery and colonization of America, and the Protestant Reformation. In our own country, the Wars of the Roses had scarcely ceased at the time of Las Casas' birth. He died in the year in which James I. was born. His father, Antonio de Las Casas, was a shipmate of Columbus in his first voyages. At the age of eighteen, Bartholomew, our hero, took a degree at the University of Salamanca; and when twenty-four years old, he, with his father, accompanied Columbus on his third voyage to the West Indies, 1498, "returning . . with the expedition in 1500." In 1502, he went out again to Hispaniola, with Ovando, the Governor of the Indies. There he was ordained priest. In 1511, being then thirty-six years old, he joined the expedition of Velazquez, for the Conquest; or, to use the euphemism of the day, the "*pacification*" of Cuba. In this expedition Las Casas took a very leading part, and was distinguished by the gentleness and the consequent complete success of all his dealings with the natives. So far as he was concerned, the expedition merited the name of "pacification" or "assuring." His whole spirit and bearing was that of the modern Evangelical Missionary. It is

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interesting to note many pleasing points of correspondence between his experiences and those which are recorded in our current "Missionary Notices" and reports. Far different, however, was the conduct of his comrades. It was here that he first witnessed the atrocities perpetrated by his fellow-countrymen on the mild and helpless heathens, and here that he suddenly entered upon his vocation as Protector of the Indians. The incident is so characteristic of all the parties concerned, that we must give it in the words of Mr. Helps :—

"In the course of this journey of pacification, the Spaniards approached a large town of the Indians called Caonao, where an immense number of the natives had congregated together, chiefly to see the horses which the Spaniards brought with them. In the morning of the day on which the Spaniards under Narvaez and Las Casas, amounting to about a hundred men, arrived at Caonao, they stopped to breakfast in the dry bed of a stream where there were many stones suitable for grindstones; and they all took the opportunity of sharpening their swords. From thence a wide and arid plain led them to Caonao. They would have suffered terribly from thirst, but that some Indians kindly brought them water on the road. At last they reached Caonao at the time of vespers. Here they halted. The chief population of this Indian town and the vicinity was assembled together in one spot, sitting on the ground, and gazing, no doubt with wonder, at the horses of the Spaniards. Apart, in a large hut, were five hundred of the natives, who, being more timid than the others, were content to prepare victuals for their visitors, but declined any nearer approaches. The Spaniards had with them about a thousand of their own Indian attendants. The Clerigo," or clergyman, (the name by which Las Casas designates himself,) "was preparing for the division of the rations amongst the men, when suddenly a Spaniard, prompted, as was thought, by the Devil, drew his sword: the rest drew theirs; and immediately they all began to hack and hew the poor Indians, who were sitting quietly near them, and offering no more resistance than so many sheep. At the precise moment when the massacre began, the Clerigo was in the apartment where the Spaniards were to sleep for the night. He had five Spaniards with him: some Indians who had brought the baggage were lying on the ground, sunk in fatigue. The five Spaniards hearing the blows of the swords of their comrades without, immediately fell upon the Indians who had brought the baggage. Las Casas, however, was enabled to prevent that slaughter, and the five Spaniards rushed out to join their comrades. The Clerigo went also, and, to his grief and horror, saw heaps of dead bodies already strewed about, 'like sheaves of corn,' waiting to be gathered up. 'What think you these Spaniards have been doing?' exclaimed

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Narvaez to Las Casas; and Las Casas replied, 'I commend both you and them to the Devil.' The Clerigo did not stop, however, to bandy words with the Commander, but rushed hither and thither, endeavouring to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter which was going on, of men, women, and children. Then he entered the great hut, where he found that many Indians had already been slaughtered, but some had escaped by the pillars and the woodwork, and were up aloft. To them he exclaimed, 'Fear not, there shall be no more slaughter—no more;' upon which, one of them, a young man of five-and-twenty, trusting to these words, came down. But, as Las Casas justly says, the Clerigo could not be in all places at once, and, as it happened, he left this hut directly; indeed, before the poor young man got down; upon which a Spaniard drew a short sword, and ran the Indian through the body. To see the fearful wounds that were made, it seemed, the historian says, as if the Devil had guided the men that day to those stones in the dry bed of the river.

"When inquiry was made as to who had been the author of this massacre, no one replied. This shows how causeless the massacre was, for if there had been any good reason for it, the Spaniard who first drew his sword would have justified himself, and perhaps claimed merit for the action."

We said just now, that some of the personal experiences of Las Casas refreshingly remind us of the like occurrences in the labours of recent Protestant Missionaries. The conduct of the rest of the Roman-Catholic Spaniards in this affair can scarcely be matched for wanton devilry by the most hideous outrages ever committed by pagan savages upon the messengers of peace. Mr. Helps suggests as a possible explanation, "panic," or "momentary madness;" but his own pages too clearly prove that this diabolical insanity was their settled policy; and Las Casas himself knew his comrades and compatriots too well not to perceive that, hateful as the deed was, its motives were more hideous still. This Mr. Helps unconsciously admits, when he tells us that, after the invincible kindness of Las Casas had persuaded some surviving Indians, who had fled to the "islets on the coast," to return to their desolated homes, and "eighteen or nineteen Caciques to come and place themselves under the power of the Spaniards, the Spanish captain, Narvaez, put them" (the Caciques) "in chains, and expressed an intention of burning them alive." This Las Casas prevented, "partly by entreaties, partly by threats."

When the natives had, by the gentleness of Las Casas and the fierceness of his fellow-countrymen, been sufficiently subdued to render possible the occupation of the island by the Spaniards, Las Casas quietly accepted the allotment of Indian slaves which fell to his share, according to the system then adopted by the conquerors. Here again,

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as in giving the name of "pacification" to an unprovoked and merciless aggression, the Spaniards displayed their genius for palliating the baseness of a proceeding by giving it a high-sounding name. Thus they called this wholesale man-stealing, the assigning a "commandery" of so many Indians, with their Cacique, to such and such an adventurer, in proportion to his real or supposed services. These Indians were henceforth his slaves, but he was bound by the terms of the deed on which he held them as his property, to compensate for this extreme outrage upon all right by teaching them "the things of our Holy Catholic Faith." For some time Las Casas did not awake to the wickedness of this system. He doubtless fancied that, by treating his slaves with as much kindness as was consistent with enforced labour for the profit of another, he atoned for the sin of man-stealing. He himself confesses, "The clergyman took no more heed than the other Spaniards to bethink himself that his Indians were unbelievers, and of the duty that there was on his part to give them instruction and to bring them to the bosom of the Church of Christ." After the lapse of two or three years, however, the clergyman became the convert of his own preaching, or rather of his own preparation for the pulpit. As there was but one other priest in the whole island, Las Casas, though mainly intent upon money-making, was obliged occasionally to officiate both at the altar and in the pulpit. It fell to his lot to preach on "the Feast of Pentecost" in the year 1514. He began to ponder over certain passages.

"The 34th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the 18—22d verses, first arrested, and then enchained, his attention:—

"'He that sacrificeth of a thing wrongfully gotten, his offering is ridiculous; and the gifts of unjust men are not accepted,' etc.

"In recounting the steps which led to his conversion, Las Casas takes care to say, that what he had formerly heard the Dominicans preach in Hispaniola was, at this critical period of his life, of great service to him. Then he had only slighted their words; but he now particularly remembers a contest he had with a certain *Religioso*, who refused to give him absolution, because he possessed Indians. This is an instance of the great mistake it may be to hold your tongue about the truth, for fear it should provoke contest and harden an adversary in his opinion. The truths which he has heard sink into a man at some time or other: and, even when he retires from a contest, apparently fixed in his own conceits, it would often be found that if he had to renew the contest the next day, he would not take up quite the same position that he had maintained before. The good seed sown by the Dominicans had now, after having been buried for some years, found a most fruitful soil; and it shot up in the ardent soul of the Clerigo like grain in that warm land of the tropics upon which he stood. Las Casas studied the principles of the matter: from the principles he turned to considering the facts about him; and, with his candid mind thus fully aroused, he soon came to the conclusion that the system of *repartimientos* was iniquitous, and that he must preach against it.

"What, then, must he do with his own Indians? Alas! it was necessary to give them up. Not that he grudged giving them up for any worldly motive, but he felt

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that no one in Cuba would be as considerate towards them as he, even in the days of his darkness, had been; and that they would be worked to death,—as indeed they were. But still, the answer to all the sermons he might preach would be his own *repartimiento* of Indians. He resolved to give them up.

"Now, as Las Casas was not only the friend, but the partner, of Pedro de Renteria, this determination on the part of the Clerigo was a matter which would affect the interests of his friend; and, unluckily, Renteria happened to be absent from home at this time, having gone to Jamaica upon their joint affairs. Las Casas, however, went to the Governor Velazquez, and laid open his mind to him upon the subject of the *repartimientos*, putting the matter boldly as it concerned his lordship's own salvation, as well as that of Las Casas and the rest of the Spaniards. The Clerigo added, that he must give up his own slaves, but wished that this determination might be kept secret till Pedro de Renteria should return.

"The Governor was greatly astonished; for Las Casas, who, no doubt, took warmly in hand anything he did take up at all, passed for a man fond of gain, and very busy in the things of this world. Velazquez, in replying, besought the Clerigo to consider the matter well—to take fifteen days, indeed, to think of it—and to do nothing that he would repent of afterwards. Las Casas thanked his lordship for his kindness, but bade him count the fifteen days as already past; and added, that if he, Las Casas, were to repent, and were to ask for the Indians again, even with tears of blood, God would punish the Governor severely if he were to listen to such a request. Thus ended the interview; and it is to the Governor's credit that he ever afterwards held the Clerigo in greater esteem than before.

"Las Casas, however, did not long confine his efforts at conversion to the Governor alone, nor did he conceal his intention until his partner had returned home; for, when preaching on the day of 'The Assumption of Our Lady,' he took occasion to mention publicly the conclusion he had come to as regards his own affairs, and also to urge upon his congregation in the strongest manner his conviction of the danger to their souls if they retained their *repartimientos* of Indians. All were amazed; some were struck with compunction; others were as much surprised to hear it called a sin to make use of the Indians as if they had been told it was sinful to make use of the beasts of the field."

PROVIDENTIAL DELVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. XI.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

THE Hawkesbury river of New-South Wales, on the south bank of which stands the town of Windsor, distant forty miles from Sydney, is stated strikingly to remind tourists of the banks of the Rhine. But it can only bear some general resemblance. Had indeed the hills lying back from the rich alluvial soil of the banks of the Hawkesbury consisted of the genial trap formation, instead of barren sandstone, then gay-coloured orange groves, the golden fruit peering in every direction amid deep green foliage, might have abounded on every hand, and mulberry and olive plantations, feeding silkworms, and yielding oil, might have found a home there. But back from the river all is barren. Farms, and orange-trees, and vines, indeed, are found, both luxuriant and beautiful. But all lie only on the river banks, and many within reach of disastrous floods, which come at uncertain intervals, and the recur-

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rence of which has materially interfered with the temporal prosperity of the district, causing many farmers to abandon their lands, and seek homes on the table-lands and elsewhere. The creative act of God determines the sites of cities, and defines the boundaries of human habitation. Had the Hawkesbury mouth possessed a fine harbour, it might have proved the site of the capital of the colony; and had its inland formation been trap or some yet more prolific stratum, its neighbourhood might have sustained a dense population. The more we search for it, the more shall we discover of the ruling hand of the Lord in the affairs of men, and the result will form a very profitable commentary on the text, "Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: He shall judge the people righteously." (Psalm xcvi. 10.) "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." (Acts xvii. 25, 26.)

The continental tourist, although undoubtedly correct, in the reminders of the Rhine presented to him by various characteristics of this most picturesque river, must look in vain for the ancient castles, and many another trait of ancient European empire. We have no moss-covered, ivy-crowned ruins, with traditions of many centuries hoarded among their archives. Less than one century embraces the whole antiquity of our Australasian settlements and civilization. Empire here has scarcely attained to youth. The course of the Rhine, too, from its sources between Mount St. Gothard and Mount Julian of the Alps, to its Dutch delta, and onward to the ocean, is estimated with its windings at about eight hundred and fifty miles. I have followed the Hawkesbury in the course of my mission along Burragorang, Bullio, and Belangla almost to its source, which is an immense swamp nestled not very far from Mittagong, amongst our Wingecarribee mountains, but I should hardly feel disposed to estimate its tortuous windings at half that distance.

From Wiseman's Ferry, on the Hawkesbury, the then almost totally uninhabited region of the Wollombi for many years formed the road for sixty miles, by which alone the Maitland District received any very occasional ministerial visits. The old convict-cut road, a work of immense labour, may still be travelled on horseback, but the traveller, from its return to a large extent to its primeval state, must be careful of losing the track. Ocean steamers plying daily between Sydney and the Maitland District, this inland route is now as a consequence but little traversed. As you jog along mountain heights, at various points of the road, during portions of the year, the levels below, which ever and anon burst suddenly upon the view, form a perfect sea of gorgeous wild flowers, principally a gigantic native white lily, and the scarlet waratah. The effect on a stranger is very striking, indeed startling, and forcibly illustrates the richness of creative glory in floral vegetation.

Windsor, in the years of the Rev. Frederick Lewis's occupation of that Circuit, was indeed in extent more like a modern colonial district. It included the limits of what are now four Circuits, so far as *regular*

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work was concerned, and what are now five other Circuits, if the *occasional* journeys to outposts are included. His sphere was indeed an itinerancy. He was riding "Jack," a celebrated Circuit horse, of whom various curious anecdotes are told, when the incident, a detail of which follows, occurred:—

Sixteen years ago, the Rev. Mr. Lewis sat in the study of the old Mission-house in Princes-street, Sydney, and related to the writer his adventure, which shall be given as nearly as possible in his own words. "Do you remember," said he, turning, I think, to the Rev. Mr. Rabone, "do you remember the old bushranger," (mentioning his name,) "who was convinced of sin in the old chapel at Castlereagh, now the school-room, and who became a member of Society; he was a shoemaker by trade? Well," continued Mr. Lewis, with that beaming face which, were my easel and canvas powers equal to my memory, I could paint from remembrance at this day, "he was *not* the bushranger who stuck me and Jack up near the Macdonald. We were plodding on, when suddenly Jack gave one of his peculiar shies. I looked round, and there was a gun levelled at me, and I was told to stand." Bushrangers in Australia did not, and do not, always cry "bail up." "The robber stepped out of the bushes, and I kept old Jack as quiet as I could, but he was very fidgetty. The man pointed to the ground between himself and the horse, and ordered me to throw down anything I had, keeping me covered with his gun. I had very little money to offer, but what I had I threw down. 'What else?' said he; then I threw down my watch. 'What else?' then I threw down my pocket-handkerchief. He seemed very dissatisfied with his plunder. 'What else?' 'Will you have *that?*' said I, as a last resource, and somewhat nettled, throwing down my large pocket-book, containing manuscript sermons. He briefly examined it, and declined it. He was very surly. He picked up the plunder, and I then wished to exhort him, and pray with him, but he cut my advice very short indeed, and growling dismally, dived into the bush and left me. I then picked up what *he* had left, and resumed my journey."

It would be indeed a poor compliment to my reader's discernment to point out at any length that the position in which Mr. Lewis was placed was a dangerous one. The hands of a reckless bushranger are certainly not at any time safe hands into which to fall. Such men, too, are not the most careful always in handling their arms, and have wounded even when it would appear that they had no intention of doing so. Jack, too, could he have managed it, was anything but unlikely to have ran away with his rider. My readers have seen to what such a circumstance led in the Rev. Henry Gaud's case.* Dissatisfaction at the amount of plunder obtained, or fear of recognition from one so constantly and extensively traversing the country, might also have led to personal violence. The bushranger Morgan, probably under the influence of drink, fired upon and wounded unresisting people whom he had "stuck up." There were many dangers attendant on this adventure, from all of which the kind and providential hand of God alone preserved Mr. Lewis.

If, when General Gemeau once informed a celebrated cardinal at

* See No. V. of this Series, October, 1870.

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Rome, that the army of occupation of Napoleon the Second might one day be recalled, the cardinal had reason to reply, "let us know the day, that we may leave the day before," with far more urgency might the Christian pray to leave this world before the restraining hand of the Lord should be withdrawn from the ungodly.

A few words more respecting Father Lewis.

The first Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan-Methodist Church begun in Sydney, January 18th, 1855, under the presidency of the Rev. William Binnington Boyce, now one of the General Secretaries of our Wesleyan Missionary Society, London, who will long live in the affectionate remembrance of Methodism here, sustaining, as he did for many years, until the formation of an Australasian Conference, the General Superintendency of Australasian Missions, and fulfilling, both kindly and efficiently, the duties of that peculiar and onerous post. At this first Conference of 1855, thirty-eight Ministers were present. I look now in vain for the faces of various pioneers with whom I sat on that occasion, and who in social intercourse told me so many strange tales of the olden time. Amongst those I miss is Frederick Lewis, who laboured for nineteen years in these colonies, and then returned to England, in 1855, to die.

Mr. Lewis was a native of Wales, and came to a land which takes its name from the similarity of its mountain scenery to that of the home Principality. He was the first Wesleyan Missionary who crossed and laboured beyond the Blue Mountains. He was the first who laboured in the Bathurst District beyond this great mountain barrier: Bathurst is now the head of a Wesleyan District to which belong ten Ministers. Blessed with a strong constitution, and with a strong Missionary spirit, Mr. Lewis was a hardy and untiring labourer. In sunshine and in storm, in summer and winter, by night and by day, he pursued his even and industrious course, "holding forth the Word of Life." It is impossible to estimate the value of such a career. Like some fertilizing river, it everywhere leaves blessing behind. Gratitude can never soar sufficiently high to praise the Lord adequately for His grace.

One intention of this series of articles is to awaken the spirit of Missionary enterprize in the young. I want young men to be filled with a holy ambition for the Missionary office. It has been my blessing for the last quarter of a century, first in the London City Mission, and then in connection with the Australasian branch of Wesleyan Methodist Missions, to mingle with many of the choicest Missionary spirits this world ever possessed. They are a happy race. But some reader may say, are not you the man who, in prosecuting the sacred duties of that office of which you speak so glowingly, nearly starved to death? Did you not, eleven years ago, pass six days and six nights entirely destitute of food? Were you not without shelter, and without fire, exposed to almost incessant rains, and surrounded by rivers impassable by the floods? And have you not in constitution been a ruined man ever since? It is all true. And do you yet speak so well of the Missionary office? I do.

It is my wish to impress my young reader with this fact, that if he do anything for the Lord Jesus Christ, or if he suffer anything for the Lord

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Jesus Christ, when after many days he looks back, he shall be well contented with his wages, unless, alas! the grace of thankfulness have departed from him.

It is true, beloved reader, that a Missionary may be lost and nearly perish whilst hurrying incautiously in the darkness through a desolate wilderness, fearful that if he hurried not, threatening floods would bar him from the people to benefit whose souls he was wending his way. It is true, also, that a Missionary whilst seeking the spiritual good of an incarcerated felon, may be ruthlessly murdered by him, as was our own Hill. It is true also that a Missionary in pushing ardently to break in upon the savagery of native tribes, may be killed by them, as was our own Baker. It is true also that the sea may swallow up servants of God, as in the cases of our own Draper and our own Cross. It is true also that the New-Zealand Maori, accepting a fresh heathen creed largely for the sake of its promise of political domination, may in a moment of madness sacrifice an ancient friend, as in the case of our own Whiteley. But such exceptional permissions are, we know, for the ministry's sake, and for the Church's sake, which require such humiliations and such lessons.

In proof of this protection, glance at the vast arena of this southern Missionary field, this fifth continent of the globe, with its teeming archipelago: the multitude of labourers who have been employed, and the length of years during which they have laboured. How they sowed beside all waters! How, with their wives and their little ones, they lived on securely from year to year, amongst utter cannibals and utter heathens, who murdered whole ships' crews and ate their bodies; who were fierce and fearless warriors! Yet here they abode, without a sign of military or police protection, until the tribes were heathen no longer, and the idols were utterly abolished. And we remember that throughout this ordeal, perhaps the fiercest that Missions since the Reformation have ever had to pass through, not a hair of their heads perished. True the Maories burnt our Nathaniel Turner out of house and home, but when, thirty years afterwards, a hale old man of seventy, upright as a kauri pine, and with a voice made up of thunder and zephyr, he stood on our Sydney platforms telling of the triumphs of the Cross, he was as those worthies of whom we read, "And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them." (Daniel iii. 27.)

CONTENTMENT AND TRUST IN GOD.

THOUGHTS ON HEBREWS XIII. 5, 6.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

INFIDELITY has sought to press the noble science of modern astronomy into its service, for the purpose of confirming its desperate and inhuman opinions. We are told the vast expanse of space is filled with globes, many of them much larger than our own; that all these are the abodes of intelligent beings, equally with man the work of the great Creator, and

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equally dear to Him; that our earth itself is a mere speck in the creation of God, and all its inhabitants are as nothing before Him. Hence it has been suggested that the common notions of Providence, which suppose that God watches over each human being, and is ever ready to hear his prayers and to supply his needs, is an idle conceit, the mere offspring of selfishness and pride; and it is affirmed that even the affairs of empires and of nations are beneath His notice.

But, on the other hand, we are told that the microscope has discovered worlds which are as wonderful for their minuteness, as those discovered by the telescope are for their magnitude. Multitudes of organized and sentient beings are to be found in a single drop of water; and every tree, and every leaf, and every flower, teems with activity and life; and all these are the work of the great Creator. If human beings are small when compared with the starry worlds, they are great when compared with millions of mites; but whether considered as little or great, man may still be an object of the fatherly providence of God. The Infinite Mind can easily grasp all that is vast, and all that is minute; and can have no difficulty in watching over all that He was able to create. While the doctrine of a special Providence over man is possible in theory, the Bible tells us it is true in fact. In that matchless Book we are assured that our Creator careth for us, that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not so much as a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice. The Bible is God's own account of Himself; and is therefore entitled to our attention, in preference to all the conjectures and conclusions of men.

The verses at the head of this paper involve principles which are entitled to the special consideration of such as belong to the labouring classes of the community, and who are often subject to painful privations and perplexities in reference to worldly things. In these verses it is implied that the Almighty has made us an offer of His friendship. Such a friendship can of course subsist only upon evangelical principles; but the Gospel is the word of reconciliation, and if we do but understand our own interests, we shall never rest until we have accepted its gracious offers, and obtained the friendship of God through faith in Christ. How wretched is the condition of the man who has broken the laws of his country, and thereby put himself in an attitude of hostility to the civil authorities! But it is infinitely more terrible for a man to have a quarrel with his Maker. It is a great advantage to be befriended by the rich and powerful; but the greatest advantage of all is to have God for our Friend. The mind of David was perfectly at rest when he felt that he was in a state of friendship with God, and he exclaimed, "the Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Then He tells us that unless we wilfully and deliberately alter our conduct towards Him, no change in our circumstances shall ever induce Him to change His conduct towards us. "*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" If this point, therefore, is gained, all will be well; if this is not gained, nothing can be well.

There is also an important direction contained in these verses, which runs thus: "*Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have:*" that is, we are to concede to God that which

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He claims as His inalienable prerogative. He has always maintained that it is His right to dispose of worldly goods and advantages according to His sovereign pleasure, and to divide them in greater or smaller proportions to every man severally as He will; and He calls upon us practically to acquiesce in this arrangement, as being not only right in itself, but by far the best for all parties concerned. He indeed suffers us to suggest to Him by specifying what measure of worldly good we should like to have; and we may use this liberty without offence, provided we do it with perfect submission. Accordingly one inspired writer has selected a middle state of life by saying, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." This is a good prayer; but our Lord taught us a better when He directed us to say, "Give us this day our daily bread;" for great riches and deep poverty have both been made great blessings, when men have had great grace to use them aright. It is, therefore, better for us, while asking for what is sufficient, to leave the amount of that sufficiency to be determined by Him who is infinitely wiser than ourselves.

A man is not covetous merely because he desires and seeks a large share of worldly good: covetousness consists in seeking a larger proportion than God has allotted to him. Let us, then, endeavour, first of all, to ascertain what, in this respect, is the will of God concerning us. Let us consider our personal endowments, our powers of mind and body, our circumstances, opportunities, and obligations; and then satisfy ourselves with simply fulfilling His designs. His plans are all wise and good. We must never attempt to go beyond His will, or to take what He has already given to another, or what He meant to place out of our reach. These are foolish and hurtful desires, "which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"*And be content with such things as ye have.*" While there is no attempt to pass the limits by which God has surrounded us, we must learn to be satisfied and happy with the amount of worldly good He has allotted to us. This, however, is a gracious endowment. There is no natural tendency in worldly things to produce a feeling of contentment. A man may add house to house, and field to field, and yet his desires may so increase with his riches that he may be further from contentment at the last than he was at the first. If ever we attain contentment, it must be by an acknowledgment of God, and by a blessing received from Him.

Sometimes the hand of God is so far recognized, and men have such an opinion of His general wisdom and goodness, as to lead them to contentment when they happen to have a larger share of worldly good than many of their neighbours. But when the case is otherwise, when our portion appears mean and scanty as compared with others we see around us, there are still many reasons why we should be content.

In the first place, there is nothing marvellous in the poverty and embarrassment of many people; it is the natural and necessary result of the course they have chosen to pursue; and of these consequences they were distinctly warned beforehand. If such be our case, it is childishness and folly to be otherwise than content; for that is to quarrel with ourselves, and to find fault with God because He has confirmed our own choice. And even if poverty

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has been forced upon us by a Providence which has frustrated the most probable expectations, still there are reasons for contentment. Joseph was doubtless disappointed when he was sold as a slave, and sent into Egypt; and old Jacob had doubtless been greatly disappointed when he exclaimed, "all these things are against me!" but, even then, Providence was working for them both in a manner with which they had reason to be satisfied. It may be that we cannot open our eyes without seeing others in far better circumstances than ourselves; still we ought to be content. Job was stripped of everything, while his neighbours lived in plenty; but it was a special favour, a distinguished privilege conferred upon him, to be made the subject of a great moral experiment, which was to result in his own honour, and in the instruction and happiness of thousands beside himself. Even those who have been brought to poverty by the selfishness and injustice of others, have reason to be content. According to the true principles of ancient religion, the iniquities of men often fulfil the benevolent designs of God respecting His people. When Job had been robbed of his property by plundering bands of Chaldeans, he exclaimed, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." If God is our Friend, and our eye is properly fixed upon Him, we shall let our "*conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as we have.*"

Then "*we may boldly say, The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.*" This was the language of David when he had obtained a view of God, by the dispersion of those mists of human ignorance and infirmity which for a time had settled upon his mind. He had been greatly alarmed and agitated by some combination or movements of his enemies; but when he saw that God was his Helper, his fears were dismissed, and his mind was hushed to rest. Pious people, when placed in trying worldly circumstances, are subject to the fear of man, and are often alarmed and disturbed by considering the designs and doings of many selfish persons who are so much wiser and stronger than themselves. That there is a great deal of selfishness and depravity amongst all classes, is too evident to be denied: but suppose that all should be true which our fears have led us to apprehend,—what then? Is there not a God? Sennacherib mustered a prodigious army, and went to take possession of Jerusalem; but what did God say about this presumptuous attempt? If He is our Friend, and if our attention is fixed upon Him, instead of living in perpetual fear, we shall take courage and say, "*the Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.*"

Not only shall we be enabled to dismiss our fears, but also to retain and cherish our hopes. If it be true that God is our Friend, and that He will never leave nor forsake us, then we may venture to take it for granted that we shall have bread to eat, and raiment to put on; and, what is still better, shall obtain spiritual and eternal salvation. All this will make us believers, but not enthusiasts. It will teach us to expect the end; but not without the use of the means. The Lord is our "*Helper*," not our Agent; He does not undertake to transact our business, but to enable us to do it ourselves. We are not to fall asleep on earth, and expect to wake in heaven. We must

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do what we can, do all we can, and God will help us. But we must take care to do nothing but what is right. We must not get into debt without a probability of paying; we must not cheat or deceive, nor break the Sabbath for a morsel of bread; nor must we begin to speculate with other people's money; for God has no fellowship with these "works of darkness." "Trust in the Lord, and do good;" so shalt thou "inherit the land," and "verily thou shalt be fed." Let us not say this is impossible. If ever we get to heaven, we shall hear tales that will astonish us. —*From the M.SS. of the late* REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

SALVATION.

How pregnant with meaning is this single word! If sinful men believed and appreciated its fulness of happiness, how would they desire it, seek after it, and gladly give up everything else to secure it!

Suppose now your heart to be set at rest by the removal of every tormenting feeling,—all fear of punishment for sin, of death and hell; all disturbing passion, all anxiety and care: suppose it to be filled with peace, joy, love, and every pleasurable emotion, so that there is no intermission of your happiness: suppose your body somehow to be rendered immortal, incapable of weariness, decay, disease, pain, and death; and still further endowed with new powers and capacities for enjoyment; and suppose, lastly, you were to be introduced into a new world, where there is no sin or sorrow, pain or death; where the skies are cloudless, the scenery is ever bright and beautiful, the riches are enduring, and every one you meet is lovely, loving, and beloved, —could anything more be desired? Well, all this, and infinitely more, is offered you in the Gospel. There is pardon for your sin; the renewal of your heart and mind; the assurance of Divine protection and care; the glorious resurrection of the body, and the abundant entrance "into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Of course, all this requires time, and must be accomplished in God's own way; but it is *certain*, if only we believe, and act out the lessons of wisdom contained in the Word of God. O! is it not worth a thought, a struggle, a lifetime of sacrifice? What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose all this; nay, more, lose your own soul?

J. L.

APRIL.

SWEET month of rainbows! Who but loveth thee?
Thy pulses throb with resurrection power;
And up they spring, green herb and lovely flower,
Garbing in beauty mead, bank, and lea.
O, April! false the charge of fickleness!
Change without reason constitutes caprice:
And were thy moods less frequent, then were less
The summer glory, and the harvest peace.
A gentle discipline thou deal'st to earth,
In every smile and tear, and breeze and lull;
And soon in Nature's lap of splendours full;
In the rich vine yields, and the reaper's mirth;
In garden store, and laden orchard tree,
Thy finish'd mission, April, we shall see.

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

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NOTES IN GUERNSEY.

BY THE REV. J. LANCASTER BALL.

No. III.

A good and level road along the rocky coast leads from St. Peter-Port to St. Sampson's, a distance of about three miles. On our journey thither, we find the deep bass of the sea accompanied by the sharp tremulous hum of the telegraph wires; and though this Æolian harp is not in itself melodious, it has a grateful sound to an English resident, and to all whom the Channel separates from friends and kindred. To such, the extension of the telegraph to the Islands during the last twelve months has been an inestimable boon. Even if you never send or receive a message, you know the power is there in case of need, and the sense of isolation is much lessened. As we proceed, the enjoyment of the walk will depend, here even more than in most places, upon the weather. In a calm, the sea-view to the right is one of exceeding loveliness, especially when the evening sun throws its mellow light upon the neighbouring rocks and islets, producing ever-varying tints and shadows. But when the tide is up, and the winds are let loose against you, the seething waves will send up perpendicular columns of spray, like so many tall Geysers, which, bending over your head, may put you to some agility to escape their fall. On the landward side the most interesting object we pass is the old *Château des Marais*, or "Castle of the Marshes." Its English name is Ivy Castle, which shows that it was already an ivy-covered ruin when it first received a name from English tongues. A royal commission in the reign of James I. speaks of it as "a very ruinous and decayed castle belonging to his Majesty, of *long time agone* used for the mansion place or seat of the captains and governors of this isle." The outer wall alone remains, crowning a rocky mount, and surrounded by a fosse. The bare antiquity is all the interest which the ruin possesses. It seems to have no known history, except that its erection is attributed to Robert, sixth Duke of Normandy, the father of the Conqueror, who visited the island, and anchored in the bay, which was thenceforward called *L'Ancresse*, or Anchorage Bay.

Diverging a little from the road, we come to large and picturesque stone-quarries, the chief scene of industry in the neighbourhood, and the mainstay of the trade of St. Sampson's harbour, from which, during the last quarter of a century, many hundred thousand tons of granite have been exported, a large proportion of it for the paving of London streets.

St. Sampson's is the ancient harbour of the island, and here, about the middle of the sixth century, landed the first Christian Missionary, whose name the parish bears. The church, a building of an antique and rustic air, without any pretence to taste or beauty, is said to have been built in the year 1111, and to occupy the site of one which he himself caused to be erected. In looking back through the hazy thirteen centuries between, it is but a dim outline of him that we can make out. Many wild and puerile legends grew up in after ages concerning him; how, for instance, to attest his mission at the wicked court of King Childebert, of France, he restored to its former state, without a crack, a glass cup which an unlucky page had broken; how he tamed a savage horse by the sign of the Cross, subdued a hungry lion, and destroyed a monstrous serpent which was ravaging the land. The good man himself is not responsible for these stories; nor did he hold the creed or observe the practices of the Romish Church, which afterwards claimed him as one of its saints. The assumptions and inventions of the Papacy, even so far as they had then been developed, were not received by the ancient British Church, to which Sampson belonged, and in which he is said to have held the position of Bishop of St. David's. He was one among those great numbers of Britons who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, fled from the violence of the heathen Saxons across the sea to Armorica, which,

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from the fact of that immigration, acquired the name of Bretagne, or Brittany. It was from his retreat at Dol, in that province, that he prosecuted his successful mission to these islands. It was about the same time that Columba sailed from Ireland, and established at Iona the Church of the Culdees, that famous Missionary Church which knew nothing of transubstantiation, or of auricular confession, or of priestly absolution, or of prayers to saints or angels; which had a simple worship, far different from the ceremonial of the Mass; and which taught, "the believer does not live by righteousness, but the righteous lives by faith."

Now another Irish Missionary, St. Maglorius, or Magloire, (to whose name, variously corrupted, are to be traced the names of St. Malo, in Brittany, and St. Mallière, Guernsey,) was one of Sampson's companions, and afterwards succeeded him in his labours. It is in the highest degree probable that the faith of Columba, of Sampson, and of Magloire, was the same; and if so, Christianity first appeared in Guernsey with a creed having very much more affinity with that of the Waldenses than with that of modern Rome. We admire the sovereign providence of God, which in this case, as in so many others, overruled persecution for the spread of the Gospel. As in Apostolic times, "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word," so the exile of Sampson and his companions from Britain to Brittany was the means of bringing the light of saving truth to these islands.

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The people with whom the Missionary had to do, were much like those whom Cæsar had found in Gaul and Britain six hundred years before. Here the Druidical superstition does not seem to have been disturbed by Roman civilization. The Romans may have visited Guernsey, but there are no evidences of their occupation of it; though there are some in Jersey. Druidical remains are numerous in the island, and some of the principal of them are not far from Sampson's landing-place. The great Cromlech on L'Ancresse Common is well worth a visit. Mysterious monument of a dim antiquity, for what untold centuries has it occupied this breezy mount overlooking the lonely sea! Who will tell us what was the mechanism existing in those distant ages by which these huge blocks were brought together, these monstrous masses lifted up and poised upon the others? There the Cromlech, the Druid's Altar, as it is commonly called, stood when the messenger of the Cross arrived; and perhaps against this very altar, if such it was, he prophesied. The system it represented vanished away; and both its age and the mode of its erection and its very purposes are a mystery insoluble. Large quantities of human and other bones, some burnt, some unburnt, and fragments of rude pottery, have been found beneath it.

The most ancient structure erected for Christian worship now remaining, indeed the oldest building of any kind in the island, unless the Cromlechs are to be called buildings, is the little and lowly chapel of St. Apolline, which stands by the wayside near Perrelle Bay, on the western coast. Conjecture has variously assigned its erection to the eighth, the ninth, or the tenth century. You might pass it without knowing that you were passing anything more than an ordinary barn; and to the purposes of a barn it has long been degraded. The masonry is rude enough for the highest antiquity that can be claimed for it, the stones being put together without regard to size or shape, but so as to secure the one excellence of enduring strength. If you gain admission to the interior, you find a chamber which could not contain more than from thirty to forty persons. It is now occupied with farm produce, over which, if you choose to climb, you will find upon the walls the remains of fresco paintings, once of bold outline and bright colouring, but now fast yielding to obliteration by damp and dirt. These frescoes are, of course, much more modern than the building itself; and, together with a chalice which was found beneath the floor, show that it must have retained some ecclesiastical use down to a period not long before the Reformation. Its long-continued desecration is only one instance of a want of interest in historical monuments, a want of archæological taste, which, with conspicuous individual exceptions,* has characterized the islands generally. It is significant of this, that of the half-dozen elaborate histories of Guernsey which have appeared, only one is by a native Guernseyman, and he of English name and descent. This gentleman, F. B. Tupper, Esq., writing in 1854, complains of the States of Guernsey as utterly indifferent to the fate of the *Celtic* antiquities of the island; and surely this, the earliest remaining Christian church, is an object equally worthy of their protection. This singular indifference to antiquities has been more than equalled in Jersey, where a fine Cromlech, the largest and most perfect in the islands, was actually presented by the States to an English gentleman, by whom it was removed to his estate in Berkshire or Oxfordshire, and there, in a mutilated state, set up again!

The island is divided into ten parishes, one of which, and only one, is entirely inland. The country churches present few objects of interest more than do humble and ancient village churches everywhere. Some of them show marks of centuries of neglect, or of tasteless and parsimonious repairs. Many once

* Especially the late F. C. Lukis, Esq., an accomplished and eminent antiquary.

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contained monumental brasses, but these are all gone, and so, in most instances, is the tracery of the windows. But they are generally beautiful for situation, and the peaceful churchyards, with their picturesque surroundings, their curious intermixture of English and French epitaphs, and their touching records of shipwrecked men, sometimes nameless, are choice resorts for a meditative walk. The most modern of the parish churches is the Town Church, St. Peter-Port, the tower of which is seen in the sketch accompanying the first number of these Notes. It is said to have been dedicated in the year 1312. The style is that so prevalent on the Continent, the Flamboyant Gothic, in parts richly decorated; and Mr. Ansted* says it is "far superior in design and execution to any old building within the compass of the Channel Islands, and might well bear comparison with many in England or the Low Countries."

The Reformation seems to have been readily accepted in the island; and it took the type of French rather than of Anglican Protestantism, a tendency which was strengthened more and more by the influx of refugees from the Continent. Queen Mary's efforts to re-establish Popery took effect here in one of the most shocking atrocities recorded by Foxe, and one which no doubt helped to confirm the inveterate dislike of the islanders to that cruel system. On the 18th of July, 1556, three women were burned together for heresy at St. Peter-Port, one of whom is said to have given birth to a child at the stake, "who, being snatched from the flames by a bystander, was, by the command of the inhuman Bailiff, cast into them again." This most revolting part of the tragedy has been questioned, and by Roman Catholics denied as impossible. Dr. Latham, though wishful to discredit the account because it is too horrible,—a reason which would at once rid us of a very large portion of history,—yet says that the denial of it rests only upon the word of the Jesuit Parsons, who, he admits, was "not only a Jesuit, but an apostate; not only an apostate, but an apostate because he had been detected in dishonesty." It might not be worth while to recall the memory of such scenes, but that Rome claims to be unchanging, and at this day openly teaches, under the sanction of the so-called Archbishop of Westminster, the lawfulness and duty of persecution. The sentence of the poor women still exists in the *Greffe*, or Registry of the Royal Court; and any one who can décipher old handwriting and old French spelling, may there read that they were "adjudged and condemned to be this day burnt to ashes at the *usual place—au lyeu accoustumey*,—with confiscation of their goods and property to our lord the King and the Queen, pursuant to the sentence of the Dean and Curés, delivered on the 14th day of July, in the year aforesaid, when they were convicted of heresy." For this monstrous deed the Dean, on the death of Mary, was deposed from his living and imprisoned. The Bailiff and jurats sued for pardon from Queen Elizabeth, and obtained it. It must be added, that here as elsewhere the Protestants, when their opportunity came, showed too much of the spirit of retaliation; and though there were no actual ecclesiastical murders, there were severe measures of repression and persecution, and a man was publicly flogged for upholding the Mass.

In 1568, Queen Elizabeth separated the Anglo-Norman Isles from the foreign see of Coutances, and annexed them to that of Winchester. But the new Bishop had barely a nominal acknowledgment. The Presbyterian discipline was, in fact, established in the Islands; and so strong was the bias of the people, so manifest the undesirableness of alienating their loyalty, that both Elizabeth and James, much as they hated Puritanism, not only connived at it, but permitted and sanctioned it. Synods at which the Governor represented Majesty, administered all ecclesiastical authority. In Guernsey, the *régime* during this period, as shown

* "The Channel Islands." By Mr. Ansted and Dr. Latham. 1865.

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by the *Ordonnances* of the Royal Court, and the proceedings of the Presbytery, was sufficiently stringent, and regulated with amusing minuteness affairs both municipal and ecclesiastical. In the town, Divine service was to be held on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and one person at least from each house was required to be present, and all shops to be closed, under a penalty, "at the discretion of justice." On Saturdays no one was to be allowed to drive a cart through the streets of the town between nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon. Ministers were to keep a list of persons neglecting to communicate. "Monsieur Pierre Painsec,* Pasteur," having some difference with his parishioners, is deemed by his brethren to be litigious, and is sentenced to preach a sermon on the next Sunday morning from a text assigned to him, and therein to express his contrition.

King James succeeded, in 1623, in introducing a Dean to Jersey, and restoring episcopal discipline there; but Guernsey retained the Presbyterian order in substance for about forty years longer, extending over the period of the civil wars, during which, accordingly, Jersey was Royalist, and Guernsey Parliamentarian, though so long exposed to the guns of Castle Cornet, which was garrisoned for the King. To this fortress belongs the honour which historians have generally assigned to the Earl of Derby's stronghold in the Isle of Man, of being the last place in the British dominions which held out for the unfortunate Charles. To the great satisfaction of the Guernseymen, the long-enduring garrison at last surrendered, with all the honours of war, and the promise of a passage to England, after having held the lonely rock—then entirely separated from Guernsey—for nine dreary years.

On the restoration of Charles II., the States of Guernsey not only at once proclaimed the King, but sent a deputation to congratulate him on his accession, to confess their great guilt in the rebellion, and to implore his Majesty's pardon. Wherever the names of Oliver and Richard Cromwell occurred in the public register, they were effaced, and all legal transactions done under their usurpation were ordered to be immediately renewed or declared invalid.

With this political collapse there would doubtless be a great falling off from the religious principles which had prevailed from the period of the Reformation. There was a show of conformity to the Church of England, but it was hollow. Episcopacy was acknowledged, but still disliked; and to the close of the seventeenth century, Orders in Council and letters from the Bishops of Winchester called the attention of the island authorities and the clergy to the irregularities which existed. The Puritan leaven remained in sentiment, and influenced the customs of the people, as it does to this day, though, alas! it became less and less connected with religious experience and principle. A writer in 1751, the Rev. Philip Falle, in his *Histoire de Jersey*, asserts with much satisfaction that there were no Dissenters in the islands. It is true that there were none meeting separately as such, but, in fact, all were Nonconformists, at least in Guernsey. Real conformity to the Anglican Church has not been known until a very recent date. Four years after this statement of the non-existence of Dissent, the civil power had to be invoked to enforce the reading of the liturgy. The first surplice seen in the island was in the year 1818, at the consecration of St. James's Church, St. Peter-Port.* It was not used in any of the services of the parish churches for at least twenty years later. Even now the minister of one of the town

* It is not *English* family names alone that have odd meanings, and furnish amusing combinations. In 1715, the two constables (*Connétables d'Etat*) of St. Peter-Port were Messrs. Bouillon and Painsec,—Broth and Dry Bread!

* This also was the date and the occasion of the first visit of any Protestant Bishop. It does not appear that the visits of their predecessors, the Bishops of Coutances, had been any more frequent.

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churches is elected by "Elders" for a period of five years. Other still more striking instances of Nonconformity *within the* Establishment, some of them very unpleasing to us, might be given. Until about the year 1840, the churches were wholly without fonts. "Small vessels like coffee-pots were used, and of course found very inconvenient."* These things show a long-continued hereditary want of sympathy with Episcopalian usages; but strong views as to modes of worship are quite consistent with decay in piety, and it is too evident that the island fully shared in the general corruption of morals and manners which marked the dark period from the Restoration to the Revival of the eighteenth century. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? When for so long a period the Establishment had so little hold upon the people, when its ordinances were thus despised, and yet no other form of worship or means of Christian communion existed, no better result could be expected than that state of prevailing ungodliness and licentiousness which the first Methodist preachers found. The same writer whom we have quoted as rejoicing over the absence of Dissent, says also:—"We have come to a sad time, when a corruption so great and general, both in principle and in conduct, is spread around us, that it would be a miracle if we were not more or less infected by it." This was in 1751. Of times somewhat later, the late Rev. John de Quetteville speaks as "days of ignorance and error, of darkness and of the shadow of death,..days of license and universal debauchery, when the drunkards made their worse than bestial festivities last more than a week or a fortnight." Another competent witness tells us that the clergy lived like the rest of the people, in a state of complete indifference to religion. So low had the once Puritan island fallen. Our present paper closes with a gloomy epoch, and we reserve for our next the dawn of a brighter day.

* Duncan's History.

AFFECTATION OF MERRIMENT.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—Prov. xiv. 13.

REAL gladness is desirable, but the mere pretence of gladness is worthless and often mischievous. Laughter must not always be sternly rebuked, neither ought we to attach undue importance to it. Among children it is a natural expression of excited pleasure, but among up-grown people it does not indicate the highest enjoyment. As there are streams too deep to make much noise, so there are joys too deep to find expression in boisterous laughter. Laughter, when it is forced, and merely the expression of a wish to seem happy, is worthless indeed. There is a merriment that is altogether assumed, with no real joy in it, and tending to augmented gloom. We have great reason to prize real gladness, but to shun the mere pretence. The difference is as between a delicious and life-giving cordial, and a sickly and hurtful counterfeit.

People may laugh and yet be miserable. —You may have read how a gentleman residing in Paris went to consult one of the leading physicians in that beautiful and gay city. That from which relief was desired was severe and long-continued depression. The patient had long suffered from distressing gloom, and instead of being able to shake it off, he was becoming more and more tormented by it. Life was a burden to him, and he was convinced that unless relief could be obtained he would lose his reason. He was even then on the verge of madness, and ready to take away his own life from sheer misery. While, however, he had some degree of self-control, he was seeking help from those who appeared most likely to furnish it. The sufferer had money at his command, so that he could secure the best advice, and avail himself of counsel. The prescriptions of the medical man proved to be entirely useless. The medicines given, the change of scenery sought, the amusements

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adopted, were equally vain. The physician at length said, "There is nothing, I believe, to prevent your recovery, if we could succeed, anyhow, in breaking the train of melancholy reflection which enslaves you. Could we, even for a short time, change the current of your thoughts, much would be gained. Go to the Italian Theatre, and hear Carline. You may be no wiser for such mirth as is there provided; but, amid the uproarious laughter of the crowd, you will forget yourself. The funny fellow may prove the best doctor, after all." The sufferer heaved a deep sigh, and replied, "Alas, Sir, I am Carline!"

Mirth that is sinful multiplies misery.—It is not needful that we should trouble our friends with all the gloomy feelings and apprehensions which enter our mind. We had better employ the most likely means we know of to get rid of them; and, meanwhile, endure in silence, unless by speaking we can do or get good. But those who seek relief and pleasurable excitement in that which is evil, are providing for themselves future distress and woe. They are buying comfort very dearly, as those who go to some selfish and cruel usurer, who will know no pity when the day of reckoning arrives. Sinful gratification is the worst of usurers.

Edmund Kean was entrusted with rare gifts. He was born in a comfortless room in London, and amid the most unfavourable circumstances. He had to endure much privation for many years, and his companionships were among those who were as shabbily dressed and fared as coarsely as himself. Yet he carried about with him a genius which was to place him among the most distinguished in the land. When engaged at Drury-Lane Theatre, he took the metropolitan world by storm. The fascination of his eloquence bore all before it. London was in excitement from end to end, concerning this prodigy, who had somehow been hitherto concealed from view. He who frequently would have been aforetime thankful for a mutton chop in any small trader's back-parlour, or for credit from a third-class tailor for a suit of clothes, was now feasted by the nobility of the land. Duchesses and countesses were rivals for his presence at their festal boards. But Edmund Kean, while enhancing the gratification of crowds, was not a happy man. He was not devoting his wondrous powers to the service of God in promoting the real welfare of men, and he was not seeking from God the grace needful at all times, but specially so in his dizzy position of success and flattery. Around that gifted man a deadly vice was wrapping its fatal coils. The love of brandy was destroying all that was noble within him. In vain the ceaseless flow of money, which was the reward of his efforts. In vain the admiration of the titled, and beautiful, and rich. Nothing could save him from the results of his own folly. The theatres were still crowded by those who regarded his utterances and acting as the chief treat of their lives. But Kean was becoming more and more degraded and miserable. She whom he had vowed to love and cherish, and who failed not to regard him with affection, was forced from his home by his vile excesses. Brandy became the great necessity of his life. Pleasant food, refined society, much-loved books, everything had to yield to this dreadful thirst. Brandy, morning, noon, and night. Brandy was everything to the miserable man. Nor was he permitted to pass away without knowing somewhat of penury in later life as in his early career. By those wondrous gifts bestowed by God he had been exalted. Large wealth had come into his possession. It has been calculated that in the course of thirteen years he received about two hundred thousand pounds. Yet he died penniless. For suitable interment he must be dependent on others. The close of his life was distinguished by unbroken gloom. Poor Kean, once so admired and apparently happy, was miserable beyond description. His mirth had often been uproarious, but it had been at times merely affected, and always godless. The end of that mirth was "heaviness."

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Real happiness may replace pretended mirth.—The Lord Jesus Christ said to His disciples, "Ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." That is the kind of gladness which is most precious. That joy extends deep enough and far enough. The happiness reaches the heart, and onward throughout our entire existence. It is quite possible that disciples of Jesus may not laugh very much. Most probably they will not. After the period of childhood, there is not generally any constitutional disposition to laugh, and in God's people such disposition where it exists will be brought into suitable control. They know that its large indulgence neither promotes their gladness nor adorns their profession. As a rule there will be among Christ's disciples less laughter and more joy than among any others in the neighbourhood.

When Hedley Vicars was young, the regiment to which he was attached was stationed for a time at Corfu, one of the beautiful islands in the Mediterranean. The officers had much leisure, and the scenery was delightful. They would go in little parties to enjoy themselves, and Hedley Vicars was apparently the gayest of them all. Any little expedition in search of pleasure seemed incomplete if Vicars was not with it, for he was so merry, and kind, and inventive of frolic. But, amid all the sources of enjoyment which were then around him, Vicars was unhappy. He had not found his true rest and peace in God. In after years, when encompassed with the horrors and sufferings of the Crimean war, but enjoying daily intercourse with God, the young officer wrote: "I would not, for all the world could give me, go back to my former state. I have gained immeasurably more than I have given. In exchange for fleeting pleasures now, I have hopes of lasting joys, which mortal eye hath never seen, nor ear heard of, nor heart can conceive. I have been brought into friendship with God, through the merits and precious blood-shedding of my Redeemer, and the influence of the Holy Ghost: and in place of an aching heart, I have tasted of a peace which passeth understanding."

THE LIFEBOAT WORK IN 1871.

During the past twelve months, the Lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution rescued six hundred and fifty-eight lives, in addition to thirty-one vessels saved from destruction. During the same period the Lifeboat Institution granted rewards for saving two hundred and thirty lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of eight hundred and eighty-eight lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether the Institution has contributed from its formation to the saving of twenty thousand seven hundred and fifty-two shipwrecked persons, for which services nine hundred and fifteen gold and silver medals, and £36,673. in money have been given as rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by Lifeboats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, the crews often incurring much risk and exposure throughout stormy days and nights, it is gratifying to know that not a single life has been lost from the Lifeboats of the Institution during the past three years, in which period they have been manned on all occasions, including quarterly exercise, by upwards of thirty thousand persons. It is also a remarkable fact that during the past twenty years the Institution has not lost from all causes more than twenty-two persons from its own Lifeboats. We might make an interesting narrative of noble rescue; but our purpose, as an illustration of the character of these services, will be answered by an allusion to the services of the Ramsgate and Broadstairs Lifeboats to the barque "Idun," of Bergen, which was going to pieces on the Goodwin Sands on the 28th of March last. After reaching the wreck and taking from her fourteen men, together with the son and daughter of the captain, the boats themselves grounded on the sands,

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and the boiling surf broke over them. They had to drift to leeward for three hours in order to save themselves; but at last they got the aid of the harbour tug, by which they were taken in tow and saved. Such deeds are quite as gallant as the most brilliant exploits of warfare; and the time will assuredly come when they and those who have promoted their accomplishment, will occupy an incomparably higher place in the estimation of mankind.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION,
14, *John Street, Adelphi,*
London, W.C., December 30th, 1871.

THE LIFEBOAT.

THE LIFEBOAT! the lifeboat! when tempests are dark
She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark!
When, midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep,
The minute-guns boom like a knell on the deep.

The lifeboat! the lifeboat! the whirlwind and rain,
And white-crested breakers, oppose her in vain;
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,
She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch!

The lifeboat! the lifeboat! how fearless and free
She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea!
She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain;
She has stemm'd them before, and she'll stem them again.

The lifeboat! the lifeboat! she's manned by the brave,
In the noblest of causes commission'd to save;
What heart but has thrill'd in the seaman's distress,
At the lifeboat's endeavours, the lifeboat's success!

The lifeboat! the lifeboat! no vessel that sails
Has stemm'd such rough billows and weather'd such gales;
Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was won,
Such true glory achieved as the lifeboat has done!

PROMINENT PERSONS IN SACRED HISTORY.

III.—ABRAHAM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

IT is a beautiful sight to see wealth, position, power, and piety in the same person. Abraham is a fine illustration of this. As the head of a family, and a great chief, we see him discharging the duties which devolved upon him under the influence of true religion.

Although the deluge was a lasting monument of God's displeasure against sin, it seems that many in the time of Abraham had forgotten the lessons it was intended to teach. The land in which the patriarch lived, Chaldea, was a stronghold of one of the most ancient and splendid systems of idolatry. To prevent the universal spread of idolatry, and especially to promote and increase spiritual religion, Abraham was called to follow God in new paths. That true piety was not then extinct, is seen in the case of Melchizedek, who was a priest of the most high God, and met the patriarch after his victory over the kings, and blessed him. But the tendency of that age was very much towards idolatry. Moreover, Abraham had to become the founder of the most important nation in the world.

Why was Abraham kept moving from place to place, from one country to another? Was it to keep him from dangerous and improper friendships and connections with those around him? Was it to save him from false securities and dependencies? Was it to maintain in him a spirit of dependence on God, as his chief Good? Was this God's school in which Abraham learned advanced

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wisdom? Were not the Jews, as a nation, forbidden unnecessary intercourse with surrounding nations for similar reasons?

Abraham was remarkable for the strength of his faith. And did not the events of his life require strong faith? Is not the grace in which a child of God most excels, the one which the events of his earthly existence most severely test? Moses had meekness; Job had patience; Elijah was "jealous for the Lord God of hosts;" Daniel had courage; and Paul had zeal; and we see in every case how the prominent grace of the Spirit was tested. We shall see the same fact regarding Abraham's faith as we proceed with his history. When he was called to leave his home, and friends, and country, and follow God in paths new to him, he did so, "not knowing whither he went." It seemed to him that to dwell in countries to which God called him, was like placing his life in peril, yet he faced such danger rather than disobey God.

His faith, or vision of spiritual realities, was clear, high, wide, and far advanced. Thus his faith discovered reasons for his doing as he did. When he was in the promised land, he did not live there as a citizen, but as a sojourner, one who was passing through, and hastening on to that "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." Thus the future was presented to his faith as a permanent state of existence. He saw human life beyond the tomb as a community of saints; for a city has citizens who hold intercourse with each other, and interchange ideas, sentiments, feelings, and pleasures.

The influence of such discoveries on him was *a constant living for the future.* He was in Canaan as a stranger and a pilgrim. He bought no land but for burial. He dwelt in no abodes, but "tents" and "tabernacles." He formed no friendships with those around him, which were inconsistent with his going from the Canaan on earth to the Canaan in heaven. He regarded the celestial city which God revealed to him as his real home, and his existence in this life as a journey to it. His conduct as a husband, a father, and a master, or chief, shows how religious was the spirit which he cultivated, and how pious was the life he lived. God's testimony regarding him, and the close friendship subsisting between the Deity and Abraham, show us how high was the place which the patriarch had in Divine estimation.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant." Hence, when the cry of Sodom had risen to heaven, and God was about to destroy the city because of the sins of the people, He said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" And God condescended to tell His "Friend" Abraham what He was about to do! The patriarch was much moved, and pleaded with God to spare the city, and not till the pleader ceased to employ the "wondrous power of faithful prayer," did God rise to destroy the guilty city which had not ten righteous persons in it. How intimate must have been that fellowship with God which Abraham, "the father of the faithful," then enjoyed! So mighty is prayer, when offered in agreement with the will of God. Abraham displayed a fine spirit when it was found needful for a separation to take place between him and Lot. Their flocks and herds had become so great that the land was not able to bear them together, and they had to talk about a separation for the benefit of each other. The patriarch then said to his relative Lot, "Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Had it been a question of *might*, or of temporal prosperity only, Abraham could soon have been master of the whole position; but instead of that, we see him acting like a man of God, wishful to be at peace with those around him, and to place himself at the disposal of Divine Providence. Lot seems to have been more under the influence of other views and feelings, and the issue proved the wisdom of Abraham and the folly of

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Lot; Abraham's great gain, and Lot's great loss. Lot took his own case very much into his own hands, and acted as if he wished to be the disposer of his own affairs. Lot placed the present before the future, and the increase of his flocks and herds before the peace of his mind, and the safety of his soul. The "well-watered plain of Jordan" which Lot so much desired, was near Sodom, whose sins were crying to heaven for vengeance. Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom," and probably thought he had done *a fine thing* for himself, and with prospects so flattering he hoped to *die in his nest.*

But how different was the issue from Lot's expectations! The kings in the surrounding region went to battle, "four kings with five;" and probably Lot had to take a side and join his neighbours, on the ground of self-defence and common interest. Whether Lot fought or not, the successful kings took Lot captive, "and his goods, and departed." Thus Lot lost his property and his liberty; and had he not been favoured with the interposition of Abraham, his future history might have been very sad. But Abraham was at hand; and when he heard of what had befallen Lot, he "armed his trained servants" and pursued the victors, and smote them; and thus he "brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people." When Abraham was returning, "Melchizedek, king of Salem," and "priest of the most high God," met him and blessed him.

Abraham, as the head of a family, maintained religion in his household. One reason why God made known to the patriarch what He would not reveal to others regarding the near destruction of Sodom, was Abraham's attention to family religion. "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." In the age of Abraham, and in the country where he lived, where there were large tribes, the head united the sovereign power and the priesthood in himself. Having, then, such a position, "the Friend of God" would carry his religion into the relative and public duties of life. Some call his "trained servants" his *catechized servants*, to whom Abraham made known the truths, the duties, the claims, and interests of religion. We may justly conclude that such a person gave an example becoming his religious character, whilst he suppressed vice, and enforced godly discipline throughout his household. We have a glance at the benefits of "family religion" in the home of Abraham, in the behaviour of the eldest servant of his house when he went to seek a wife for Isaac. The servant practically owned the character and government of God, and the duty and benefits of prayer to God in such a case. Isaac, too, "went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." The Margin reads, "went out to pray." If so, we see in the child, and the servant of Abraham, the religious benefits of household piety. What better heritage can a child receive from his parent, or a servant from his master?

When Abraham was called to sacrifice his son Isaac, it was a severe test of his attachment to the Deity. He had the feelings of a parent towards his child, and a saint towards his God. What a test! What a struggle between natural affection and religious attachment! One of them must yield to the other. But was there a contest in the bosom of the good man as to which of the two should prevail? Isaac was the rightful heir, and more than that, he was the "son of the promises," in the continuance of whose existence in this world so much seemed involved. There were in operation not only the feelings of a father, but also the feelings of a religious man, whose posterity through Isaac should be such a religious blessing to his nation, his race, and the whole world. But his faith was sufficient for the occasion. What a trial to the feelings of Abraham, when Isaac carried the wood, not knowing that it was intended to consume himself!

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What a battle must have been in the good man's breast!

How superior is faith to natural affection, and human reason, and all other things earthly and human! As the fulfilment of the promises depended on the continuance of the life of Isaac, natural affection, human reason, worldly wisdom, and other such counsellors might have said that the continuance of the life of Isaac was indispensable to the accomplishment of God's designs. But strong faith could see beyond all such guides, and the "father of the faithful," amidst all the circumstances of the case, "accounted that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead." What a weapon is strong faith! and what victories has it won! Where is the true Christian who has not had to use it amidst the events of life, when the counsel of his own heart, his wisdom, his friends, and this world would all have led him in another way! Such events are the great hinges on which the future of the child of God so much depends; and here we see the surpassing advantages of a life of faith above a life of mere reason. Throughout sacred history, we see that the grand principle, in the grandest of men, amidst the grandest of all their doings, was *faith*. When they are presented to us amidst the usual affairs of life, we see the steady flow of religious principle in a stream of love to God; but when they had to do anything of supreme importance affecting the glory of God and the honour of religion, the benefit of their age, and of their race to the end of time and beyond, then the Divine historian exhibits them to our view as MEN OF FAITH. Thus they staggered not where otherwise they would have fallen, but were "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

No historian without religion would have written Abraham's history as God has written it; because he would have condemned what God commends, and he would have commended what God would have condemned! How changed will our opinions of the events and doings of this life be when we reach the tribunal of God in the world beyond the tomb!

Those "strange doings" in the sacred history of the "men of faith," are the very things which God Himself has made the most prominent and emphatic in their history.

The truths of the Bible, which embody the principles of God's moral government and the realities of the spiritual world, become clear, comprehensible, and in a certain sense self-evident to man, in proportion as he progresses in personal piety. Every one doubts the existence of such things in proportion as he declines in moral excellence, and the reverse in proportion as he grows in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

CAN FAITH AND UNBELIEF UNITE AS TEACHERS OF MORALITY?

THERE is much that men have in common with their fellows; many interests they may pursue together. There are many fields of usefulness in which they may labour side by side. They may build hospitals for the suffering, and places of refuge for the poor. When Chicago is burned, they may meet upon a common platform, and advocate the claims of the sufferers. Our human sympathies urge us to united effort on behalf of the distressed; we may work in the shop, the factory, or the office, delve in the mine or climb the mast, as brethren in toil, in suffering, in sympathy, and rejoice together in the success of our labours. We may do all this, and yet there may be elements in our souls that refuse to amalgamate or intermingle; yea, there may be in the hearts of even brethren according to the flesh much in direct antagonism. Faith will seek companionship, sympathy. In natural sympathy there need not be sectarianism, beyond the law of precedence laid down in the Bible, — our own house, the household of faith, the world.

Philosophy asserts that faith is the basis of action. No man would go to America or New-Zealand unless he first

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had sufficient faith in its existence, and the possibility of his ultimately arriving there, to justify a voyage in its direction. The Scriptures assert that faith is the maker of character, and the statement is closely allied to the philosophic assertion. "By faith are ye saved," "purifying their hearts by faith;" and, though it may sound somewhat paradoxical, unbelief is faith, faith of a terrible kind in active operation. There are different degrees of character in the world, degrees in vice, degrees in holiness. Characters of every kind and of all degrees may be traced to their root—faith; faith of opposite kinds, and all producing fruit after their kind. There are none without the faith which forms character. Faith in essentials and details varies through the weakness or morbidness of the human intellect, or the proneness to vice of the heart. Those nearest unity in faith join each other, from sympathy, from conscious weakness, and felt need of encouragement and support.

The fruit of Christian faith is morality. In all morality there must be a something without which it cannot exist, the root from whence it springs. If anything is good or bad, the root from which it springs is the reason why it is good or bad. Faith is the root of morality, and thus becomes the maker of character.

If faith makes character, the Christian and the infidel cannot meet upon moral grounds. Their faiths do not point or lead to union, but to antagonism. There can be no code of morality upon which they can agree. They may agree, sympathize, unite, in mechanical, chemical, botanical, geological, or astronomical science; but the moment they leave the purely scientific or secular, they diverge as far asunder as the poles.

Two men who believe there is no God, have unity of creed beyond the physical and the secular; so two men who believe there is a God, have passed beyond the workshop and the school of science to the field of morals. The belief in a God is the first stone in the Christian's faith, but never stands dissociated from the entire truth as it is in Jesus. The belief in a God as held by the deist, is held but feebly, ere it is flung away, to be replaced by Atheism. The belief in a God in the heathen world may be the pioneer of Gospel truth. Deism rejects Revelation, consequently there can be neither union nor communion between Christianity and it.

If a deist and a Christian meet to draw out a code of morals, the meeting must imply concession. If they meet to sketch out school-books in which moral truths are inculcated, the results will prove that the Unitarian has ascended to the Evangelical, or the Evangelical descended to the Unitarian. Generally it is the Evangelical that descends, seldom the opposite. There can be no sound morality separate from religion, and no religion separate from the essential verities upon which it is based. Those who give up for the sake of peace what they consider essentials in religion, sacrifice principle. The union of faith and unbelief, truth and falsehood, sin and holiness, heaven and hell! In comparison with this, an attempted union of physical contraries is trifling. Fire and water, heat and cold, may meet; but the contact always results in the destruction of one or other. So faith and unbelief may meet, but never on neutral ground. Deadly strife can be their only mutual terms, and they have never met on any other. We wish our children to be decidedly religious in all places and at all times; and we hope, because they are so, they will not have less, but more of the milk of human kindness. Because they hold tenaciously their own opinions, we trust they will not the less respect the conscientious convictions of others.

Bring into the workshop or the office a law that God is not to be mentioned except at specified hours, unless in some form which an atheist would not object to, and you expel every man who is a Christian. And the law of conscience to which the man of God could not submit in the workshop, is not a law to which his child should be subjected in the school. Apply a prohibitory law in regard to

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belief or the expressing of it in the family where a Christian servant dwells, and you either expel him, or retain a rebel who will break the law at the first favourable opportunity. Close his mouth on the subject of religion by a law, and you place him in bonds to which a higher law demands his resistance.

Belfast. J. M.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

Nothing exists in Nature, without some very good reason for it: this has been proved so many thousands of times, that men of science have come to regard it as a truism. In the case before us, some at least of the answers lie on the surface. Had the sea been all fresh water, it would have been frozen over in winter, so as to stop fishing and navigation, and it would not have been nearly so buoyant, in other words, not nearly so convenient for the purposes of commerce. For, as Aristotle well observed, it is owing to its buoyancy that "laden ships, which are near to sinking in the rivers, are in fair trim for sailing in the sea. Moreover, if one make a strong mixture of salt and water, eggs will float upon it, for it becomes almost like mud: so much substance has the sea." We all know how much this fact is in favour of the swimmer, a point of no little importance in an element so peculiarly liable to storms. The salt in the sea also determines the form and nature of all the plants and animals in it. Withdraw the salt, and you will no longer have the life which now exists there. Herrings, mackerel, cod-fish, etc., would all retire, and we should have in their stead the fish of our lakes and rivers; while instead of sea-weeds, we should have fresh-water plants. M.

BENGEL'S RESTING-PLACE.

We are told that Bengel, the great German scholar, when upon his death-bed, requested a dear friend to read to him the sacred Scriptures. When the reader came to the passage, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin," the dying man stopped him, saying, "Add no more, it is enough; I shall die on these words." His vigorous and cultivated intellect had laid in vast stores of knowledge; he had gone the round of the sciences, and pressed his way through the thick fog-banks of metaphysical and theological speculations, till he had found the only resting-place—faith in a Saviour's death.—***Robert Boyd, D.D.***

STAR-DUST.

The captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes, was used to relate the following anecdote:—One day he went out of his own ship, to dine on board another; while he was there, a storm arose, which, in a short time, made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant; the people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took his two children, tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulder, and put them into the boat. The boat by this time was quite full, and when the black was stepping into it himself, he was told by the master, there was no room for him, that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both would sink the boat. The exalted heroic Negro did not hesitate a moment. "Very well," said he, "give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults"—and then, guess the rest; he plunged to the bottom, never to rise again, till the sea shall give up its dead.—***Memoirs of*** Hannah More.

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest: and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.—***Howe.***

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Sowers of the Gospel, this should be our aim in our sermons,—not that men should depart pleased with us, but that they should depart displeased with themselves; not that our conceits should be thought by them good, but that their own habits should be thought by them bad; their lives, their pastimes, their ambition, and, in short, all their sins. So that they are discontented with themselves, let them be discontented with us, and welcome. "If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ," said the greatest of all preachers, St. Paul. O, let us please God, and let us not care a whit for the judgment of men! Let us remember that in this same church are galleries loftier than those we see. We are made a spectacle to God, and to angels, and to men.—*Antonio Vieyra.*

REV. EDWIN THORLEY,

Died at Llanelly, January 6th, 1872. Aged 52.

In Memoriam.

Brother, thy work is done,
Far sooner than we thought;
An early triumph thou hast won,
To Jesu's presence caught:
No toil or sorrow there,
Thy spirit is at rest,
The promised crown thou now dost wear,
In robes of white art drest.

The countless company
Of Christ's redeem'd above,
Favour'd thou art to know and see,
To converse with and love;
The land, to us far off,
In which the King doth dwell,
Thou now hast gain'd, with joy enough
Thy every power to swell.

The mysteries Divine
On which thou oft didst speak,
O, with what radiance they shine!
O, with what light they break!
No longer dim and faint,
Upon thy raptured sight
They pour themselves, without restraint,
Brighter, and still more bright.

When, in the spring-time gay,
We pastors meet again,
Thy spirit will be far away,
In yonder bright domain:
We shall not hear thy voice,
But we shall think of thee,
And sorrowful, shall yet rejoice,
In hope of what shall be.

In hope of what shall be
When we our work have done,—
In hope of an eternity
Of bliss, before the throne:
O may we faithful prove,
To every solemn trust!
O may we more our Master love
Ere *we* return to dust!

To dust we must return,
And we who took our friend
To his last resting-place and bourn
Beneath the foe must bend.
O God, our souls prepare
The solemn hour to meet,
When Thou, ere yet we are aware,
Wilt call us to Thy feet!

And sanctify this loss
To those who feel it most,
To whom it seems as if the gloss
Of life were gone and lost.
The lonely widowhood
And sorrowing orphanage,
Cheer with Thy presence, O our God!
And guide through every stage.

Thornley Smith.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MARY JANE SKELLETT.

Mary Jane Skellett was a native of Jamaica. She entered the family of the late Rev. W. G. Stedman in the year 1852, whose family she faithfully served until her death, which took place December 3d, 1870. She was early brought to a knowledge of the truth, and from that time continued a consistent member of the Methodist Society. She was much attached to her Ministers, and loved the ordinances of God's house, not

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allowing any attraction elsewhere to prevent her attendance on her own place of worship. To her class and her Leader she was much devoted, always showing a readiness to assist at the monthly prayer-meeting when requested. Her last illness was short, but very prostrating; yet she never repined, but acquiesced in the Divine will. She expressed her trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and her belief that He would never leave or forsake her. The day before she died, she said: "I can only read my Bible and pray now." She felt it to be a severe trial to be absent from the means of grace, and indulged the hope of again being able to attend them, but God had otherwise appointed. Her difficulty in breathing prevented her from conversing much, but what she did say was most satisfactory. She died at Colchester, just seven weeks after her beloved master, at the age of thirty-one years.

Colchester. SARAH M. STEDMAN.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For April, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
Mar.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	5 37	6 32	8 22a	5 0m	7 34a	3 2m	2 48m
April							
10	5 15	6 49	8 40	4 42	7 37	2 25	2 10
20	4 53	7 5	7 49	4 24	7 41	1 49	1 32
30	4 33	7 22	*Rises.* 4 21m	4 6	7 44	1 13	0 53

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Last Quarter .... 2h. 32m. morn. | 15th, First Quarter .... 10h. 11m. after.
8th, New Moon ..... 0h. 32m. morn. | 23d, Full Moon ..... 1h. 37m. after.
30th, Last Quarter.... 8h. 21 morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st..... 9h. after., Perigee; distance 229,844 miles.
„ 15th..... 6h. morn., Apogee; „ 251,175 „
„ 27th..... 7h. morn., Perigee; „ 228,204 „
Mean distance for the month..... 240,100 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st ..... 91,688,970 „
May 1st ..... 92,443,760 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 754,790 „

In the early part of the month, *Mercury* continues above the horizon, each evening, till nearly two hours after sunset; and may therefore be seen by the naked eye. It will have reached its greatest eastern elongation from the Sun, nineteen degrees, at three o'clock on the morning of the 5th. Shortly after this, it will be at its greatest distance from the plane of the ecliptic on the northern side. It rises in declination till the 13th, when its north declination will be seventeen degrees twenty-eight minutes. On the afternoon of the 14th, it will be stationary; the apparent motion then changes from direct to retrograde.

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Towards the 19th, it will be near *Mars*: the conjunction of these planets takes place on the morning of the 20th, when their angular distance will be two and a half degrees. On the 24th, at nine in the evening, it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun, not right between the Earth and Sun, it is too far north of the ecliptic, else there would be a transit. On the evening of the 28th, it will be in the plane of the ecliptic, going southward. Near conjunction, this planet, seen with a good telescope, is an exquisitely beautiful object, a thin crescent of twelve seconds' diameter.

Venus is approaching the Sun, though visible in the early part of the month, low in the east before sunrise. On the afternoon of the 4th, it will reach that point of its orbit most distant from the Sun. Next afternoon it will be apparently near the Moon, the conjunction taking place below our horizon. On the 27th, it will be at its greatest distance, southward, from the ecliptic. Being in the more remote part of its orbit, the greater part of the illuminated hemisphere is turned to us, and the planet appears in a telescope nearly round.

Mars sets soon after the Sun. The Moon will be near this planet on the afternoon of the 8th, four hours after her conjunction with the Sun.

In the absence of the Moon, *Jupiter* has now no rival in the evening sky. It will be on the meridian on the 14th, at six o'clock in the afternoon. It has for several months remained in close proximity to Castor and Pollux, nearer to the latter. A little before noon on the 10th, it will be in *quadrature* with the Sun; that is, two lines directed from the spectator, one toward the Sun and the other toward Jupiter, would be at right angles. Curiously enough, an hour later, Saturn will be in quadrature with the Sun on the opposite side. In fact, the two planets are almost diametrically opposite, as seen by us. The disappearances of the first satellite in the shadow of the primary will take place behind the planet, the reappearances alone will be visible on the earth. Those which can be observed in these islands are:—April 2d, 8h. 24m. 6s., after.; 9th, 10h. 19m. 35s., after.; 17th, 0h. 15m. 5s., morn.; and 25th, 8h. 39m. 30s., after. Reappearances of the second satellite occur on the 1st, at 1h. 55m. 16s., morn.; 8th, 8h. 25m. 49s., after.; 15th, 11h. 1m. 6s., after.; and 23d, 1h. 36m. 16s., morn.; the disappearances will not be visible. A reappearance of the third satellite may be witnessed on the 4th, at 8h. 3m. 55s.; a disappearance on the 11th, at 8h. 38m. 19s., after., and reappearance 4m. 54s. after midnight; on the morning of the 19th, a disappearance at 0h. 38m. 11s.; and reappearance at 4h. 5m. 15s. A reappearance of the fourth takes place on the 17th, at 10h. 22m. 33s. The first satellite will be on the disc of the primary on the 1st, from 7h. 40m. to 10h. 0m., its shadow from 8h. 57m. to 11h. 17m., after.; on the 8th, from 9h. 35m. to 11h. 54m., the shadow from 10h. 52m., after., to 1h. 12m. next morning; on the 15th, from 11h. 50m., even. to 1h. 49m. next morning, its shadow enters 47m. past midnight; on the 24th, from 7h. 55m. to 10h. 14m., the shadow from 9h. 10m. to 11h. 30m. The second satellite will be on the disc on the 6th, from 7h. 59m. to 10h. 54m., its shadow from 10h. 32m., even., till 1h. 28m. next morning; and on the 13th, 10h. 37m., after. The fourth satellite will be on the disc on the 8th, from 7h. 43m. to 11h. 56m.

Saturn is visible in the mornings. It continues to increase slowly in right ascension, that is, to move slowly eastward among the fixed stars, till the 30th, when the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. The ring is thirty-eight seconds in length by fifteen in breadth. The diameter of the ball is sixteen seconds.

Uranus will be on the meridian on the 20th, at six o'clock in the afternoon. The meridian altitude still about sixty degrees.

Neptune will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 13th.

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PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

No. XII.

THE scenery of the present Number lies in the Samoa group of Western Polynesia. Their centre is about three thousand miles from Sydney, and they occupy an area of about two degrees of latitude, say one hundred and forty miles, and five of longitude, say three hundred and fifty miles. If my reader will take a Mercator's plan, or a map of Oceanea, or one of the southern hemisphere, between latitudes 10° and 20° S., and longitudes 170° E. to 170° W., will be

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seen, stretching in a westerly direction, first the Fiji Islands, then the Friendly Islands, and then the Samoas, or "Navigators," as they were more generally called in old maps. The Dutch discoverer, Roggewein, bore the honour of having first visited this group in 1768. Then followed, in 1772, the visit of the French circumnavigator, M. de Bougainville, who, noticing the natives so generally on the sea engaged in their fisheries and otherwise, called the group "the Navigators." Then, in 1787, followed the visit of La Perouse. The last-named visit was followed by disastrous consequences. A pilfering native was mortally wounded in an endeavour to escape; to the deep regret, we will charitably hope, of that celebrated discoverer, who afterwards met his death by native hands in these seas. This capital punishment for a petty theft, however unintentional, provoked the deep ire of the islanders, who fiercely attacked the expedition, and after a severe conflict, were only beaten off with the loss of the lives of two officers and ten seamen. From that period the Samoas were avoided by the whites. Their inhabitants were regarded as a peculiarly dangerous people. Not until some half a century afterwards, in 1830, did they again attract much attention. In that year they were visited for Missionary purposes by the martyr, John Williams, of that noble sister-agency of Wesleyan-Missions, the London Missionary Society.

It is not purposed to extend this paper by presenting any detailed account of the history of the missions of the two Societies in Samoa. It is well known that at one period, and in express deference to the wishes of the London Missionary Society, most interesting Wesleyan Missions were delivered into their hands. Our veteran Missionaries here, deeply regretted the step, however they might admire the kindly and unexceptionable motives which prompted it. Multitudes of natives who had become deeply attached to our forms, especially to the class-meeting, did not *settle well* under the new arrangement, and were grieved and vexed at our departure. The agents of direful Popery pounced down like birds of prey, and seizing the occasion, gained footing through it. Ultimately, at the urgent request of the people, Wesleyan Missions were resumed in the group, and still continue side by side with those of the excellent London Missionary Society. May the God of all grace, for the sake of our Lord Jesus, pour out more abundantly of His convincing and converting Spirit upon the labours of both societies! The Polynesian is not one whit behind his white brother in attachment to the church of his choice. His feelings in this matter, if more untutored, are at least equally strong. In this we are far from wishing much alteration. The being given to change is not an accompaniment of vigorous Christian character. It would be no easy task in England to turn over a society of attached Methodists to any other branch of the Church, fully as they might recognize, and

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heartily as they might love, that branch as brethren. And as it is in England, so in Samoa.

Polynesia is divided into coral groups and volcanic groups. The Samoas are a volcanic group. The largest island is Savaii, the circumference of which is about one hundred and fifty miles, with mountains attaining an estimated altitude of four thousand feet. Next in order is Upolu, which measures around some twenty miles less than Savaii. Then we have Tutuila, some eighty miles in circumference. Then various smaller inhabited, and yet smaller uninhabited, islands.

In Fiji and Tonga, not distant groups, we have ethnologically the woolly-haired Papuan; but in Samoa we find the pure Malay, the lank hair of the European. We have changed nations in a few days' sail. This is one of the wonders of Polynesia.

The population of the Samoa group is not supposed to exceed forty thousand.

My friend, Mr. Roberts, a man of considerable artistic attainments, lately spent eleven months in visiting Samoa. He speaks most glowingly of these islands, and their productiveness. "I never," said he, "saw anything so beautiful in my life." They are masses of perennial greenness, rising emerald-like to the sky. He specially named the little island of Safono, which is said to produce more cocoa-nuts than any other island of the group. It contained but two white residents, who offered the vessel cotton of considerable value, and cocoa-nut oil to the value of £700. Mr. Roberts also visited many of the cotton plantations of the group. One he names as occupying three hundred native hands. These details illustrate the increasing commercial value of these islands; a fact which may also be stated of Polynesia generally.

The principal hurricane months in Polynesia are the first three of the year. In January, 1865, one of these visitations occurred at the Samoa group. The Rev. Martin Dyson resided with his family at the small island of Manono, convenient head-quarters of his Circuit.

In a very interesting account of this providential deliverance, with which Mr. Dyson has furnished me, he remarks: "On Saturday, January 28th, 1865, we experienced a very severe hurricane. It began to show signs of violence about noon, when one tree at the end of our house was torn partly up by its roots, and fell on the house. Mrs. Dyson and I and our youngest child were in the room nearest to the falling tree at the time, and although I fully expected that it would have crushed in upon us, we were protected by the kind hand of God. The branches prevented the heavy trunk from breaking through the wooden building. In falling, the tree tilted over, and leaned on the house, the top part with its long branches and large

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leaves, covering the end of the building which was most exposed to the hurricane, which blew from the north. The elastic and small, but long and numerous branches of the tree, falling on the end of a '*hip*-roofed' house, and its roots on one side still retaining their hold upon the soil, the tree was thus prevented from being fully uprooted, and the full weight of the tree was also prevented from crushing in the rafters."

The reader will, I think, readily comprehend Mr. Dyson's description, and will perceive how providentially this tree was *eased down* upon himself and family, inmates as they were of a frail wooden building. It must be borne in mind that the mechanical forces of a hurricane are tremendous. Some very brief particulars of one which visited portions of the neighbouring group of the Fijis in April last, (1871,) are thrown into a foot-note, and will assist the reader to realize the power of these destructive visitations.* One is reminded of various portions of God's Holy Word: "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more: but the righteous is an everlasting foundation." (Prov. x. 25.) "Behold, the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind: it shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked. The fierce anger of the Lord shall not return, until He have done it, and until He have performed the intents of His heart." (Jer. xxx. 23, 24.) The hurricane furnishes here a powerful

* This hurricane raged principally at the islands of Kandavu Nadi and their neighbourhood. When the aneroid (barometer) was as low as twenty-eight degrees thirty-five minutes, six large wooden stores sustained a clean sweep, were entirely thrown down. At the establishment of Messrs. Gordon and Hoyles, at Enamana, three large houses, with iron roofs built wattle-and-dab fashion, were carried away. Some of the iron was afterwards picked up from amongst a cotton crop which was quite half a mile distant from where these houses had stood. At Bete Loki, a small wooden house with a verandah six feet wide was lifted up by the wind with its piles, and carried with all its contents to the river bank, one hundred and fifty yards distant, where the mass came in contact with a clump of trees, and was broken to fragments, and the river rising, carried the whole of the remains away. The wooden house of Messrs. Muir, Brothers, was blown bodily over the hill into the valley. When the dwelling-house of Messrs. Irvine and Campbell gave signs of going, all the inmates retired to a detached wooden kitchen. They had only been there a few minutes when the force of the wind lifted up the kitchen bodily, and carried it as a powerful projectile against the dwelling-house, making a clean sweep of both down the hill. There were in the kitchen at the time Mr. and Mrs. Irvine and child, Messrs. Campbell and Harris, and the overseer. They took refuge on the lee-side of an already blown down native house, and had to remain in the wet for three days without provisions. They afterwards appeared "none the worse for it." The Auckland and Fiji Cotton Company had many houses and cotton plantations destroyed. Numbers of natives were killed, cattle and sheep destroyed, also native vegetable food; vessels were capsized, and one white resident drowned.—*Greatly abridged from a Fiji Correspondent's account, in "Sydney Morning Herald," April 24th*, 1871.

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figure of the Divine vengeance on the wicked. Blessed be God, it is also our unspeakable privilege to remember, that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is also set before us in the pages of inspiration as "a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." (Isai. xxxii. 2.)

After detailing this escape, Mr. Dyson's communication to me continues: "The hurricane increased in fury during the afternoon. Then, about nine o'clock in the evening, it suddenly ceased, and the wind veered round to just the opposite quarter, south-west, and recommenced blowing, though less violently, throughout the night." Under such circumstances, it is with no small solicitude that man strains his eyeballs for the first dawn of returning day. The light is powerless, apart from Divine Providence, to minister in the slightest degree to man's safety. But the light enables man both better to realize visible sources of danger, and better to arrange precautions against them. It is often more favourable for fight with danger, and for flight from it. The hurricane is not like the bullet of hideous battle, from which the darkness often covers man. In the midst of the nocturnal hurricane, the daylight is most anxiously looked for, and it is one of the perilous incidents of life, in which the Christian realizes, as perhaps he never realized before, the *intensity* of that inspired imagery of waiting devotion expressed by David, when he said, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." (Ps. cxxx. 6.) To such "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." (Eccles. xi. 7.)

The practiced eye of the native when the day broke, saw in the heavens that encircled his island home, signs that the storm was probably very far from having expended its fury. In reading "the face of the sky," (Luke xii. 56,) with the skill which experience of such visitations imparts, he foresaw that the elemental battle was likely to be yet more fiercely renewed ere it should be said, "He maketh the storm a calm." (Ps. cvii. 29.) A temporary lull which succeeded, was but to be regarded as a warrior halting upon his sword to gain fresh strength for the renewal of the fray.

On this the *second* day of the hurricane, "acting," Mr. Dyson's letter to me continues, "on the advice of the senior natives, Mrs. Dyson and I and our children left the Mission-House, and took refuge in a newly-rebuilt out-building, where we prepared for the worst." I think the reader will agree with me respecting what follows, that the arrangements which Brother Dyson made evinced a wise forethought. Both the forethought which prompted them, and the success which attended them, were alike from the Lord. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." (Jer. x. 23.) Mr. Dyson

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continues: "I procured a few large, empty, strong wooden cases which we had on the station, and fixed them together in this out-building, leaving the sides open, and covering the tops of them with a quantity of loose flooring-boards which happened to be on hand." This provision, as the reader will readily comprehend, was intended as an habitation *within* an habitation. The hope was, that if the building itself were wrecked by the storm, this inner refuge, by Divine mercy, might yet protect.

Now advanced the second night of peril. "The shadows of the evening" were "stretched out." (Jer. vi. 4.) We often welcome those shadows. To man who "goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening," (Ps. civ. 23,) they are harbingers of relief from toil. The sweat of the brow is now to give place to the sweet solaces of home. They impose a benignant screen between the oppressed and the oppressor. The last cannot for the very darkness exact the tasks he would. Man's constitution in many ways evidences the relation of sleep to night. The merciful Lord thus brings mercy to man out of darkness. But the shadows of evening cannot be welcome when the hurricane is increasing its speed. "When the sun was going down," as we read, "a horror of great darkness fell on Abram." (Gen. xv. 12.) The approach of night could not but bring increased sense of peril to our tempest-tossed friends at Manono. But it also eventuated in an "end of the Lord," which we shall see to have been "very pitiful, and of tender mercy." (James v. 11.) So, also, out of Abram's "horror of darkness" came to him Divine comfort, and various glorious promises.

Intense and unnatural darkness now approached. Such is frequently an accompaniment of severe hurricanes. In the beautiful and highly figurative languages of Polynesia, such a storm is designated in various vernaculars, "the hurricane which throws down the cocoa-nut trees." The hurricane which destroys this great dependence of the Polynesian, is necessarily a *great* hurricane to him. He would care incomparably less for the blowing down or blowing *away* of his house. The hand of industry would readily replace his dwelling, but many successive seasons must elapse ere the cocoa-nut he plants will grow to be a noble, prolific, fruit-bearing tree. Such a hurricane was now blowing, and the poor Samoan, with deep concern, saw the darkness approach, which, when it lifted again, he could not but fear, would reveal to him a sad scene of desolation in many a cherished cocoa-nut grove. He would see the trees prostrate and destroyed which had yielded him many harvests since the days when in childhood he assisted to plant them. His export of oil would be prevented. His Missionary contribution must largely decrease. From comparative opulence he would be reduced to penury. So a night of dread closed in.

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The Rev. Martin Dyson's letter before me will now be simply followed in detailing the great danger and great providence which ensued. "After sunset, the darkness became very dense, and the wind roared most awfully. We contrived to get a little light by fixing a lamp in a bucket. Unfortunately we had not a 'bull's-eye' lamp, or one of any other kind, that was wind-tight, on the station. I placed our children in an empty case. About eight p.m. the house rocked like a cradle. Myself and Mrs. Dyson and our youngest child then took refuge in the unoccupied cases, when crash came the building over our heads. Two youths were in the house, but rushed through the broken walls, and escaped before the house came quite down. One large post fell heavily right across the very boxes in which we lay, but the flooring-boards proved to be strong enough to prevent it from breaking through upon us. The post in falling struck with violence the very spot where Mrs. Dyson had stood only a few minutes before. We were now drenched with the rain, but 'by the good hand of our God upon us,' (Ezra viii. 18,) escaped without sustaining the slightest personal harm. I ascribe all to the care of God over us, for which, when I remember this occurrence, I ever give thanks." *

RESIGNATION.

BY THE REV. J. FINNEMORE.

RESIGNATION is not blind submission to the inevitable, but a loving, patient, and contented acquiescence in the will of God when

* Just now, the Churches of Australasia and Polynesia are mourning the murders of Bishop Patteson, of the English Episcopalian Church; the Rev. Mr. Atkin, and a native teacher, named Stephen, which took place on September 20th, 1871, at Napuka, one of the small islands of the Swallow group, about thirty-three miles from Graciosa Bay, Santa-Cruz. If my young reader will look on a tolerable map for ten degrees south latitude, and will run the line along to about one hundred and sixty-six degrees east longitude, Santa-Cruz and her islets will be seen. Bishop Patteson was designated Bishop of Melanesia. Melanesia is just a new name for what used to be termed Western Polynesia, and stretches from the Fijis to New Caledonia as eastern and western boundaries, and from twenty-three degrees south latitude, to the Louisiade islands off New Guinea, as the northern boundary.

Numbers of vessels sailing under the British flag, procure labourers from various islands of the Pacific, and carry them to Queensland, and Fiji, and elsewhere. The trade has degenerated largely into a system of ill-usage and kidnapping, which has aroused great desire of vengeance amongst the various groups. The Bishop and his companions are supposed to have met their deaths from this cause. The slave-vessels, for they are no better, are stated even to have painted their sides in imitation of the Bishop's Missionary vessel, the "Southern Cross," in order to inveigle the islanders on board. The inhabitants of Melanesia being on excellent terms with the Bishop, they boating out to board the "Southern Cross" so soon as her hull could be made out, the fraud proved a valuable decoy. In the true scriptural sense Bishop Patteson had won the name in these seas of a real missionary Bishop.

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that Will crosses our own, and leads to affliction, bereavement, or loss. It prevents inordinate grief, fretful impatience, rebellious self-will, complaining, and envy. It does not destroy natural feeling, such, for instance, as deep sorrow in the hour of bereavement, or great disappointment in the time of failure. The absence of these would give evidence of a state of mind and heart which could neither be admired nor commended. Under certain circumstances and limitations, grief is both natural and beautiful. What can be more so than that of a bereaved mother bending over the lifeless form, and gazing with tearful eyes, into the pale but beautiful face of a child whose every step she has watched with a mother's care and a mother's pride? What can be more natural than the grief and disappointment of a man who, by honest toil and constant care, has saved enough to make his declining years bright and comfortable, when, by some disaster, he is made destitute and dependent? To remain unmoved under such circumstances would be a sin against nature. Resignation produces no such indifference. Its office is rather to regulate and control, so that the grief may not become sinful by becoming inordinate. Neither does it prevent the desire to be free from embarrassment, affliction, and trial as soon as possible. Not to desire this would be very unnatural. But it keeps such desire within proper limits, and prevents the impatience which would lead us to become petulant and restive. Neither, again, does it destroy the natural will; such, for instance, as, in the prospect of a calamity, bends itself with all its might to avoid or prevent it. Without such strength of will, much that is good would never be accomplished. But resignation prevents the rebellion of our will against that of God, and teaches a man to say in his very heart, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It is natural to mourn over calamities, but when mourning becomes murmuring it becomes sinful. The grace of which we are speaking prevents this, and leads to what the Psalmist describes when he says of himself, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." Resignation is a willing and uncomplaining submission to the will of God under all circumstances of trial. How desirable is the possession of this grace in its fulness! How much misery it would prevent, how much comfort it would afford. It is the duty of every Christian to cultivate it. We offer a few suggestions to help in this godly exercise.

Consider the wisdom and goodness of God in relation to His purposes. —He always has a purpose. He never acts at random. Now, His universal goodness forbids the thought that any of those purposes contemplate our injury, and leads us to conclude that what He does, He does to promote our ultimate good and the good of others. For instance, in the case of an early death. If such a thought be allowed to exert its proper influence, it will produce resignation. The writer will never forget a painting illustrative of this, which he saw some years ago in a provincial exhibition. The subject of it was a family apparently in the depths of poverty; one room serving for kitchen, bedroom, and workshop. In one corner of the room lay a beautiful, auburn-haired little girl, about eight or ten years of age, cold and silent in death; at a board near the window sat the

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father at his work; near him, a little boy was seated on the floor, unconscious of the meaning of his sister's strange silence, beating his drum as if beating her funeral dirge; in another part of the room stood the bereaved mother, gazing with tearful eyes on all that was left of her beautiful child; resignation was written on her face, and she was represented as saying, in the language of the poet,—

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule."

Recognition of the goodness of God led her to conclude that what had torn her own heart, would but add to the happiness of her child. So will the thought of that goodness enable us to realize and manifest similar submission.

And then the thought of God's wisdom will lead to the conclusion that what He does will never fail to accomplish that which He intends. Remembering that God always has a purpose, and that that purpose is always good and wise, we may with thankfulness submit to what His hand inflicts.

Let us *consider and gratefully acknowledge the abounding mercies of our life.*—There is no life in which there cannot be found abundant cause for thankfulness and joy, and if the unnumbered blessings bestowed by our loving God were duly considered, murmuring would very seldom be heard. Mr. Wesley gives a wonderful illustration of this in his Journal. Writing on April 21st, 1764, he says, "I visited one who was ill in bed; and, after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard that the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, 'Do you not fret at any of those things?' She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, 'O, no! how can I fret at anything which is the will of God? Let Him take all besides: He has given me Himself. I love, I praise Him every moment.'" Have you the same cause for gratitude? Then think of it in comparison with the trials of your life, and let your spirit be marked by the same loving submission. Do not allow these trials to drive away the thought of God's great love and of the blessings of your life. Cultivate true gratitude, and holy resignation will follow.

Let us *study the character of Christ with special reference to this subject.*—Follow Him through the numerous changes of His life. We see toil, tears, and blood, but hear no sound of impatience or complaint. In that last dread agony when His writhing soul seemed to shrink from the heavy woe, He uttered the memorable words, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." What depth of agony do these words express, and yet what depth of holy resignation to His Father's will! Does not the living submission of One so holy and so great, prevent the rising of the half-formed murmur, and hush the sigh that rises half-unconsciously to our lips? Think of His poverty, His temptations, His persecutions, sorrows, sufferings, death. Think, too, of His purity and innocence. He endured all this, not for Himself but others. The contemplation of your suffering Lord must, will enable you, in the spirit of resignation, to exclaim, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit

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the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

O murmur not, but stay thy soul
On Him who knows thy every care and woe;
The' impatience of thy will control,
Till He His gracious purposes doth show.

Gracious and wise they always are,
As every well-tried circumstance doth prove:
For higher joys, He doth prepare
The faithful objects of His faithful love.

SINGHALESE METHODISM.

BY REV. J. NICHOLSON.

THE circle of Christian influence is wider than mere statistics can ever show, and the most thrilling triumphs of our Mission-stations too often pass away without record. We cherish with loving reverence the memories of many noble men whose lives and toils have blessed our Methodist mission among the Singhalese, and rejoice in the present prosperity of fields which were long and patiently cultivated by Robert Newstead, Daniel John Gogerly, and Robert Spence Hardy, now before the throne of God. There are some honoured living fathers of this work, who will be able to follow us in our journey: we purpose visiting an eastern village in Negombo Circuit, called "Koorana," and our way will be through a busy Oriental market; then, not very far from that bazaar, we shall take a southern course, to travel over one of the most luxuriant and lovely spots which even Lanka, "the resplendent," can show. Before the sun pours down his burning rays, while the morning songs of the birds are the sweetest, and the light is yet golden in its beauty, we shall slowly drive along that road. The tall stems of cocoa-nuts rise from forty to sixty feet, and are crowned with long feathery arms, which shelter large bunches of fruit, and throw a shade over the roots; fine straight arēka palms shoot up for thirty feet, having magnificent tufts of evergreen fan-shaped leaves, and clusters of nuts in every stage of growth; jak-fruits hang from the trunk of each noble tree, varying from ten pounds to about half a hundred-weight; the breadfruit is also plentiful here, yielding its valuable produce to a rice-eating population. Around one palm, the aromatic betel-leaf creeper winds itself, and the pepper-plant finds a similar support; the cashew-tree, with its apple, and curiously pendent nut, the jungle-flowers growing in wild abundance, and delicate ferns of many shapes and hues, all show the fruitful nature of this soil, and the easiness of the cultivator's duties. Coffee-trees grow near the homes of the villagers, at one season fragrant with pure white blossoms, then glowing with bright-red cherries ripened in the sun. Cinnamon flourishes in this soil, and some of the best spice comes from estates in this neighbourhood. Plantains are universally prized, and here the enormous bulbous stems have temptingly rich bunches of fruit; yams are planted in the gardens, cucumbers and melons may be grown without much trouble, limes and nutmeg trees are plentiful, and in the three miles of our ride, we have a constant avenue of loveliness and life. In one spot, the branches are so intertwined that at midday you may enjoy a safe screen from tropical heat, and in another some Singhalese homes are completely protected by the sheltering growth of luxuriant trees.

Now we have arrived at Koorana, and have a full hour to converse with

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an old inhabitant in yonder cottage. Listen to his narrative of what this village was in the days of his youth. He tells us that the people were a rude, abandoned, desperate race; theft, drunkenness, and gambling were unreproved, open vices; the men would go into a court of justice and declare anything on oath, for which they were paid; the mothers and children were untidy, indolent, and very poor; many houses were made of cocoa-nut leaves, and the family resting-places were mere shelves of sticks. A few families were in better circumstances, but the general food consisted of shell-fish caught at certain seasons, and dried, also of roots and fruits growing wild in the jungle, rice being seldom within their reach. The whole village had a poverty-stricken and wretchedly-debased appearance.

More than fifty years ago, the Rev. Robert Newstead introduced the Gospel into Koorana, and his efforts have been most earnestly sustained by every succeeding labourer; but special exertion was made for this village by the Rev. Don Daniel Pereira, and his children, whose willing, affectionate aid was greatly blessed to the mothers and daughters of Koorana. Education was not neglected; but the direct preaching of the Gospel and diligent pastoral care, were the main levers brought to bear upon the mass of ungodliness and superstition. After a few years, the work began to prosper; one after another joined the Church, and whole families began to attend the school-room services. As Christianity made their homes happier, it changed the current of feeling in the village, and made vice hide its head. The cultivation of the land was better attended to, and prosperity began to shine upon the people. Soon there was a desire for a sanctuary properly dedicated to the service of God, and when the proposal was made to arise and build, many were ready to join the enterprise. Money was not abundant, and rich clans were not found among the Koorana members: but a living Church had been raised by the power of the Highest. A chapel they needed, and a chapel they determined to have. Ground was chosen, materials were collected, and the erection was commenced, "for the people had a mind to work." The men dug clay for the walls, and the women carried it in baskets for a long distance to the site; some drew water wherewith to prepare the clay, and others trod it out with their feet; one company kneaded the clay into soft balls, and another built up the walls of the sanctuary, till they could reach no higher, and the men had to come and complete the work. It was not a grand, costly building, and would not be a standing advertisement for any architect; but love to God had consecrated labour to raise that village sanctuary; thrilling joy in their souls had prompted those Singhalese women to endure the hard drudgery of the clay-pits, the wells, and the mortar; earnest desires to honour the Lord had taken the men away from their fields and trees, and when Koorana chapel was opened by the Rev. Alexander Hume, in 1828, unutterable gladness filled the hearts of those cheerful toilers, as he declared that "the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

Such days did come to this sincere and hearty Society; miracles of grace were seen, and the Master blessed His servants. Another chapel was required, and erected; then a third,

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of still larger dimensions. Many enduring victories have been won for Jesus and the truth in this village; but few have sent up a deeper thrill of thanksgiving to God than that recorded in July, 1865. Dona Maria, the wife of Bastian Pereira, our Catechist, is one of the most active members in an unusually earnest Church, and was for some time dangerously ill. Many native doctors were called to see her, and, with one exception, they all declared that her disease was under the influence of "Kalu Yaka," the black demon, and therefore, unless a ceremony was performed, she could never be restored to health. Such opinions show how the native doctors and demon-priests are leagued to blind and bind the people, and the immense power for good which a Medical Mission would have in each eastern Mission district. When the opinions of these doctors were known in the village, many anxious eyes watched the course of events. Hundreds of Singhalese families in the district had yielded to superstition under similar circumstances, and the question at Koorana was, "What will the Catechist do?" This was a daring attack on the centre of Christian power, and if that demon-ceremony be performed, or any leaning to heathenism be shown, it will turn the tide of feeling in favour of the kapuràla and his master. But the wicked one, though cunning, is not omnipotent; this crisis aroused the Christian feeling of that Church, and the neighbourhood; groups of praying Singhalese watched, tended, and pleaded with God for her life; their simple faith laid hold of the Divine promises, and they knew how their children would remember those days of waiting. "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt," was the answer once given to *woman's* trustful, grasping confidence; that was the word spoken to this believing Christian, in honour of our Intercessor above, and to reward those earnest praying members. The heathen were astonished, the demon-priests confounded, and the native doctors amazed; but there was unspeakable joy in the hearts of those Koorana Christians; and when Dona Maria went to the house of the Lord, with her song of praise, many quivering lips, and many eyes bright with tears of loving gratitude, told of the victory won by prayer and faith over fear and satanic artifice. That day marks one of the memorial periods of Methodist work in this village.

Many acts of noble generosity and firm adherence to principle have been shown in Koorana. Let one witness of forty years give us his testimony of the changes wrought by Christian influence. Now "women are seen plying the busy needle, and making articles for sale, or for their own families; others sell rice, fruits, betel, cakes, and oil. If any heathen ceremony be performed, it is by stealth, for if it were discovered, the family would be put to shame, and severely reproved for bringing a scandal upon the village." Willing sacrifice for the Lord's cause has been shown in what the people have done, for they have dedicated to God one hundred full-bearing cocoa-nut trees, which will yield an income of about £20 per annum, and they also give £2 5*s.* monthly towards the support of the Minister. Now, another movement is being carried out: the congregations have become so numerous, that their third chapel will no longer contain them; and while sustaining all their usual subscriptions to the Circuit, the Koorana people have resolved to

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erect a chapel as a memorial of their former pastor, which will cost them £300.

Days of revival have also been sent to this Society. The Rev. Peter B. Pereira, the fervent Minister of that Circuit, is the son and successor of the fellow-labourer of Robert Newstead. In September, 1869, he tells us, "a gracious and remarkable manifestation of God's saving power was vouchsafed unto us, and a great number of careless and hardened sinners, as well as nominal professors, were truly converted to God." A further visitation of blessing was witnessed in 1870, and a tide of life-giving influence lifted many souls upon the Rock of Ages. O! for a *Connexional* outpouring of the Holy Spirit! When *we* fulfil Mal. iii. 10, the Lord will send that fulness of love.

PERSONAL UNION WITH CHRIST.

A FEW PARTING WORDS ADDRESSED TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, FROM JOHN HOWARD GURNEY, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1867.

I WISH for the last time to urge upon you all, a living, personal union with Christ. I have found it, through a life of some suffering, a constant support and an unfailing happiness when I have realized it; and I wish, my dear friends, to urge you to seek, during the time that may remain to you in this world, that living union and communion with Him. Seek to have Him with you in all your daily life, whether in health or in sickness, as your dearest and most intimate Friend. Never start into the day without feeling that your sins are forgiven, and throughout the day be as certain of His presence as of the presence of your companion in business or at the fireside. Be as certain, because in business or in daily life, you may not always be able to retain the blessed *consciousness* of that presence. And at night, when you come home, let the return to prayer and communion with Him be a blessed refreshment to your souls; a peace unspeakable and an endless sense of rest; a coming back again to the heart of your dearest Friend.

My dear brethren in Christ, this union with Christ is the source of all our usefulness; all efforts and means are vain unless you yourselves are *personally* united to Him. Seek this not only for yourselves, but that the poor dying souls around you may be led to Jesus; remember that if the Church of London were only faithful to this life in Christ, we should see hundreds of conversions every day. You cannot influence the whole Church of London, but each one who reads this, may, by God's grace, —in utter weakness, yet relying on His infinite strength,—resolve that he will henceforth lead this life of personal union with Christ. Will you not, my dear friends, each one of you, now do so? I appeal to you from the brink of Eternity; and I can tell you how utterly false and unsatisfactory any poor toy will be that you may put in the place of that dearest Friend. I am only afraid lest any should be discouraged because of their weakness and sinfulness; O! I wish I could express what even *I* feel of the *infinite* love of Christ to us! Believe God's Word, my brethren, that Christ is now waiting, in an infinite tenderness of love beyond all our thoughts, to take you up into this life of union with Him. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will

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come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me;" the whole of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel set forth this life for us.

Believe in the infinite love of Christ, and, looking away from your unworthiness, come now to Him. Finally, as the greatest *personal* favour you could possibly grant, I *beseech* you thus to come to Christ.

Norwood, October, 1867.

OUR SERVANTS.

How much we hear about them! Ladies seldom meet without discussing the subject. If we were to draw conclusions from what we frequently hear, we might suppose that there really was no good in our servants, but that they were, as some affirm, only "necessary evils." But surely this is not the case, or at any rate it need not be. Let us who are mistresses ask ourselves a few questions. Do we pray for them? It is better to talk to the Lord about them, than to grumble at them. A few minutes in our closets of earnest pleading with God on their behalf, will do more than hours of scolding and fault-finding. Then, again, do we try to make them feel that we love them; that we are interested in their welfare, and that we would do anything in our power to help them? The power of love is almost irresistible, when rightly directed. It must not be too familiar, or lavish, or fitful, but constant, well-balanced, heaven-born love. Depend upon it if this were brought to bear upon our servants, many a stubborn will would be subdued, and many an awkward temper would yield to its melting influence.

Again, have they time to pray and to read God's Word if so disposed? and do we send them regularly to the House of God, especially on the Sabbath? Our servants need their Sabbath at least as much as we do. They have to work harder, and in most cases have had fewer spiritual privileges, and on this account we ought to cultivate an earnest, loving way of speaking to them about their souls. A short time ago, a wealthy lady was conversing with a Christian Minister about her servant, and as she had many complaints to make, the Minister said, "Madam, have you ever spoken to her on the subject of religion?" "No," said the lady, "—— is such a queer girl, I fear I should not be able to make anything of her." And this, we fear, is but a specimen of the conduct of many of us who profess and call ourselves Christians. A slight excuse is sufficient to satisfy us, and so we close our eyes to many of the great duties and responsibilities which properly belong to us; but let us be resolved to pursue a different course; let us try a year of prayer, of holy living, of solemn warning, of earnest entreaty, of diligent attendance on all the means of grace within our reach, both on our own part and that of our servants, and who shall tell the result? Certainly it will be one of good to us, and have we not every reason to hope that it will be also to our servants?

Ilkeston. AMELIA.

DEFECTS IN OUR COOKERY.

GOOD simple cookery is almost unknown amongst our poorer classes, whereas in France it is universally practised. Made dishes are not, as a rule, indigestible; in fact, the stomach will often gratefully receive

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the delicate *chef-d'œuvre* of the culinary artist, when it would revolt at coarser fare. Our cookery in lodging-houses is detestable, and may be summed up in one word—grease. Our cookery in farm-houses may be stated in two words—boiled pork. In our middle classes very little skill is shown in the preparation of food, and amongst the poor none whatever.—*The Food Journal.*

CHEAP DAINTIES.

PLENTIFUL as blackberries proverbially are, and delicious as is their flavour, it is a fact to be deplored that so many bushels are actually wasted every year for want of gathering, and this even in close proximity of many poor villages. Then, again, the gourd, vegetable marrow, or pumpkin, are plants easily grown on almost any rubbish heap, and the fruits are often produced in great abundance, and might be preserved in sugar for winter use.—*Ibid.*

SANITARY STUPIDITY.

THE prevalence of epidemic disease and its ravages are a standing disgrace to the sanitary legislation of England. With all our knowledge of the laws of epidemics, with all our literature on the subject, in spite of our convictions, in spite of the most positive proofs that infection may be checked, if not stamped out, by isolation, permissive laws administered by local authorities, negligent, if not ignorant, of their duties, allow small-pox and fevers to follow their course without more let or hindrance than the precautions suggested by medical attendants or nuisance inspectors, precautions which may be advised, indeed, from a sense of duty, but which they know it will be impossible to carry into effect.—*Ibid.*

ASCENSION DAY.

A SONNET.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

MINDFUL of Jesu's parting word,
His servants tarried for their Lord;
Nor was their patient waiting vain,
For in their midst He stood again.
Again they gather'd by His side,
And, following where He chose to guide,
In converse with their risen Head,
As far as Bethany were led.
They stay'd not there, but onward went,
When, lo! on Olivet's ascent,
As each some pressing question brought,
Some fuller revelation sought,
He slowly rose beyond their sight,
And vanish'd in supernal light.

PENTECOST.

A SONNET.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

BENT in the little chamber there,
The friends of Jesus are at prayer;
They all believe the promise nigh,
The power-enduement from on high.
A mighty rushing wind they hear,
On every head bright forms appear;
Like cloven tongues of fire they shine,
And prove their origin Divine,
As they new powers to all impart,
And prompt to holy toil each heart;
Sending the labourers away,
To bear the burden of the day,
And, everywhere, within their reach,
The Gospel of their Master preach.

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TREES, AND THEIR TENANTS.

I.—THE WILLOW.

THERE are few of us, I should think, without some mental links which connect the willow-tree with associations either pleasant or painful, for it is one of the most memorable of trees. When we were but small in proportions, and childish in thought, we were perhaps taken into a country church, decorated at Easter, as was the wont, (and, indeed, the thing is still done, though not so harmlessly now, since these floral decorations have acquired a new significance,) and as we gazed upon the "palms" laid in the windows, some sagacious individual may have thought it needful to inform us, that these so-called "palms" were not palms really, but the flowering branches of willow. Or, being a few years older, we may have gone forth in search of these with our playmates, and shouted gleefully as we dragged down the boughs, gay with the promise of approaching spring. Or, in the first flush of manhood, we may have spent many a pleasant hour occasionally moving along the windings of some willow-hung stream, in a boat, and watching the birds and insects which fluttered amongst the trees and pliant stems. To some, the willow yields antiquarian reminiscences; they stand beside one, and think of old Izaak Walton, and can say with him,—

> "We sometimes pass an hour
> Under a green willow,
> That defends us from a shower,
> Making earth our pillow."

To others, again, the willow is dear because of its poetic memories; they may often have laughed over Tennyson's "Amphion," wherein he describes the effects produced upon the trees by the tuneful bard, who could draw them after him, in the days of yore, if we might give credence to the legendary tale. Amongst the rest, the "shock-head willows," so it is said, were tempted from their moist resting-places, and "gallopaded" wherever Amphion chose to lead them. Or, looking at a graver aspect which the willow bears, they remember that it is the emblem of despairing love. So that Herrick, taking up the symbol, puts these words into the mouth of a disappointed one,—

> "A willow garland thou didst send,
> Perfumed, last day to me;
> Which did but only this portend,
> I was forsook by thee."

But to the botanist the willow and sallows are interesting, because they furnish him a curious puzzle; for there is very great difficulty in distinguishing the species and varieties one from another. So that in order to make a study of them, places have been set apart for the cultivation of willows, called "salictums." One rather celebrated was at Woburn; and in a botanic garden at Vienna, as many as three hundred sorts were brought together. A good number of varieties may be seen along many of our own streams, the Thames and the Cam being especially famous for their willows and osiers. Amongst all, however, there are only five species which, with us, reach the size of trees, and these are easily made out. There is the Duke of Bedford's Willow, (*S. Russelliana.*) a light and airy tree, cheerful to look upon, and of quick growth. Of this species was the one associated with worthy Samuel Johnson, which was blown down in 1829. This stood at Lichfield, and was of good proportions, the head being particularly large. After it fell, some person hunted up a bough of it, which had been thrust into the ground as a hedge-stake, and this being found in a flourishing condition, was forthwith planted on the same spot, and remains as a memorial. The bark of the Bedford Willow is richer than many other species of willow in a peculiar bitter substance, called *salicine*. This is not quite so potent and so efficacious as the well-known *quinine*, which is yielded by Peruvian bark, and yet it is highly valued in some of the marshy districts. The

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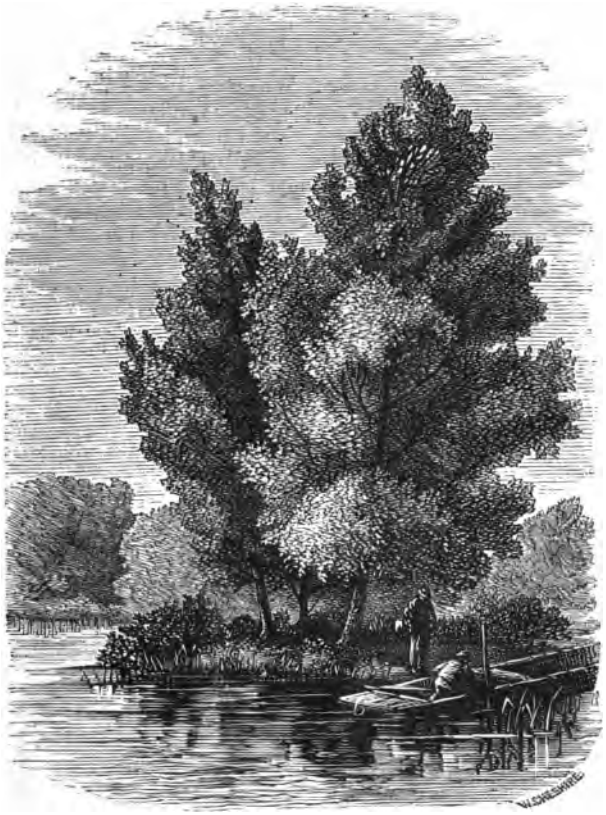

villagers, not being experts in chemistry, do not extract the salicine from the bark in its crystalline form, but obtain it by pouring boiling water upon it, and drinking the infusion. And, as has been already observed by a writer upon botany, there seems a special providence in the case; God has so ordered it that, in the localities where, through the moisture in the air, fevers and agues prevail, the remedy is to be got without much difficulty.

The Crack or Red-Wood Willow, (*S. fragilis*,) may have received its Latin name because its wood was not thought to be durable, and this has indeed been strongly asserted by some, and as strongly denied by others. But a Scotch botanist who has had some experience, declares that there is no wood like it for making light and fast sailing vessels; and it is valuable also in roofing. This willow thrives in damp, clayey ground; but it is liable to a singular disease which affects the top of the tree, so that it becomes what is called "stag-headed;" the upper branches die off, though it still throws off long annual shoots, and, to appearance, is right enough in other respects. One reads with some interest, the statement that in Sweden and France a red dye is drawn from the roots, and used to tinge the Paschal or Easter eggs. A great many persons think that the

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White Willow is the most elegant of the tribe. This tree grows to a considerable size, but too frequently, in our English counties, it is disfigured, and stopped in its advance by the plan of pollarding. One of the principal reasons given for this is, that the twigs and boughs are very useful for fuel. In the north, and also in Scotland, the White Willow receives rather better treatment. It is often found growing aslant; the cause is, that unless it is sheltered by its brethren, or by other trees, it has a hard task to keep to the perpendicular should it be on hilly ground. But it does not seem to suffer in a poor soil. Of the White Willow (*S. alba*,) a pleasing writer says: "When growing on the banks of a river, or on the margin of a purling brook, it forms a beautiful and interesting feature in the landscape, giving to the scene an air of lightness and grace, by means of its silvery and plume-like foliage." The wood and the twigs of this willow are largely used. The inner bark has been proposed as a possible substitute for flour in a time of distress, and, ground with a portion of oatmeal, it makes not unpalatable bread. The twigs were employed by the ancient Britons for those "*bascandæ*," which became famous in old Rome, and they are still made into baskets and fancy articles. The large, broad leaves which the Goat Willow (*S. caprea*) displays, at once distinguish it from the rest, and it is one of the earliest to open out its blossoms, which appear before winter has taken its departure. This willow gives a different effect to the view, not only because its leaves are of a different size and shape, but are also darker on the upper side, while the under surface has a cottony clothing. A downy substance also follows the flowers, and wraps round the seeds: this has been tried as a substitute for cotton, and many a little bird finds it very acceptable as a lining for her nest. In Germany, some ingenious folks have attempted to make it into paper. If undisturbed, the Goat Willow will sometimes reach a height of forty feet; we more frequently, however, see it kept down, by its being lopped or clipped, so that it may form part of a hedge or plantation of underwood.

Before we touch upon the active and voracious dwellers upon the various species of willow, one other form claims our notice. This, the fifth and last willow which, in our land, attains the proportions of a tree, is the Babylonian Willow (*S. Babylonica.*) How frequently we see this placed beside the tomb-stone, or memorial pedestal, expressive of the grief of the mourner, with its delicate and pendent boughs! Yet surely, in the cemetery or churchyard, we ought ever to accompany it with the cypress and the poplar, whose spiry tops, pointing upwards, tell of celestial hope in the future, and raise the thoughts, even in the present, from earth, and its transitory sorrows. Though some have doubted the fact, there is every reason to believe that this is the tree upon which the Israelitish captives suspended their harps, while, like the willow, they bent towards earth, as they recalled to mind the city and country of their fathers. Travellers have found the Babylonian Willow abundant in several places on the banks of the Euphrates, near the spot which has given its name to the tree. It also flourishes in other parts of Asia, as in China, for instance, where it is a great favourite.

The willow furnishes a home to hosts of insects, and is a temporary attraction, especially during the season of flowering, when there is a constant traffic of bees and flies on sunshiny days. And the life of many a "busy bee" is saved by means of the supply of honey which it obtains from the willow bloom, for at that season the tenants of the hive occasionally revive from their half-torpid condition in the winter, and few flowers, save the willow, are to be found in the month of March. Of the caterpillars which feed upon or in the different willow-trees a long list could be made out; longer, perhaps, than any other tree affords, saving the oak. Most of these produce moths, and not butterflies, though two notable species of the latter are produced

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from caterpillars which occur, not unusually, upon willows, or sallows. One of these is curiously spined, and when one is found, others are sure to be not very far off, for it is the habit of these caterpillars to associate in companies during their continuance in that state. But when they are full-grown, and ready to become chrysalids, each one retires alone, and seeks a place where, undisturbed, it may await its change into a butterfly. By and by, from the chrysalis shell bursts forth the splendidly-coloured butterfly called the Large Tortoiseshell. Much rarer is the caterpillar of the Purple Emperor, (though the Tortoiseshell is not an abundant species,) and fortunate is the insect-hunter who happens to detect this fat-bodied creature devouring the willow leaves. None would suspect, to look at the caterpillar, that it was to give birth to an insect lustrous in white and purple, and capable of soaring over the tops of lofty oaks.

The caterpillar of one large moth may be called the particular enemy of the willow, for it brings to the ground many a goodly tree. By the peculiar smell it gives out, we may soon detect its presence in a tree which contains one or more caterpillars of good size. The mother-moth may often be seen, resting quietly, as we might fancy, on the trunk of some fine willow, but, in reality, busy despositing eggs, from which, not many weeks after, issue young caterpillars, whose labours in the interior of the tree continue for many months. The head is armed with a horny plate, just the thing the caterpillar needs for its protection while it is forcing its way through the solid wood by means of its powerful jaws, which have a formidable array of muscles, as also the legs and segments of the body.

Another large and magnificent moth occasionally to be seen in the day-time, at rest upon palings, is the Crimson Underwing. Yet it escapes notice, unless we are observant, because the brilliant underwings are hidden by the gray, though variegated, upper-wings, which harmonize frequently in colour with the substance on which the moth is settled. During the day the caterpillar stretches itself at full length on the bark of some willow-tree, ascending the branches in the evening dusk. It is said to be most partial to the Crack-Willow, and when matured, spins a slight cocoon, in which the chrysalis remains a few weeks. This is covered with a delicate bloom of a purple hue. The caterpillars of the moth, which bears the odd name of the Dismal, (from the dingy colouring of the wings,) are also night-feeders. Pulling off a fragment of loose bark on a willow, we are startled, it may be, to find, closely packed under it, heads and tails together, a dozen or two of brown caterpillars, which manifest some annoyance at being disturbed.

One of the most singular caterpillars we have in Britain is found upon the willow and allied trees. This produces the downy, whitish-gray moth rather appropriately named the Puss Moth. Less conspicuous, however, is it amongst other moths, than the caterpillar from which it is developed is amongst its kindred. The Puss caterpillar is armed at the tail with a pair of horns, which are movable, and contain also inner horns, which, when alarmed, the creature pushes forth. It has also the power of spurting from the mouth an acid liquid. The attitude of this caterpillar in repose is very grotesque. At the same season when this occurs on the willow, we are likely also to find the huge caterpillar of the Eyed Hawk Moth, of a delicate apple-green tint, marked with seven stripes on each side, and bearing one curved horn above the tail. This, after some months' imprisonment under the earth, emerges as a strong-winged moth, and careers about in the early evening.

J. R. S. Clifford.

CHURCH LIGHTS.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

Much has been said and written of late concerning altar-candles. There could be no reasonable objection to a

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candle, or candles, being placed on the communion table, and lighted when it was too dark otherwise for the minister to read. But many have earnestly protested against candles being lighted there while the sun was shining brightly, while others have earnestly desired that they might have legal authority to place such lighted candles on the table, and call it an altar. Those who would place the candles there, and those who protest against their being so used, are agreed that the candles, in such case, would not be intended to help the sun, but as symbolical of something beyond themselves, and as part of a system of teaching by symbols. The entire system places the so-called human "priest" between God and the people in a manner unauthorized by the New Testament. It is quite true that before Christ came, and revealed truth was completed, many lessons were taught by Divine authority in this symbolical manner. But now that the Sun of Righteousness has risen, it would be faulty in us wilfully to persist in walking amid gloom and gazing at shadows.

A little child from home may derive instruction from brief pictorial writing sent from his father, and interpreted by an authorized teacher; and may express a little of what is in his heart by tracing a few words, his fingers being guided by that teacher, and the brief and imperfect epistle addressed to his father. But the son, in his manhood, when able and permitted to hold free intercourse with that father, to read for himself enlarged communications from him, and to express to him all that is in his heart, no longer employs the imperfect method of his childhood. For any man then to presume to interpose himself between father and child, would certainly be a manifestation of great presumption and selfish cunning; and for the adult son to permit such unauthorized interference would be a display of weakness and folly. Altar-candles in themselves are of no importance beyond needless expense; but as part of a system by which Christ's priestly office is invaded, and the privileges of His redeemed people are restricted, such lights must not be tolerated.

It is quite needless to enter any further just now on the subject of altar-candles, and other connected appliances of ritualism, as this paper has to do with lights altogether different from these, and incomparably more valuable. Christ said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The Apostle Paul writes, "Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness." "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." St. John records in the opening of the apocalyptic vision: "I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man." True religion, in the hearts of Christ's disciples, and manifested in their lives, constitutes the radiance of which we now think.

When we speak of truly good people as "Church Lights," we do not mean that they are such only while they are in some building consecrated to the service of God, or engaged in public worship in some unconsecrated structure. The Church of Christ, in its proper sense, is no aggregation of inanimate stones or bricks. Converted souls are the "living stones" of which the true Church is constituted. The lamps of which we speak shed light in that true Church. From time to time they assemble for purposes of worship. It is well, when Divine service is celebrated, that there is such light in the pulpit, and in each pew, and on the free-sittings, and up in the children's gallery, and everywhere. The more of this holy radiance there is, the more true glory.

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But when the house of prayer is solitary and dark, the lamps of which we speak are not extinguished. The pardoned and renewed souls, loving and happy, are still Church lights, shining all the day in Christ's Church.

Godly people have, even in modern times, assembled for worship in unattractive buildings very imperfectly adapted for the purpose. Such worshippers have offered prayer and praise to the Lord, and have received rich blessings from His hands amid much outward discomfort. Such people have been known to assemble in a structure so imperfectly lighted on a dark evening, that those who could afford to do so took with them a candle to help them and those near to them to read the hymns, and lesson, and text. When the service was over, what remained of the candle was placed, still lighted, in the large lantern brought by the worshipper. The candle was now to shed radiance on the pathway home, and afterwards to shine in the house. That, in some respects, illustrates the subject of the Church lights we now think of. There is to be light thereby cast on the pathway, and within the house, as well as in the chapel, vestry, or class-room. Indeed, the candle is always to be burning and shining wherever its possessor may happen to be.

Christ prizes the lamps employed in His service.—We read, "These things saith He that holdeth the seven stars in His right hand, Who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." No doubt by this expression we are taught that if any of these candles, or lamps, burn dimly or expire, the Omniscient Redeemer will at once, and fully, be acquainted with the lamentable fact. But there is much to stimulate and encourage faithful disciples in this declaration. Christ walketh in the midst of these disciples because He prizes them greatly. When a man has a garden, and values the flowers therein very much, and is wishful to cherish them to the utmost, he is often among them. People see him walking among his flowers, and perceive what store he sets by them. A father who cares little for his children, is ever ready to avail himself of an excuse for spending his leisure time elsewhere. When not at work he will be discussing politics in a neighbour's house, or playing at billiards, or on the bowling-green, or, worse still, at the gaming-table or ale-bench. When a man is seen, at all favourable opportunities, among his children, observers know that he cares for them. He is ready to ascertain how they are progressing in their studies and trades, and interested even in their childish sports, and their increase in stature. He is among them, because he cares for them. Our glorified Lord walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks because He prizes these lights of the temple, and will be near to them to supply what is needful, to screen them from every rough blast.

Each lighted lamp is intended to kindle other lamps.—It sometimes happens that those of Christ's disciples whose influence for good seems to be much circumscribed, are honoured by being made useful to those who afterwards become eminently successful. Thus Ananias, the Christian disciple of Damascus, is chiefly known to us as being the agent by whom the great Apostle to the Gentiles was led to a saving acquaintance with the Lord. If we are striving to become Christ-like, and to do all for Christ in our power, we are sure to be successful, and there will be pleasant surprises for us now and then, even during the present life. "Will you be so kind as to let me light my lamp?" So, one evening, we heard a lamplighter say to a woman living in a little cottage. The man spoke so politely, that he was not likely to be refused such a request. So he stepped within the door to escape the wind which had extinguished his lamp; and she reached the candle, and before we had proceeded many yards, the active man was hurrying past us, apparently desirous to make up for the seconds he had lost. For a little time we could trace his progress by the lights which sprang up, one by one, in the deepening twilight. The good

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woman's little candle would, most likely, be consumed within her cottage-home, observed by none but the members of her own family. But at that little candle the lamplighter's lamp had that night been relighted, and his lamp kindled the lamps of entire streets. Hundreds of passengers walked or drove more comfortably and securely on account of this. Thus many a godly teacher, toiling obscurely in some Sabbath-school, may be of service to many, and of these one may eventually become a Missionary of the Cross, or a minister of Christ at home, and so kindle numbers of lamps. Many a mother, loving, and holy, and prayerful, while hoping for nothing beyond the salvation of all her children has really been training some eminently successful ambassador of Christ.

The brighter the lamp, the more good is likely to be done.—In some fishing villages they are allowed to have a lighted candle so placed as to be seen by the men in their boats as they approach the shore. It would not be safe to allow anybody to put up lamps of any size and colour they saw fit along our coast, for that would greatly perplex the sailors voyaging along. Before any conspicuous light is thus displayed, leave must have been obtained from the constituted authorities, and due notice given to mariners. But a candle or small lamp may be safely used at the head of a bay, because ships far off at sea do not discern it, and it is of great service to fishermen when nigh to shore. Such a small illumination does good. But the benefit conferred on mariners by the great beacon-lights at Eddystone, and Flamborough, and such places, is far greater. These are seen from afar, and are nightly of service to many who would otherwise be perplexed, and might miserably perish. We cannot all be as great beacon-lights. Let us make the most of our tiny lamp. We have gifts of some sort: we shall do well to cultivate them assiduously. A dull fire may sometimes be made bright by judicious stirring. Then we may have from God unlimited supplies of grace; and, in bringing souls to Christ, grace will effect more than gifts. Trim the lamp. Remove whatever would dim its lustre. "Let your light shine." "Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" even the attainment of "charity."

An extinguished lamp is likely to do much harm.—Of course the good is not effected for which it was designed. Whilst it was burning, there might be difficulty in calculating precisely what benefit was conferred; but, doubtless, much evil was thereby prevented, and good secured. When, however, the light has been allowed to expire, all this is brought to an end. It is of little moment now what is the appearance of the lamp itself. It may be gilded, and of exquisite form, and curiously ornamented, but it cannot so shine as to show a benighted wayfarer how to escape peril and find his way home. If he fall not into the ditch, but eventually enter the door, this happy termination of his journey will not be the result of the lamp's shining. Then men who expect the lamp to shine, when it does not, will be greatly perplexed, and may be misled to their ruin. Better there had been no lamp.

One winter evening, at the close of a working day, an aged Class-leader left his home to go to chapel. According to the Kalendar, there was to have been moonlight, but in reality there was none, for dense clouds entirely intercepted the feeble rays. The good man, however, felt no fear. He had but a quarter of a mile to walk, and most of the journey would be on a good footpath. Soon after leaving his home, the wayfarer had to cross the broad highway, and step on to this path. He crossed the road. When he judged by the exceedingly dim light that he was sufficiently near the footpath, he sprang with all his force, to escape a huge collection of mud which had been swept from the dirty road to the side of the path. This mud-heap, indeed, aided him in judging how far he was from the raised path, for he was thoroughly familiar with the road as it appeared at sunset. He sprang forward and upward, but was immediately flung with great violence

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backward and downward. He had come in contact with a lamp-post. The lamp was not lighted? Of course not! The accident would certainly not have occurred had the light been shining, though the aged man's sight was somewhat dim. The authorities had made their arrangements according to the Kalendar, which declared there would be a moon, but said nothing concerning the clouds. Wayfarers who ought to be finding their way to heaven are very apt, if culpably dim of sight, to hurt themselves against lamp-posts when the light has been extinguished. Let us take care that ours burns brightly.

Each lamp must be trimmed by its possessor.—In such sanctuaries as are built of stone or brick, one man is generally employed to trim the lamps, (or, in modern days, light the gas,) for the whole congregation. This, perhaps, is the best arrangement. It has been regarded as meddlesome and annoying when private seat-holders have undertaken to alter the amount of light near to them, to suit their individual caprice, and regardless of others. There is on the part of some a strong disposition to depend on one man trimming the Church lights of which we speak. As in India there is an hereditary caste of people to make lamps and such things, so in Christendom they have imagined an ecclesiastical caste of lamp-trimmers, deriving their exclusive authority from an imaginary apostolic succession. Many of this legendary caste, for reasons of their own, are exceedingly tenacious of such monopoly of lamp-trimming; and myriads, who are too slothful to attend to their own lamps, readily yield to such unauthorized pretensions. As they have a verger to light the gas, they will have a "priest" to attend to their souls. This arrangement, however, though for the present satisfactory to both parties, will prove utterly insufficient and absolutely fatal. "Pastors and teachers," and other godly friends, may do much to call our attention to the state of our lamps, and in imparting useful instruction as to how they are to be kept burning brightly, but each one of us has been made responsible for his own lamp. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord."

The lamps are intended for service in the celestial Zion.—Many lamps appear to have a poor time of it on earth. There are some down in deep mines where the air is so unsuitable that the light can scarcely exist. There are others in lofty beacons along our coast, where the winds are so furious that if the lights were not strongly protected they would be extinguished at once. And there are thousands in city streets where at times they may do their utmost to shine, do all that lamps can do, yet are they so surrounded by a dense fog that they can scarcely be seen by those who stand near to them and are looking out for them. So we find that those golden lamps in Asia Minor, of which St. John wrote, and among which the glorified Redeemer walked, had but a poor time of it so far as external circumstances went. Opposing influences of all kinds tended to injure them. The King eternal was nigh, and caring for them, so that they need not lose heart or cease to burn, yet their position, regarded in itself, was not an enviable one. But each lamp which is kept burning brightly here, amid mist, and storm, and foes, will soon shine in more favourable circumstances. When the Bridegroom came, "they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage: and the door was shut." The lamps which were burning and trimmed were taken into the festal chamber, for the royal bridegroom's delight, and beyond all disastrous influence. "The door was shut." All within was peace, and love, and holy delight.

Let it be our great business to keep the lamp which has been entrusted to us

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burning clearly. Many tasks will be assigned to us in God's providence, but none inconsistent with this. That heavenly light, religion within our soul, will ever be pleasing to our Lord, will promote our personal comfort, may be of much service to benighted wanderers, and shall eventually shine in the glorious city of saints.

"PARIS. I WAS THERE!"

OR, THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

"I CANNOT afford it, I have my own affairs to attend to; I am giving away all I have." Many such sayings as these do we hear from unwilling individuals who are afraid of parting with even a small portion of what they have largely received. Alas! that there are not more warm-hearted, cheerful, freewill offerings presented unto Him who has said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

One fine afternoon, during my residence in France, I called at a well-known shop in the town in which I then lived, to inquire of Mr. — if he could assist me in any way in the work I then had pressing upon me. I was sorry to find my friend was not at home; for having experienced his willingness to help in many former matters, I anticipated great encouragement and support from him in this thing also; but the apparently trifling circumstance of not finding him at home was all-wisely ordered. I constantly find, even in little things, that a wise providence graciously directs the humble occurrences of our daily life.

> "Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good;
> Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him nothing is trivial;
> And it is but the littleness of men that seeth no greatness in trifles."

As Mr. — was not at home, I immediately entered into conversation with an elderly Christian friend who was sitting at the counter, one whom it had been my privilege to know during many long succeeding years, and whom I shall ever have cause to remember with pleasure and profit. Our conversation soon turned upon the deplorable state of the country, and we could not but with sorrow compare its present melancholy condition, with the glory and renown attached to "la belle France" of former years.

"Poor Paris," I exclaimed with feeling; "poor, dear Paris; once my happy home!"

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "and what a different place it now is from what it was when *I* first went to Paris! I was there," she continued with great eagerness, "when you had the chapel in the *three rooms*, and my seat was just as you entered on the left-hand side; and," (here Elizabeth's countenance brightened, her eyes sparkled with delight, and she appeared almost unable to express the joy she felt,) "I was in Paris when the new chapel was opened, and what a nice chapel that was!"

"It was," I added. "Have I ever related to you that little anecdote connected with the chapel?"

Finding that she had no recollection of it, I repeated with intense pleasure the following record:—

"Just behind the *three rooms* which had been solemnly consecrated to Divine worship, was a nicely inclosed market. For a time all appeared peaceful and encouraging, and the cause of our God flourished amazingly in those three upper rooms, so that my dear father, and others who laboured with him, had great cause to thank God and take courage. Yes, even in gay, thoughtless Paris, the good seed was sown in many hearts; and there are some still living who can with gratitude exclaim, 'It was in that little sanctuary I consecrated myself to God.' But alas! my friend, even in those happy days our beloved Minister was not without anxiety and fear.

"One day he entered the room in which my mother was sitting, and with a heavy countenance and mournful tone exclaimed, 'Margaret, what do you think! They have sold the market-place, and are going to build a theatre

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there, and what shall we do with the noise on a Sunday evening?'

"My mother, beholding his anxiety, replied cheerfully, 'Well, my dear, the house of God and the house of Belial cannot long stand together; one must fall, and we are sure that it will not be the house of God: who knows but they are preparing a chapel for us!'

"It was in this manner, Elizabeth, that my mother sought to cheer and comfort her husband whenever she saw his hands hang down; and there were times when even he found it necessary to cry, 'Lord, increase my faith!' In a short time after the theatre was built and opened, this house of Belial fell, and eventually became, after cleansing and renewing, a place of worship for us!"

"I was there at the opening of the chapel," exclaimed my friend, manifesting great pleasure at the remembrance; "yes, I was there; I remember it all. One day, previous to the opening of the chapel, as I was walking down one of the busy streets of Paris, I saw in a large shop-window a very pretty cap, trimmed with blue ribbon, and marked ten francs. This cap attracted my attention, and greatly excited my desire; in fact it was, I thought, the very thing I wanted. Again and again I gazed upon it, and at length almost decided that I would purchase it. Ten francs was all that I then possessed; but as I had determined, previous to my seeing the cap, that I would give my ten francs to the collection at the opening of the chapel, I knew that I could not buy the cap and also have ten francs to give; one must be parted with, and I resolved at once to give up the cap. I did so; and also determined that I would not walk near the shop again for fear of being tempted, so I always walked on the other side of the street. Thus I was enabled to keep my money sacred and secure."

The Sabbath came round, that long-anticipated day, and many flocked with cheerful step unto the house of prayer. Alas! how few among that then happy group now remain to exclaim with joy, "I was there!" so many lie beneath the clods of the valley, some in their own land, and some beneath a foreign soil.

Among that little band of attentive hearers sat Elizabeth, with joyful heart and ready hand, eager to present her offering unto the Lord. The collection was made, and she gave the whole of her ten francs as a thank-offering to her Father in heaven; and, O! how her trembling heart leaped for joy when, with outstretched arm, she placed her little all at the feet of Jesus!

"Well," continued Elizabeth, "a very short time after this, I received a present from a lady of ten francs and a new cap!"

Though our words and deeds may seem slight and powerless things, yet—

> "No act falls fruitless; none can tell
> How vast its power may be,
> Nor what results unfolded dwell
> Within it silently."

"The smallest of our actions leave traces behind for good or evil; if not visible in time, yet clearly visible in eternity." R. L. R. T.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Mr. Bemrose, of Derby, has for many years had in his possession the following original letter from Mr. Wesley, which has never been printed. I have been allowed to take a copy of it, and have his permission to make use of it in any way I deem proper. I think, therefore, its proper place will be in one of our Connexional Magazines. No year is inserted, nor is any date given with the post-mark. As another letter to this clergyman is found in Wesley's Works, Vol. XII., page 492, (third edition, octavo,) and is dated August 14th, 1782, there is, on comparing the two, internal evidence that the letter given below preceded the one referred to by a year or two.

This communication begins by referring to the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham. This venerable man died in 1785, in the ninety-second

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year of his age; in the same year died also the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, as Mr. Tyerman remarks, "two of the most valuable and valued friends that Wesley ever had."

The small and retired village and parish of Alexton, (now spelt Allexton,) is in Leicestershire, about three and a half miles west of Uppingham, in the adjoining county of Rutland.

Derby. JOSEPH JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVENPORT, AT ALEXTON, NEAR UPPINGHAM, RUTLANDSHIRE.*

London, Dec. 23.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE Mr. Perronet laboured about thirty years in the parish of Shoreham, and that with all his might, before there appeared the least fruit of his labour. He then broke through, and in spite of reproach, accepted the assistance of the poor Methodists. Immediately the seed which he had so long been sowing began to grow up; and for several years the largest and the most lively Society in all the Circuit, is that of Shoreham. I should not wonder if it should be the same case at Alexton. God is able out of the stones to raise up children unto Abraham there also. But I do not know which of our Circuits borders upon it, otherwise I would write to the Assistant of that Circuit to pay you a visit at the first opportunity.

Our little Society for dispersing religious books among the poor, has now spread them through all England. Two of the books which they disperse are—"Alleyne's Alarm," and "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Any person that subscribes half-a-guinea or a guinea yearly, will have four times as many books sent down as he could otherwise purchase with that sum. It seems this is one of the most excellent charities that we can be concerned in.

One of our Society here went to rest on Tuesday last, and another on Wednesday. They had both walked in heaviness for many years, but God did not forsake them at the last. The sting of death was taken away, and they calmly fell asleep.

But there is not any need for you to stay so long before your spirit rejoices in God your Saviour. He is not far from you now! All things are ready.

"Lo! on the wings of love He flies,
And brings redemption near!"

I am, dear Sir,
Your very affectionate Brother,
J. WESLEY.

* Mr. Tyerman has given the other letter to Mr. Davenport, in Vol. iii., page 383, of "Life and Times," etc.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

SOME workmen were employed in mending a garden wall; while they were at work, the lady of the house came down, and finding one occupied on the inner side of the wall, she spoke to him about his soul, and exhorted him to prepare for eternity.

Some years after, further repairs were necessary, and the lady resolved to repeat her efforts. Approaching one of the workmen, she began:—"Thomas, I am afraid you never pray, and that you have not sought salvation in Jesus Christ."

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am, but you are mistaken," replied Thomas. "When you spoke to James about these things, a long time ago, I overheard you; and all you said to him, I took to myself."

"But how was it that you heard me?"

"O! I was just the other side of the wall, and there was a hole there through which I heard every word, and I shall never forget the impression they made on me, as long as I live!"

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

BY STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND, AND DUKE OF LORRAIN AND BAR.

WE ought to be more offended at extravagant praise, than at injuries.

It is more honourable to acknowledge our faults, than to boast of our merits.

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Modesty at least, ought to be the virtue of those who are deficient in other virtues.

Praises are satire when insincere.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.

A hard and polished piece of marble reflects the objects that are presented before it. The same may be said of most men. The troubles of another skim over the surface of their soul, but go no farther.

Religion has nothing more to fear than the not being sufficiently understood.

It is one of the great effects of Providence, that every nation, however miserable it may be, fancies that happiness cannot be found elsewhere.

Conscience admonishes as a friend, before punishing us as a judge.

I would be glad that there was a less distance between the people and the great. The people then, not believing the great to be greater than they are, would fear them less; and the great not imagining the people more insignificant and miserable than they are, would fear them more.

To suppose courage in a coward, is, in effect, to inspire him with courage.

To make the principle of our conduct consist in the necessity of duty, is to make it very hard and painful, and to expose ourselves constantly to the desire of breaking through it.

How many people make everything their business, because they know not how to occupy themselves in any thing.

Experience, acquired by faults, is a very costly master.

We are fond of conversing with those we love, why therefore cannot man, who loves himself so well, remain a moment with himself?

To exercise authority too much, is the way to lose it.

He who possesses a great deal is not the most happy; it is he who desires little, and knows how to enjoy it.

Reputation, once lost, is never recovered.

Men and women in marrying, make a vow of loving one another. Would it not be better for their happiness if they made a vow of pleasing each other?

As soon as in conversation we have perceived the result on the mind of those with whom we speak, we should stop there. All that is said further, being no longer comprehended, might pass for ridiculous.

What makes so many persons go astray in their arguments is, that they would fain think beyond the extent of their intellects.

The desire of doing well is debased by the desire of appearing to have done well.

It is rare that coxcombs have not at first the ascendant in every assembly: as mud that rises on the surface of the water, till the agitation ceasing, it precipitates itself.

It is hardly possible to suspect another, without having in one's self the seeds of the very baseness the party is accused of.

Vanity is less insupportable than affected modesty.

By showing too much dread of being deceived, we often betray the manner whereby we may be deceived.

The earnest desire of succeeding is almost always a prognostic of success.

Many misers prefer, to the shame of appearing such, the punishment of being profuse.

A man in place has no more friends when he loses his post. It was not, therefore, himself, but his place, that had friends.

"THOU SHALT NEVER WASH MY FEET."

"Thou shalt not wash *my* feet, dear Lord!
Ne'er shall those hands Divine defile
Their purity in act so vile.
Thou, Prince supreme! Thou, living Word!"

So spake the Apostle, feeling more
Than speech or thought could fitly frame
Of all that Infinite became:
Of all his own demerit's store.

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What! He the Lord of life and death!
The Sovereign Ruler! Mighty God!
Should *He* stoop down to serve the clod?
To serve of life the merest breath?

No, rather let the Saviour deign
To try His servant's faith and zeal;
To test his love in woe or weal,
And prove his spirit's force o'er pain.

To serve, to suffer, bleed and die,
The torture, scoff and scorn to bear,—
These should not move his slightest care,
Whilst hope of bliss beam'd from on high.

Nay, for his Lord's dear love alone
To him, the lowly, abject thing,
He'd *welcome* death, nor feel its sting,
Encouraged by that loving One.

But O! to think, with shame's deep glow,
That *He* Who life sustains and gave,
His feeble creature's feet should lave,
He cried, "Thou shalt not stoop so low."

To whom the Maker, Lord Divine,
In pity, "If I wash them not,
Thou hast in Me nor part nor lot,
Thou neither art of Me, nor Mine."

The humbled follower heard, and caught
The Master's meaning, as it came
With all of Heaven's inspiring flame,
With all the height and depth of thought;

And, breathless, hasten'd to exclaim—
Confused, yet thrilled with fervor sweet—
"O Saviour! not alone my feet,
Wash me all over, wash my frame.

And let Thy Heavenly lesson be
For ever graven in my heart,
And Thy example ne'er depart,
'Till I am merged in one with Thee!"

Bordeaux. JAMES.

CHRIST GLORIFIED.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Without, the King of Glory waits!
His chariots will not brook delay!

Who is this King of Glory, who?
Behold Him come a conquering God,
Whose robes adoring angels view,
Red from the winepress He has trod!

His bleeding feet, and hands, and side,
Proclaim the triumphs He has won;
Proclaim the light at eventide,
Proclaim the heaven on earth begun!

To tell this mystery of love,
Seraphic voices seek in vain;
Whilst all the palaces above
Ring with the glad rejoicing strain!

O would that I might now arise
Where angels walk, array'd in white,
Through shining realms beyond the skies,
Whose landscapes need no sun to light,

And see the beauty of His face,
Bright as the splendour of the throne,
And ceaselessly adore the grace
He to a guilty world has shown!

This were indeed ecstatic bliss,
A work of love sublime and sweet;
The dearest wish I cherish is
That I may worship at His feet!

O Jesus, be the kingdoms Thine!
Let all the nations bow to Thee;
Whose wide compassion is Divine,
For, lo! it reaches unto *me*.

Then lift your heads, eternal gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Without, the King of Glory waits!
His chariots will not brook delay!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN BRAILEY.

RELIGION finds a home in the lowly cottage as well as in the lordly palace. It is the guide and solace of him who leans upon the shepherd's crook as of him who wields the jewelled sceptre. The birth of the world's Redeemer,

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which astonished the gift-laden Magi from the East, brought great joy to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Among the peasantry of happy old England, are many simple-minded, devoted followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Favoured are those families amid which dwell truly pious servants who, in the spirit of those who waited on Naaman, succeed in directing their sin-stricken superiors to the Great Prophet and Physician of souls.

John Brailey, of Swimbridge, near Barnstaple, did not neglect the few advantages which he derived from the instruction afforded in the village week-day and Sabbath school, but followed them up so as to be able to read and write, and keep accounts with very fair correctness. Instead of idling away his evening hours in frivolous talk, or foolish sports, or debasing self-indulgence, he addicted himself to reading the Scriptures, to profitable conversation, and to religious exercises. As a parish apprentice, John Brailey obtained the reputation for honesty, truthfulness, and upright conduct. Throughout a lengthened service in one family as a farm-labourer "he was never known to swear, or tell a falsehood, or be tipsy." Such was the testimony of his late master. He hated a lie. The sin of drunkenness his soul abhorred. The public-house, with its unnumbered evils and wretched associations, had no attractions for him. His delight was in the house of God. Whoever was absent, John Brailey could be found in his place. In providing things honest for himself and his family, and in contributing towards the support and extension of the work of God, John found a more congenial way of spending his earnings, than in the indulgence of a depraved appetite. Happy the day for the peasants and artizans of our land when they abandon the too prevalent habits of excessive drinking, and the higher powers of human nature are cultivated.

Industrious, efficient, and good-humoured as a workman, John was daily preparing for his latter end. His mortal sickness fell upon him somewhat suddenly, but found him calm and resigned. The salvation of each member of his family formed his chief anxiety, and led him to declare his intention, in case of his recovery, to address to each of his children a letter of religious advice and persuasion.

The clear sense of his acceptance with God, retained uninterruptedly during many years, accompanied him in his last days. When the Bridegroom came, the lamp was trimmed, the flame was burning bright, and there was oil in the vessel. As he trod the borderland, the sound of the heavenly "harpers harping with their harps," fell upon his ear, causing him to say, "How delightful the music and singing I hear." Said he, "I am entering a valley dark and winding, but soon I shall be round the corner, and all will be bright." Thus, at the eventide of life, there arose a light to the righteous. Once more he said, "Before me is a river, broad and deep, and how shall I get across? Ah, the Spirit tells me that in the midst of the dark, cold waters there is a Rock, and that Rock is Christ. Treading on that Rock, I am safe." Thus amid holy calm and joyous hope, John Brailey entered that rest which, said he, "for thirty years I have been labouring to find."

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

BENJAMIN BROWNE.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Good Sea Captain; or, the Voyage of Life. A Memoir of Captain Robert Steward. By the Rev. John Baker, M.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Our readers shall form their own judgment of this useful and well-written book from the following extracts:—

"In these pages we are about to sketch the life of a pious sailor, who first won the great blessing, and then carried it in every ship he sailed in and to every shore he touched,—a genuine son of the sea, a man of open soul and loving heart; wild and rollicking and thoughtless in his early days, but when the grace of God reached him and made him 'a new creature' in Christ Jesus, simple as a child, gentle as the ripple of a summer wave; while in all that concerned duty and principle and conscience, strong as the cable and firm as the anchor; one who for many years, afloat and ashore, at home and abroad, professed a good profession both by word and deed, and who at length after a long voyage, not without tossing and buffeting, quietly dropped into that blessed port,—

"Where all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath."

* * * *

"Captain Steward had now found rest unto his soul;—rest from the guilt of sin, from a slavish fear of God, from the domination of evil tempers and dispositions, from unruly and turbulent passions, and from the haunting dread of death;—the rest of conscious forgiveness, of inward peace and heart-satisfaction: and he had found this rest, not by the struggles of nature or the efforts of reason, but by a penitent faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. *He* gives rest, and He only;—rest to the understanding in the knowledge of the only true God, and of Himself the saving Christ Whom God hath sent;—rest to the will by bringing it into harmony with the Divine Will, and rest to the heart by placing its desires and affections on its true and supreme good. Blessed rest! The mind at rest because it has found the Truth, the will at rest because it has found its repose and freedom, and the heart, the insatiable heart, at rest because it has found its portion and happiness. And, listen to what the Saviour says to the labouring and the 'heavy-laden,' 'Come unto Me, and I will *give* you rest;'—'give,' we have not to buy it, not to earn it, not to merit it, not to suffer for it,—it is a gift." * *

"Fuller, in his portraiture of the good sea-captain, says, that 'he is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past, as devout when it is present. Not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks. Many mariners are calm in a storm, and storm in a calm, blustering with oaths. In a tempest it comes to *their* turn to be religious, *whose* piety is but a fit of the wind; and when that is allayed, their devotion is ended.' Alas! this is true of others besides seamen. There are many people that only call upon God in time of trouble; sailors that only pray when they are in a storm; soldiers that only pray when they are going into battle; and multitudes of persons of all kinds that only betake themselves to prayer when sickness comes, when distress comes, when bereavement comes, when death threatens. And we believe that God often hears prayer though it may have been neglected before; though it may for the first time be extorted from us by pain, or anguish, or fear. We believe that God answers the prayer of many a poor sailor who, amid the howling and roaring of the storm, for the first time thinks of the Saviour he has so long forgotten; that in hospitals and prisons God answers many a cry of distress from the sick man's bed and the felon's cell, though uttered by lips that in health and strength had been strangers to the language of supplication, while familiar enough, may be, with the

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language of blasphemy. And what condescension on the part of God to listen to the man that never thought of his 'Father in heaven' so long as he fancied he could do without Him; to receive the shivering, trembling wretch that never turned his face homewards until he was driven by the pangs of misery or of terror! But though prayer very often begins in trouble, surely it is not to end there. How many there are who cry mightily to God on a sick-bed, when racked with pain, when throbbing and burning with fever, who, when raised up by Divine mercy, forget all about the prayers they had offered and the vows they had made! Their religion lasts as long as their trouble lasts, and when their danger seems to have passed away, their praying soon follows." * *

"It is sometimes said, 'No man can serve God in the navy; no man can serve God in the army. A sailor can't be a Christian man; a soldier can't be a Christian man. There is so much drinking and swearing, jeering and scoffing, so much to hinder and so little to help, that a man can't fear and love God as he ought to do in such a place.' This life-sketch is proof to the contrary. Captain Steward found Christ at sea, and he followed Christ at sea, and he preached Christ at sea. He was saved on board ship, and on board ship he grew in grace and waxed in strength. His vessel was a house of prayer, a house of God; and whether in English ports or foreign ports, outward bound or homeward bound, in fine weather or in foul weather, the voice of supplication, the song of praise, regard for the Sabbath, care for the soul, were never lost sight of. And the grace that made him what he was, 'a burning and a shining light,' can make you like him. He was, as we have seen, though piously brought up, a wild, random youth, fickle and wayward, fond of pleasure, easily led astray; and he found it a hard task to give up sin and to turn his back upon the world. At the feet of Jesus he found the pardon of sin, the favour of God, peace of conscience, a clean heart, a right spirit, victory over evil and the evil one, protection from the wrath to come, and all that he needed to make him holy and happy, and to fit him for the duties of earth and for the joys of heaven; and at the feet of Jesus you, too, may find the same precious blessings. O come to Him without a moment's delay!"

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For May, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
April	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	4 33	7 22	4 21m	4 6m	7 44a	1 13m	0 53m
May							
10	4 16	7 38	3 52	3 48	7 46	0 38	0 13
					Rises.		
20	4 1	7 53	3 23	3 33	4 0m	0 3	11 29a
30	3 50	8 5	3 9	3 21	3 40	11 25a	10 49

PHASES OF THE MOON.

7th, New Moon ..... 1h. 19m. after. | 22d, Full Moon .....11h. 8m. after.
15th, First Quarter .... 4h. 6m. after. | 29th, Last Quarter .... 2h. 12m. after.

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MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 12th.....	midnight,	Apogee; distance	251,576 miles.
„ 24th	11h. after.,	Perigee; „	225,049 „
Mean distance for the month.....			238,313 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st	92,443,760 „
June 1st.....	93,011,260 „
Increase of distance for the month	567,500 „

A *partial eclipse* of the Moon occurs on the night of the 22d, 23d. The disc will touch the penumbra on the 22d, at 9h. 10m. in the evening. It begins to enter the shadow at 10h. 41m.: at 11h. 18m., the middle of the eclipse, about a ninth part of the diameter will be covered: it leaves the shadow at 11h. 56m., and will be free from the penumbra at 1h. 27m. on the morning of the 23d.

Mercury will be stationary on the forenoon of the 7th, when the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde to direct. It will be very near Venus on the 8th. At 10h. 52m. in the morning the apparent distance will be rather less than a degree. Seen with a telescope, Venus will be nearly full, Mercury a crescent, the diameters nearly equal, about ten seconds. On the following midnight this planet will be at the point of its orbit most distant from the Sun. On the 22d it will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun, twenty-five degrees; but being considerably lower in declination, it rises only half an hour sooner. On the 29th it will be at its greatest distance from the ecliptic southward.

Venus is in the more remote part of its orbit, and is too near the Sun to be seen without the aid of a good telescope. An inhabitant of Venus would have the same difficulty in seeing the Earth and Mercury in their present relative position.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 17th, and will be lost in his rays throughout the whole of this month.

Jupiter is on the meridian on the 1st at five o'clock in the afternoon, at an altitude of sixty degrees. It is still near Pollux, but is receding slowly eastward. It will be instructive to note from night to night its progress among the fixed stars. It is now six degrees southward from Pollux; at the end of the month it will be nine degrees south-eastward. The eclipses of the first satellite begin behind the planet; the only reappearances observable by us are, one on the 2d, at 10h. 35m., and one on the 18th, at 8h. 54m. 40s., in the evening. A reappearance of the second satellite may be witnessed on the evening of the 17th, at 10h. 38m. 30s. On the evening of the 1st, from 9h. 52m. to 10h. 40m., the first satellite and the shadow of the second will be on the disc of the planets; twenty-five minutes later the shadow of the first satellite enters on the disc. On the 24th, at 10h. 16m., the first satellite enters on the disc of the planet. At that time the second satellite is behind the disc, and the third is in the shadow; so that the planet appears to be attended by only one satellite, the fourth.

Saturn rises at midnight on the 13th, a little before the time that Jupiter sets. The extreme length of the outer ring is now forty seconds, the breadth sixteen seconds; the diameter of the globe is seventeen seconds.

Uranus will be very near Jupiter at the end of the month, the distance will be less than a degree. The nearest approach takes place on the 5th of June, at six o'clock in the afternoon, when the apparent distance will be only one minute.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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Mon Plaisir, Guernsey.

METHODISM IN GUERNSEY.

BY THE REV. J. LANCASTER BALL.

If we take Victoria Tower * as a landmark, and direct our steps towards it, we shall find beneath its shadow a sacred as well as

* The Queen has visited the island twice; in 1846 and 1859. The Tower was erected in commemoration of the *former* visit, and therefore not exactly, as stated in a previous paper, of "the last visit of Royalty." Other members of the royal race have from time to time landed here, but no other Sovereign *during* his or her *reign*, at least since King John, and there are reasons for doubting whether he did, though Roger of Wendover says so.

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beautiful spot, the Candie Cemetery. We enter by a fine avenue of that most sombre and funereal tree, the evergreen Oak, (*Quercus ilex*,) so common in the island, so dismally out of place in many gardens and lawns, but so appropriate here; its dark foliage forming, all the year round, an archway of stately gloom. This ground though often called the *New* Cemetery, in distinction from several ancient burial-grounds nearly adjoining it, has been in use more than forty years, and we soon see that it is well peopled with the dead. Among the numerous monuments, exhibiting the usual variety and discordance of taste, the most striking is one erected to the memory of a lady who died in Jamaica, though her dust reposes here. It is a kneeling female figure, exquisitely sculptured in pure white marble. Look up, and catch the delicately-chiselled profile of that rapt and adoring yet calm countenance, as it stands out against the deep blue sky! Beautiful as a work of art beyond many which are sheltered by cathedral roofs, and even there kept carefully draped, it also witnesses to the purity of the atmosphere. Here, in the open air, and in view of the often raging sea, it remains, through successive summers and winters, as fresh and unsullied as if just from the sculptor's hands. It was not, however, expressly to see this that we came hither, but a plain altar-tomb a little beyond it, upon which we find the following inscription in French:—

"Here rests the body of the Reverend Jean de Queteville, who was born at St. Martin's, in the Island of Jersey, May 22, 1761, and died in the Lord Feb. 1, 1843. Endowed with great energy of character, and with an uncommon zeal for the salvation of souls, he exercised his ministry for more than half a century with much success and amidst many persecutions. He was the first Missionary appointed by Mr. Wesley to this and the neighbouring isles; and he lived to see the literal accomplishment of the promise, 'the little family* shall become a thousand,' Isaiah lx. 22. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

Here then took place the funeral scene so graphically described by Dr. Etheridge.† "The funeral rites at the grave of this aged saint were performed by the Rev. John Hawtrey"—a distinguished servant of Christ, originally an officer in the army, afterwards a Methodist Minister, who, though he had been induced to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church, never lost his love for the cause of Methodism. "He buried good old Jean de Queteville; and I shall never forget how, when standing by his side at the aged labourer's grave, beneath the serene and cloudless heaven, and surrounded by the grand panorama of island landscapes and unruffled seas, with uplifted eyes, and a face illuminated with faith and hope, he gave us to hear again 'a voice from Heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the

* So the French version,—"*la petite famille croîtra jusqu'à mille;*" in the light of which we can better perceive what was felt as a *literal* fulfilment of the promise. The first five members of the first French class in Guernsey were of one family—the de Jerseys—into which de Queteville married.

† Life of Dr. A. Clarke.

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Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'"

The whole group of islands which had witnessed de Queteville's labours may be seen from this elevated ground; so fitly was the veteran buried, one may say, in the presence of them all. He had fought a good fight, and they were no light persecutions to which his epitaph refers; but the Great Master not only crowned his long life with a triumphant end, but with success in the great object to which that life had been devoted. The history of the introduction of Methodism into the Channel Islands is well and fully told in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1870, and need not be here repeated; but as we stand by de Queteville's grave, we may briefly review the course of events with which he was so closely identified. The first Methodist sermon delivered in the Channel Islands was preached in Guernsey, by R. C. Brackenbury, Esq., in 1783, to a few pious soldiers and their comrades. But this was only a transient visit on his way to Jersey, where for some six years following he chiefly resided. In 1785 he visited this island again for a fortnight, preaching almost every day. Feeling now the importance of following up the work which he had begun here, and unable himself to leave the flock in the larger island, he applied to Dr. Coke for the appointment of a Missionary to Guernsey. Young de Queteville had already begun to preach the Word in his native Jersey, and under his first sermon two persons had been convinced of sin. Of an old and respected family, pious, intelligent, and full of zeal, he was, in the concurrent judgment of Brackenbury and Coke, the very man marked out by Providence for this mission. He accepted the call, and arrived at Guernsey, Feb. 18th, 1786. At the following Conference, Adam Clarke was sent to assist Brackenbury in Jersey, but to spend much of his time also in Guernsey. Clarke and de Queteville seem to have borne the brunt of the persecution in both islands. The mobs by which they were assailed do not appear to have been far behind, in ribaldry and truculence, the coarsest mobs of England forty years before. Whence arose this enmity to the young Evangelists? Clearly, it did not arise, in the body of the people, from any tenacious attachment to the Church, whose ordinances, loosely provided for, were still more unwillingly observed. But the preaching of these men disturbed sinners of all classes in their sins; and none need seek any more recondite reason. The storm, however, did not last so long as it had done on more northern ground: There were indeed, after the first burst of open and turbulent opposition had subsided, some lesser waves of longer continuance. Some of these have, to us, a tinge of the curious and amusing, but they were by no means pleasant at the time. The promptitude with which Mr. de Queteville availed himself of every opportunity for the spread of the Gospel, made him sometimes the dupe

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of persons who had reasons of their own for wishing to gather a crowd of people. There was no surer mode of doing this in the country, than to announce a visit from the Methodist preacher. A man came to ask him to preach at his house at Torteval. He readily consented, went at the appointed time, and preached in the open air before the house to a large congregation who listened attentively. But when he afterwards asked the man when he would wish him to come again and preach there, the reply was, "I have no more cider to sell!" The man was not a publican, but a farmer, who had his year's produce of cider to dispose of, and wished to get together a great company to drink it, which was then, Mr. de Queteville adds in telling the story, a custom in the country. At another time he accepted a similar invitation, and found himself at a public-house. Though much annoyed, and hesitating whether to return, he decided to go on with the service, lest the Methodists should be reported of as men who did not keep their word, and branded as deceivers. The congregation here was of a worse character than that at Torteval, and soon began to interrupt the service, and would have handled the preacher roughly, but for the interposition of a few, who formed a circle round him, and brought him off in safety.*

In 1787, Wesley himself visited the islands, accompanied by Dr. Coke and Mr. Joseph Bradford. He was received in Guernsey with a degree of respect, which, though it had been for some time generally accorded to him in England, had not been so when Methodism was in so early a stage as it was now in this island. He dined with the Governor, and was gladly welcomed by some of the clergy, though not by all. A good anecdote on this point is preserved. Wesley called upon the Rev. Mr. Le Marchant, rector of St. Peter-Port, who showed him all courtesy. But another clergyman who happened to be present at their meeting, said, looking at the visitor, and with an evident design to insult him, "Who is this fellow?" "Fellow of Lincoln," was the ready reply of the rector. To this instance of good-natured tact, the local chronicler says, Wesley was fond of alluding.

Wesley's visit must have been a memorable time to the little Society, one of whom took a dictionary to the preaching-room, expecting that so great a man would use words of corresponding greatness: and it must have been a most pleasing episode in the life of de Queteville, who, with Clarke, went to Southampton to meet the venerable man, and to bear him company in crossing the Channel at the age of eighty-four. But the pleasant time passed by, and two years afterwards, Brackenbury and Clarke returned to England. Others came, and returned likewise; and amongst them were many men greatly beloved, and some men of renown;† but de Queteville's life, with the exception

* *Vie du Rev. Jean de Queteville. Par Henri de Jersey.*

† Mr. Peter Le Page preserves a pane of glass, carefully framed, upon which the

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of occasional visits to England and France, was to be spent in his loved Iles de la Manche. Amidst all changes, his great life-work was advancing. In 1789, the year of Brackenbury's and Clarke's departure, the chapel in Le Marchant-street, St. Peter-Port, was opened, the first Methodist chapel built in the Channel Islands. The building remains, but its uses are now far different. Mr. de Queteville continued to labour with unabated zeal and vigour until the year 1816, his appointments by the Conference during that time alternating between Guernsey and Jersey, and including the smaller isles; and though failing health then disqualified him for the Itinerancy to which he had been accustomed, he was spared for the unexpected period of twenty-six years longer, to take, as a Supernumerary, a less arduous, but still a large and zealous part in the building up of the Church. "Although the sterner virtues of his character" had "occasionally appeared to predominate, he was," in this long evening of his life, "a remarkable example of patriarchal simplicity, patience, and hope."* In the year of his death, the number of members in Guernsey alone, French and English, was one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven, and in the Islands collectively three thousand nine hundred and fifty-three. The promise quoted on the tombstone before us had been more than verified. There was a chapel in every parish in the island, and in some parishes two or three. A moral and religious influence had been brought to bear upon the population, and had, though slowly, produced new life and vigour in the Establishment. "Until the last few years," says Duncan, in 1841, "only one service was performed in each country church on the Sabbath; and in those of the Forest and Torteval, the Vale, and St. Sampson's, but one service each alternate Sunday in winter. Whereas now, service is performed in the town and all the country churches, excepting the four just mentioned, twice every Sunday."

Quitting the cemetery, a short walk into the country will bring us to a place pleasingly associated with the history of Guernsey Methodism, Mon Plaisir, an old manor farm-house, formerly the residence of the family of de Jersey. It has been considerably modernized, and will scarcely be known again by those who have not seen it of late years, but it is the same old building, unpretending, but roomy and substantial; and surrounded by luxuriance and beauty, which would make it attractive apart from all its associations. Here Wesley, and

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Rev. Richard Reece, during his residence here, cut the following words: "Give me freedom, give me love. Richard Reece, 1794." Twenty-eight years afterwards he visited the islands in company with the Rev. William Beal, on a Missionary deputation. The glass was then produced, and further inscribed thus:—

"Ὁ Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστί. W. Beal. May, 1822.
God is Love. R. Reece."

* Minutes of Conference, 1843.

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Coke, and Brackenbury visited, and Clarke resided, and they and their successors for many years preached the Word. Here de Queteville found his wife, the excellent Susanne de Jersey, who was convinced of sin during a visit of Dr. Coke, and one day, coming from one of these rooms in which she had obtained peace with God, astonished her mother by the change produced in her very appearance, "for she seemed transfigured." The following is Mr. Wesley's notice of Mon Plaisir ("Journal," August 16th, 1787):—"I had a very serious congregation at five," (in the morning,) "in a large room of Mr. de Jersey's house. His gardens and orchards are of a vast extent, and wonderfully pleasant. And I know no nobleman in Great Britain that has such variety of the most excellent fruit; which he is every year increasing, either from France or other parts of the Continent. What quantity of fruit he has, you may conjecture from one sort only: this summer he gathered fifty pounds of strawberries daily, for six weeks together." Dr. Clarke says that in his time there were gathered daily, Sundays excepted, for nearly six weeks, from fifty to a hundred pounds' weight. Strawberries are not now cultivated here on this scale, but there are vineries such as Wesley never saw, and there are fig-trees, yielding fruit with lavish abundance, kindred to that under the shade of which was Clarke's favourite study, and which Dr. Etheridge visited so often, he tells us, with a pleasure he could never forget. It was at "this favoured spot, every attribute of which—the Hesperide climate, the commodious and tranquil mansion and gardens —. . combined to render it a most desirable asylum for the student bent on learning," that Clarke broke through the foolish vow which he had made four years before, to have no more to do with Greek and Latin. Here he began to recover his lost ground, and amidst all his labours, voyages, and contests with hostile mobs, set himself to the critical study of the Septuagint and Greek Testament, and to the mastery of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac grammars. Mon Plaisir is the point from which dates the steady training and preparation of the future Commentator and linguist.

The late Rev. Henri de Jersey, grandson of that Henri who received Wesley as his guest, was for half a century a zealous and successful Minister in France, Switzerland, and the Islands. "His labours as a preacher, a pastor, and an author, entitle him to be regarded as one of the founders of French Methodism."* Only two days before his departure to another world, he came to look once more upon the place of his birth and childhood. Until within a few weeks past, there was in this garden an old arbour, the walls of which were almost covered with pencilled inscriptions, some in Greek, some in English, many in French, the contributions of a long succession of visitors, chiefly Ministers, who had rejoiced in its delicious shade. Few could be fully

* Minutes of Conference, 1870.

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deciphered, and now the arbour is destroyed; but one, the most recent and legible, was copied in time. It was this:—

"H. de Jersey, born at Mon Plaisir, December 4th, 1799,
Visited this place June 26th, 1870."

A loving hand had added, "two days before his death;" and then followed, "Emile F. Cook and Helen C. de Jersey came to see this writing of their dear departed father, July 11, 1870."

Another Henri de Jersey, son of the above, now labouring in France, worthily perpetuates the honoured name in the ranks of the Methodist ministry. It is gratifying to add that Mon Plaisir is still in the hands of those who value its associations, being now the residence of Mr. John Nightingale, brother of the Rev. Messrs. Thomas and Charles Nightingale.

By some little extension of our walk, we may now visit another cemetery—and it will be found that we have a reason for doing so,—at Le Foulon, or Foulon Vale. This is the *Nonconformist* burial-ground, yet strange to say, it is the only cemetery (using the word as distinguishing it from churchyards) in which the whole service for the burial of the dead is read. The Episcopally "consecrated" cemeteries have no chapels, and neither the Psalms, nor the sublime Lesson "taken out of the fifteenth chapter of the former Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians," are ever heard there. They are commonly dispensed with altogether; always, indeed, unless previously read at some one of the churches, which would generally necessitate another toilsome procession, and is seldom practicable. But at the "Nonconformist" cemetery, when Methodist Ministers officiate, the service, though relieved by the Conference revision of some expressions which have been so long a pain and burden to many consciences, is not mutilated, nor the minds of mourners, often sensitive to the least omission, grieved by any curtailment of the last sad rites.

If we fall in with a funeral on the way, you, my English friend, will be astonished at the length of the procession. Relationships here are very complicated and numerous, and besides that, attendance upon such occasions is held to be a duty extending to remoter degrees of friendship than it does in many places. It is not uncommon for a whole congregation to be invited from the pulpit to the obsequies of one of its members. Take off your hat reverently as the procession passes, or you are known as an uninstructed stranger. Every vehicle is drawn up by the roadside until the whole *cortége* is gone by. In some established usages, Guernsey funerals compare favourably with those of England. They are punctual. It is not recognized as a necessity that the sorrow of the bereaved should be expressed by purposed dilatoriness in the preparations, or by summoning your friends an hour or hours before the time you mean. They are punctual to a moment. Then there is no feasting. That practice

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may linger in some country parishes, but as a rule, the provision of even such "refreshments" as custom would imperatively require elsewhere, is wholly dispensed with.

The Foulon, though laid out rather too much in the style of a pleasure-ground, is a peaceful and lovely "sleeping-place." Ascending a steep pathway, and passing under the wide-spreading shade of one of the finest beech-trees in the island, we find, a short space beyond the little chapel, the Wesleyan Ministers' vault. The first name upon it is that of Pierre Roy, who exercised a vigorous ministry in France, but died in 1860, a few months after his appointment to Guernsey; it was his daughter of whom the *Evangeliste* of July 27th, 1871, contained so touching a memoir. She became the wife of a Pastor of the Reformed Church, and her remains now lie in a sepulchre far distant from this. The account of her last days and hours, her fulness of peace, her triumphing in Christ, is especially impressive. The doctor, a Roman Catholic, said, with tears, to an attendant, who was also of that Church, "people do not die like this in *our* religion."

Next comes the distinguished name of Corbett Cooke, the Catholic-spirited Minister of the Church of Christ, yet all the more intensely a Methodist Preacher, and long known among his brethren as wise in counsel and vigorous in action. When, in the late evening of his life, deprived of bodily sight, he rejoiced to repeat, in his still full and strong voice,—

"O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise."

The following is the last record as yet engraven on this slab—but who knoweth the day or the hour when it shall cease to be the last?—

"The Rev. Joseph Spencer,
who fell asleep in Jesus, March 30th, 1871, aged fifty-one years. He fulfilled his ministry in all purity and love, striving by all means to save some."

This witness is true, and signally were his labours owned of the Lord. Yet when he looked back upon his devoted life, the ruling passion of which was a passion for saving souls, he said, "If I could preach once more, I would declare the power and preciousness of Christ's blood as I have never done before." Among the last utterances of his failing voice were,—"I want to sing the praises of God. I want to shout 'Hallelujah to the Lamb!'" Though resident in the island little more than a year and a half, and for seven months of that period laid aside by his mortal disease, his life and doctrine had been lovingly appreciated. It was a deeply impressive scene,—fit counterpart of the one described in Dr. Etheridge's words in the former part of this paper,—when, on that showery morning of spring, exactly twelve months ago as we write, his remains were here

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deposited, amidst a large concourse of real mourners, and when, at the close of the service, the sorrowing yet triumphant strain sounded over this field of graves,—

"Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!"

Returning to St. Peter-Port, we may pass the French chapel in Victoria-road, a plain but commodious Gothic building, worthy of its object. Ebenezer, the principal English chapel, is difficult to describe architecturally, and its internal arrangements cannot be said to be conspicuous either for beauty or convenience, or adaptation to the purposes of worship. Still, when on a Sunday evening filled with worshippers, it is an impressive sight; and when we see that it bears the date of 1815, when the Guernsey Methodists were, as compared with the present time, both few and feeble, it is surely a challenge to their descendants and successors to do something as proportioned to their ability, and to the requirements of the increased population, which here cannot be gathered in.

There are in Guernsey five English and twelve French Wesleyan-Methodist chapels. English Methodism occupies only the eastern face of the island, from St. Sampson's in the north, to St. Martin's in the south, St. Peter-Port lying between the two. Along this line English is generally used, but beyond this, in what is commonly called the "back of the island," the current speech is French, and there are some who understand nothing else; those who do, yet cling, like the Welsh, to their mother tongue for worship. Very generally, however, the native population is thoroughly bi-lingual, speaking, of course, with more or less purity according to their education. The children in the country schools are taught both languages, and taught them well. If you pass a parish school when the inmates are dispersing, and call to your side a little maid of ten or twelve, she will answer your questions in either tongue with equal readiness. But as yet the French preacher has the ear of the people in the far greater part of the island: there is work, however, for both English and French. In either tongue it is the same Gospel, to the preaching of which may the Lord of the vineyard still give increase!

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD.

II.—THE REIGN OF ABIMELECH.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

ABIMELECH, the base-born son of Gideon, was ambitious, crafty, and cruel. Being related on his mother's side to the men of Shechem, he persuaded them to accept him as their ruler in preference to the threescore and ten persons who were the legal successors of Gideon, in the power he had won by delivering Israel from the yoke of Midian. "He is our brother," said the Shechemites, and to forward his

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purposes, gave him part of the treasure stored in the temple of Baal-berith. With the pieces of silver thus obtained, he hired a number of idle and dissolute men,—"vain and light persons,"—whom he led to Ophrah, where his numerous brethren lived in semi-regal state. The great name of Gideon ought to have made that noble group sacred in his eyes, but no feeling of kindred or patriotism was allowed to interfere with his plans, and the unsuspecting seventy were slain on one stone, not unlikely the rock from which their father had seen the angel make the mystic fire flash out by a touch of his rod. As Abimelech looked on the blood that flowed through all the rifts and crevices of the stone, and on the dishonoured corpses of his princely brethren, he thought that his work was complete, and that henceforth there would be no voice to question his right to the highest place in the land. But Jotham escaped the cruel massacre, and on the day of Abimelech's coronation on the plain of Shechem, went secretly to the top of Gerizim, whence he beheld the guilty pageant, and startled the assembly with his parable of the trees, and his denunciation of the Shechemites for the foul wrong done to their brave and self-sacrificing deliverer. Jotham suddenly vanished, and fled to Beer, to be beyond the reach of his unscrupulous brother. Abimelech appears to have established his court at Arumah, leaving Zebul as governor in Shechem. The new arrangement continued without serious interruption for three years; but friendship founded in crime can never be abiding. Ill feeling sprang up between the Shechemites and Abimelech, and they set "liers in wait for him," some of whom were probably the "vain and light persons" he had hired for those deeds of blood at Ophrah; for men who sell themselves to work evil in favour of a man, will sell themselves to work evil against him. These "liers in wait" seem to have intended making "him their prisoner whom they had lately made their prince." "He not coming," as Matthew Henry says, "they took the opportunity of robbing travellers, which would make the people more and more uneasy under Abimelech, when they saw he would not or could not protect them from highwaymen."

The feast of the vintage came on, and when the people were flushed with wine, and were filling the city and its suburbs with heathenish mirth, another candidate for supremacy, "Gaal the son of Ebed" went among them, artfully fanning the rebellion which smouldered in their hearts: "Who is Abimelech, and who is Shechem, that we should serve him? is not he the son of Jerubbaal? and Zebul his officer? serve the men of Hamor the father of Shechem: for why should we serve him? And would to God this people were under my hand! then would I remove Abimelech." These words were so far effectual, that Gaal felt himself strong enough to challenge the king to a trial of forces, "Increase thine army, and come out." Zebul, who still continued faithful, sent a messenger to Abimelech, urging him to lead his army by night towards the city, and to be in readiness to meet the rebels by the morrow's sunrise. In the early dawn, Abimelech's soldiers were seen coming down the side of the mountain, and the Shechemites, headed by Gaal, went out to fight them on the plain, but were driven back to the city, and Gaal's hopes of sovereignty ended in ignominious failure. A second battle was still more disastrous to the Shechemites. The greater number

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of the people were massacred, the walls and houses of the city were demolished, and the whole area was sown with salt. The survivors went into the hold, or tower of Berith, the temple being part shrine, and part fortress. From that tower they could still defy Abimelech, but they had set themselves against one who was too unscrupulous, and too ingenious in cruelty, to be easily baffled. Abimelech went up to Zalmon, a hill in the neighbourhood, which, in quieter times, was celebrated by the Psalmist for its crown of snow, but never altogether wintry in its aspect, for its slopes were green with shady woods. The king carried an axe, and cutting down a bough, and laying it on his shoulder, commanded his soldiers to do the same. Bough after bough was cut down, as on a later day in the wood of Birnam; and thus laden with the spoils of Zalmon, more suitable in appearance for a peaceful demonstration than a warlike purpose, the army marched back to the tower. The Shechemites from their elevated post saw the approach of what seemed like a moving forest, but were not long in doubt as to Abimelech's intention. The boughs were heaped against the door of the tower, they were set on fire, and a thousand men and women were suffocated, or burned to death. Vengeance could do no more, and the destruction of Shechem was complete. The cruel devices of one age are repeated in another, and a similar fate befell the inhabitants of one of the Hebrides, who had hidden themselves from powerful enemies in a cavern, but were tracked to their hiding-place by footprints on the snow. A quantity of heather, with rafters from the cottages, was piled against the mouth of the cavern, fire was applied, and all within—men, women, and children—were smoked to death. Human bones, fragments of pottery, and half-decayed straw which had been used for beds, still remain as memorials of the savage deed.

The revolt from Abimelech was not confined to Shechem; Thebez was affected by it. Abimelech took the city without difficulty, but the people got into the tower or citadel, and having closed its door, climbed to the top, whence they could watch and annoy the assailants. Abimelech was a determined foe, and when weapons failed, had recourse to fire, as in the case of the tower of Berith. Seizing a flaming brand, he went up to the door, when a woman hurled a piece of mill-stone on his head, which shivered his helmet and fractured his skull. He knew that his end was nigh, but his fierce courage flashed out to the last. Calling his armourbearer, he said to him, "Draw thy sword, and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him. And his young man thrust him through, and he died." The cause of the conflict being removed, the siege of the tower was abandoned, and the men of Israel returned to their homes.

The working of a retributive Providence is clearly seen in the history of Abimelech and the Shechemites. The conspirators against the rights of Gideon's family were instrumental in each other's destruction. The Shechemites who had been so ready to help Abimelech in shedding that noble blood at Ophrah, began a rebellion which in the end brought him to a tragical and untimely end. Abimelech, who to win over the Shechemites said, "Remember also that I am your bone and your flesh," in the day of estrangement and wrath, crushed and destroyed them with a cruelty not to be read of even at this distance of time without a

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shudder. "Thus God rendered the wickedness of Abimelech, which he did unto his father, in slaying his seventy brethren: and all the evil of the men of Shechem did God render upon their heads: and upon them came the curse of Jotham the son of Jerubbaal."

"SHAN SION."

"SHAN SION" was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. Her proper name was Jane Williams, but being connected with a small chapel in the Carnarvon Welsh Circuit called "Sion," she was generally known as "Shân Sion," Anglice, "Jane of Zion."

She was a good woman, but somewhat eccentric, and having been converted when (as the venerable Lot Hughes remarks in a paper in the Welsh Magazine, to which we are indebted for most of our facts) it was not considered unfashionable to say "Amen," or to shout "Glory be to God!" she was famous all her life long for the great fervour of her responses, and especially when she had a good time, or when, as the Welsh people say, the "hwyl" came upon her. She was probably one of the last of the race known as "Welsh Jumpers," it being her habit not unfrequently literally to jump, at the same time shouting and praising God, when her feelings were deeply moved. This, to many preachers, was very annoying, and it is said that the late R. M. Preece, Esq., banker, of Carnarvon, and a very acceptable Local-preacher, endeavoured on one occasion to bribe her into silence by giving her a new pair of shoes. He had not long been preaching, however, before Jane's feelings were so deeply stirred, that, stooping down and stealthily unlacing her boots, she quietly took them off, and, unable to contain herself any longer, flung them at the preacher, exclaiming, "The shoes for Preece, and Christ for me!" and then, as if the snare had been broken, began to shout as loudly as she could, "Praise the Lord, Hallelujah! Christ for me, for ever and ever!" A brother, who on one occasion thanked her that she had been so quiet while he was preaching, was answered, "No thanks, no thanks at all, brother; your sermon was so poor that there was nothing worth thanking God for in it." Mr. Preece was not the only one who attempted to silence her. The same attempt was made by some of the friends in connection with the Society of which she was a member. At this time they met for worship in a farm-house, and Jane was placed in a corner near the fire, in order that, if she did shout, the sound might go up the chimney. This greatly troubled her, and when the Rev. D. Jones, who was then on the Circuit, came there the next time to preach, Jane went to meet him.

"Well, sister," said he, "how are you?"

"O, very low—very low indeed, Mr. Jones, *very* low!"

"Why, what's the matter, then?" said he.

"Well, the friends here have forbidden me to shout, and they have placed me in the chimney-corner to prevent me."

"O, O!" said he, "if that be all, never mind; I give you full permission to shout to-day. You can sit in the front, and praise God as much as you will."

"O! thanks, thanks," said she; and off she hasted to the house, where, having intimated to all who were present that Mr. Jones had given her permission to shout, "she took down her harp from off the

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willow," vacated her place in the chimney-corner, and while the preacher expounded the great things of God, literally "walked and leaped, and praised God."

Shân had a very peculiar habit, when the preacher quoted Scripture, of snatching away, so to speak, the passage from his lips, and finishing the quotation for him. When the Rev. Richard Bonner was, on one occasion, preaching, he was about to quote that passage, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," whereupon Shân, so soon as he had got as far as "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son," at once added, "Cleanseth us from all sin," and almost before he had time to remonstrate with her, saying, "Yes, yes; but, Jane, why didn't you let me finish my quotation, that I might prove my point?" she had already repeated it several times over, at the same time adding, "Praise God, for ever and ever!" On another occasion, Mr. Bonner had commenced to say, "For God so loved the world" —"That He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish — should not perish, should not perish, should not perish," Jane added, as hard as ever she was able. Mr. B., it would seem, was accustomed to these interruptions, for he simply contented himself with saying, "Well, Jane, you have finished my verse for me," and then passed on.

Jane, in the fervour of her zeal, and especially soon after her conversion, was accustomed to attend other services than those of the body to which she belonged. On one occasion, being present at a society meeting of the Calvinistic Methodists, and it being usual only for members, or for those seeking membership, to be present on such occasions, it was thought that Jane probably desired to unite herself with them. Accordingly, it having been intimated to the Minister who conducted the service that Jane was present, he went forward to speak to her.

"Well, sister," said he, "do you desire to unite yourself with us?"

"O no! not that," said she; "but this. I can testify, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

"Dear me," said the Minister, somewhat disconcerted. "She ought not to be brought here. Why, she knows more than I do, although I have been preaching for so many years."

Jane, hearing this, said: "Why, the Apostle Paul says, 'As we have received mercy, we faint-not,' but desire to make it known to others: you, however, preach it, brother, although you know nothing whatever about it."

"But," said one of the deacons, "don't you think you are deceiving yourself, Jane?"

"O no, brother! for this I *know*, that I have 'passed from death unto life,' because I 'love the brethren.'"

After this, Jane was let alone, and nothing more was said to her. The next day, however, fearing lest her conduct should be misrepresented, she hastened to the Superintendent Minister to explain matters, and lest, as she said, "she should be brought under discipline."

Many other strange things are related concerning her, but these will suffice for the present. She lived to a good old age, and died as she had lived, *shouting* praises unto God. "One more 'pull,' Lord," said she, after she had suffered a very severe paroxysm of pain, "and then I shall be at home." The "one more 'pull'" soon came, and she was landed safely where ten thousand

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times ten thousand are ever engaged in *shouting* praises unto God, *crying* "with a *loud voice*," and "saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

E. ASHTON JONES.

Aberystwyth.

THE USE OF A MIRROR.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise."—Proverbs xv. 31.

The chief use of a mirror is to disclose such blemishes as may be removed.—There may be much gratification imparted to those who, correctly or incorrectly, believe that they discern much beauty in the looking-glass whenever they gaze therein. We need not be much surprised if such persons expose themselves to the reproach of spending too much time before the glass. But we cannot regard their frequent and admiring glances into the mirror as any advantage to them. They are not likely to be richer, or wiser, or humbler, or happier, for such employment of their leisure.

There may be much mortification occasioned to others who cannot deny to themselves that the face they discern in the mirror is far from being handsome. The nose, perchance, is an undisguisable snub, or the eyes too small, or the mouth too large, or the complexion somewhat brown, or sundry wrinkles are visible, or the whole face unprepossessing. But, as these circumstances cannot be altered, there is no advantage in dwelling on them, unless mortification result in cheerful resignation and loving humility.

When, however, a glance into the mirror discloses some evil that can be removed, there is real gain. It is well that the marks of sooty fingers should be removed from the face, that dishevelled hair should be smoothed into neatness, and the cap or kerchief should be placed straightly. That such may be the case is the chief use of a mirror.

Now, the opinions concerning ourselves which are cherished by our acquaintances, and which are sometimes freely expressed, form a sort of mirror by which we may be assisted in knowing how we look. It will not be profitable for us to pay too much attention to what others say of us, nor will it be well that we should altogether neglect their sayings. Do not be for ever gazing into this mirror. On the other hand, it is not desirable that you should try to break it, or place it with its face to the wall, or refuse on all occasions to look into it. You may obtain that which is worth having, by suitably employing it. The chief gain will be the discernment of removable blemishes.

It is desirable that the mirror should be correct.—I like a good looking-glass. Though lowly opinions of myself are no doubt of great price, I do not like a glass which makes my face appear an inch wider than it is, or one that elongates it by two inches. My patience is tried by those mirrors which impart an angularity, or curvature, or any other kind of grotesqueness, to my face that really does not belong to it. Perhaps, however, I might be in danger of receiving larger and more permanent harm from any patent mirror, warranted to make every purchaser look handsome, and capable of fulfilling the conditions of the warrant. All we must expect from our looking-glasses is that they should reflect with accuracy what is placed before them. Whether the

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mirror be so small that we have difficulty in placing ourselves so as to see all our face at once, or so large that we see ourselves from head to feet, including much of our surroundings, we would have a correct representation, and would ask no more. So it is of advantage if we have friends who help us to an accurate acquaintance with ourselves. We certainly do not wish our failings to be exaggerated, and can find small pleasure in the society of those who speak of nothing concerning us except our faults; yet many have had, eventually, greater reason to mourn any association with some vile flatterer who declared repeatedly and warmly that they were fair and good beyond compare, and needing no advice from parents or employers.

We may, however, derive some advantage from an inferior mirror.—We may not be frightful as an ogre as we are represented in the glass, yet the disdainful sneer, or angry frown, of which we were partially conscious, and which on the whole we thought becoming, has certainly not improved our appearance, and had better be laid aside. Although the smears are magnified on cook's face, yet she may learn that her important task at the kitchen-range has not made her face any cleaner. A man's chin may not, to others, seem so much like a field of stubble recently visited by heavy showers of soot, yet the mirror, notwithstanding its strange caprices, may have done him good by suggesting the use of razor and pure water. So, even by the unkind criticisms of those who magnify everybody's faults except their own, we may discern some blemish in ourselves which we had not previously seen, yet can now remove. An inferior mirror is better than none.

We must not blame the mirror for all we see therein.—Dr. Livingstone, among other articles which he had carried about with him, to use as presents or in the way of barter, had a number of looking-glasses. The Africans, especially the women, greatly prized these, and were eager to possess them. He was often amused by their remarks when, for the first time, some were allowed to look into one. When among the Makololos, the Doctor produced one, and encouraged the women to look into it. They were greatly perplexed. They had seen the reflection of their faces in water, so that they readily understood who was represented by the figure in the glass, but they were not prepared for the distinct disclosure, and, for the most part, were not flattered therewith. One exclaimed, "Is that me? What a big mouth I have." Another declared, "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves." A third, "I have no chin at all." And a fourth, "See how my head shoots up in the middle." These and similar remarks were made aloud, and in the presence of a noisy group, each one of which was eager to have a full look at herself in the white man's wondrous instrument. Perhaps the frankest acknowledgment of personal defect among all that were made by these Makololos, was made in soliloquy by a man. He had waited until he could approach the stranger's tent alone, and when he supposed the Doctor was asleep. He got hold of the glass, and gazed attentively therein for some time, twisting his mouth and features into various shapes, apparently striving to arrive at a favourable result, though in vain. Dr. Livingstone, who was merely resting, but awake, watched his grimaces with much amusement, and was still more

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amused by the avowal which was made at length. Laying down the glass, the Makololo soliloquized:—"Well, people say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am."

We must make good use of the knowledge thus obtained.—A mother, who was earnestly desirous to train her children aright, and very unwilling to employ harsher means than were absolutely necessary, used to make occasional use of a small mirror for purposes of instruction. Before a child who was sulky, and whose features had assumed a specially disagreeable shape, the small mirror would be unexpectedly placed, so that a glimpse of the voluntary ugliness should be unavoidable. The lesson was generally of service. It seemed, indeed, to make a permanent impression. Even when disposed to be bad-tempered, the child was not inclined to assume an appearance so ridiculous as well as blameworthy. Now, when we have reason to perceive we are wrong, let us admit such to be the case, and set about improving ourselves. It is quite possible that the mistress does sometimes find fault when there is no occasion. It is not unlikely that our companions may be guilty of making very ill-natured remarks. But we may still learn something from what they say. If we are not so bad as they represent, there is room for us to mend. If the looking-glass be not first-rate, what about the face? Let us be willing to discern blemishes that do exist in ourselves, and let us be determined that such as can be removed shall disgrace us no longer.

SONNET.—VOICELESS PRAYER.

Times there are with us, when we cannot word
The prayers which mount from the perturbéd heart
Up to God's throne. Are then such prayers unheard?
We are as Hannah when her lips were stirr'd
The while no sound escaped. The inward smart
Was witness'd in their tremor. Yet, white-stoled,
Her heart's desire stood after in the fane
Which was the world's pure wonder. Awed, yet bold,
Let us bow silent heads, nor think that vain,
E'en though the agony remain untold.
God needeth not for praise, cathedral strain;
For homage, not myrrh, frankincense, and gold.
The songless bird, if loving, God does love;
Not more His lark loud-singing than His dove.

—Sarson, *Authoress of "Wild Flowers."*

TREES, AND THEIR TENANTS.

II.—THE BIRCH.

It was very much the custom at one time to speak of trees as if they were living things, and that this was not merely a fancy of the poets, is proved by its still remaining in some places, amongst persons of little education, who will designate a tree, "he" or "she," and not "it." Well, there are some that naturally appear to belong to the masculine gender,—sturdy, rugged fellows,—such as the oak, the beech or the elm; others seem to have gentler attributes, such as the lime, the larch, and especially the birch, which we are now going to admire a little. Well has Coleridge said that this tree is the—

"Most beautiful
Of forest-trees—the Lady of the Woods."

Yes, the birch is lady-like; it wins our regard at a distance, by its graceful form, its silvery trunk, and its elegant tracery of branches; nor do we like it less on a closer inspection. Many things about the birch give it a feminine aspect;

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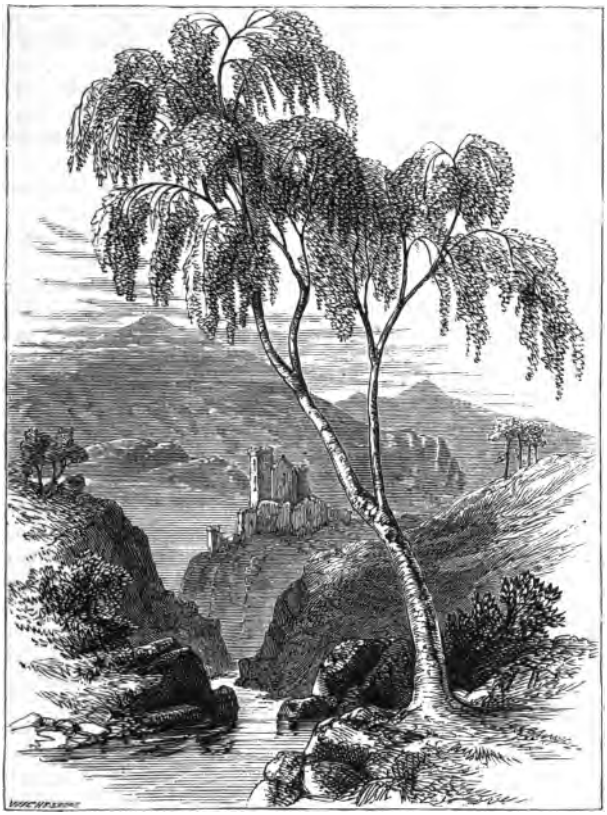

it is moderate in height as compared with others, and slender in circumference. It suits light and poor soils, where other timber-trees will not flourish; and thus often womankind adorn a sphere which has little pleasing to recommend it. Again, Sir Thomas Lauder observes that a few birch-trees should always be planted near a house, as they will fill the air with a wholesome fragrance, which is given forth freely after rain or heavy dew. So there ought not to be a house without a woman to act upon its inmates tenderly and kindly. Allow us one more comparison ere we pass on: it is the province of the female sex to be mainly employed in the nurture and care of the young, and the birch is not unfrequently used as a nurse to other trees while at an early stage. Birches are planted in rows for this purpose, and, after a few years, oaks, chestnuts, and other hard-wooded trees, are set between, and kept there until they have gained sufficient strength to shift for themselves. If we wish to see birch-trees in their glory, we must go to the Highlands of Scotland, where there occurs not only the form we are generally familiar with in the south, but also the weeping variety. The latter may be seen adorning many of the most picturesque landscapes; as

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in the pass of Killiecrankie, on the shores of Loch Awe, and the banks of the Spey and the Dee. In some such spot Wilson must have imagined himself when he wrote thus:—

> "On the green slope
> Of a romantic glade we sat us down,
> While o'er our heads the weeping birch-tree stream'd,
> Its branches arching like a fountain shower."

In some of the Highland forests, these trees attain a height and size quite unusual. Some birches in the forest of Tarnawa, were found to be eight feet in girth, and one or two even ten or eleven feet, while from but a foot to eighteen inches is the average girth southward. But, grow where it may, the birch is not a long-lived tree; it is mature at about its fiftieth year, and rarely survives its hundredth anniversary, should it last so long. Those accustomed to notice the curious and pendulous objects called "catkins," must have observed that a few appear on this tree in autumn, but remain unopened through the winter. These are the male flowers, and they expand in the spring, when the female blossoms are coming forth.

The birch serves a variety of uses. It was abused, as we think, when its twigs were made into rods for the chastisement of juveniles; but on this point "opinions differ." Still, for our own part, had we the alternative, we had much rather be birched than caned. One of our poets (Shenstone) has some verses on this subject, in which he alludes to a school-house, about which birches were planted, as a sort of reminder to the youngsters of what they might expect if they misbehaved. This was really too hard upon them; hang the rod up *in terrorem* within-doors, if you will, but don't sadden play-hours by anticipations of possible punishment. In Prussia, the birch is very highly estimated, and as a security against a scarcity of fuel, it is freely propagated wherever a convenient plot of ground presents itself. The bark of this tree has the singular property of resisting decay long after the wood has perished. Hence, amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, it was sometimes used for writing upon. Now, birch hoops are made for various purposes, and from this quality of the bark are very durable. In the Highlands it is used for tanning, and in some parts of England slices of birch bark have been used in place of cork, as a protective lining to hats, and also to render the soles of boots impervious to moisture. The branches and twigs are found to answer many of the purposes of willow shoots, and are supposed, in the north, to communicate a peculiarly agreeable flavour to hams and herrings. One of the old uses of the birch sprays was for decoration during Rogation week. (A week, observes one author, also termed "Gang Week," from the *crowds* or *gangs* that used to hasten to confession at this time.) The twigs were freely displayed, not only in the houses, but also in the streets. The leaves of the birch are unpalatable to quadrupeds, except rabbits and goats; being of a decidedly bitter flavour. The seeds supply food to some birds, and the lively little finch, known as the siskin, has a notable partiality for them.

Many members of the class of insects show, however, no repugnance towards the birch leaves, and make them their favourite aliment. No caterpillar of any English butterfly is observed to feed upon the birch,* but some of our most curious and handsome moths are developed from caterpillars which have derived their nutriment from this tree. Years ago, Birch Wood, in Kent, was renowned amongst entomologists as the home of one of these, which, indeed, received its name from the county. Railways, and the "progress of civilization" generally, have somewhat altered Birch Wood, though it has not disappeared bodily, as so many woods have in the neighbourhood of London. But the Kentish Glory Moth seems now to occur only in the woods of Rannoch, in

* One of the "Hairstreaks" was thought to do so, but it seems to be an error.

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Scotland. The insects come forth in their winged state in the often unpropitious weather of April; the male moths dash along the woodland paths with tremendous rapidity, the females crawl very sluggishly up and down the birch twigs. Though capable of flight, they rarely indulge themselves in aërial excursions. On the twigs, the eggs are laid in patches, with regularity, and one who has observed them says that they have "the appearance of a row of miniature vegetable marrows laid side by side." When the young caterpillars come forth, they keep each other company for a time, nibbling the tender buds of the birch, and spinning a slight web for their own protection. No doubt this is of importance for several reasons, an obvious one being that they are thus secured from being blown away by the high winds which sometimes prevail in Spring, and against which the slender branches of this tree cannot offer the resistance which sturdier "sons of the soil" do.

After their first change of skin, (these caterpillars undergo several moults in the course of their brief existence,) they are of a dull green colour, and very much resemble, as they rest in parties, the catkins of the birch. As they increase in size, this disguise alters, and they come to approximate to the appearance of the leaves. Now they scatter about, and each wanders at its will, and having reached their full size, they one by one descend to the ground, and enter the chrysalis condition, which endures through the winter. A moth which has received a Latin name from this tree, is that commonly called by collectors the Peppered Moth. The wings have just the appearance which the word implies. There is a well-marked variety which is almost entirely black. The caterpillar is not so partial to the birch as it is to the poplar and oak, though occasionally feeding on it. This belongs to the Looper family, and strides at a rapid rate along the twigs when inclined to move. More frequently, however, it reposes with the head raised in the air, and a thread stretching from the mouth to the twig or branch, so that if alarmed, it can let itself down to the ground by a gradual descent. When so resting, it might easily be mistaken for a twig of the birch, though this partly depends upon its colour; some individuals have a tint of reddish brown, which makes them sufficiently visible. The head has a curious notch just on the crown. This may be seen in August and September, occurring even in and near large towns. Another caterpillar, much smaller, which feeds on the birch at the same time, and belongs to the same family of moths, is that of the Gray Birch Moth, a smooth, slim little fellow, scarcely an inch long, and with white spots sprinkled over a reddish-ground colour.

There is a moth called the Scarce Prominent, from two small projections at the inner margins of the fore-wings, which leads many a collector of insects to the investigation of the birch trunks on mild days in April, or perhaps in March. These are fond of sitting on the trunks during the day, at several feet from the ground, but now and then they will alight on some paling near. The caterpillar which produces it is a dweller on the tree through the summer months, and is occasionally obtained by searching, or by shaking the twigs. It is remarkable for having along each side a clearly-defined tricolor stripe, running from head to tail, of white, yellow, and light red: the rest of the body is green. A curious and rare birch-feeding caterpillar develops into the moth called "The Miller," though the name is rather more appropriate as applied to the caterpillar, which has a thick clothing of long silky hairs, which point backwards. These are of a white or pale yellow colour. About the end of September, this caterpillar nibbles for itself a cavity in the bark, and there changes into a chrysalis, to sleep through the winter, and burst forth as a moth in the sunny days of June. A pretty moth not uncommon in birch woods, both in May and September, is named the Scalloped

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Hook-tip; it may be seen flying in shady places during the day. The caterpillar is also found twice in the year. At first it slightly conceals itself by spinning the leaves together; but, as it grows larger, it is satisfied to rest on a little pad of silk, to which it holds very firmly. The cocoon is placed amongst the leaves, and as Newman, the great entomologist, observes: "these, falling during the autumn, are converted into a kind of parachute, in which the enclosed chrysalids are floated gently and safely to the ground, there to remain amongst the foliage until the advent of Spring calls them into their winged existence." So wonderfully and tenderly does God provide for the welfare of these small and often despised creatures, whose needs are as truly under His thought as are those of the mightiest angel!

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

"IN THREE MONTHS I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD."

A YOUNG lady came home from divine service one Sabbath evening, her heart deeply impressed with the solemnity of the truths which she had heard. She sat at her toilette-table lost in thought. A pencil, some slips of blank paper, lay to her hand. The character of her meditations may be imagined. She inscribed on one of them a solemn resolution: "*In six months I will give my heart to God.*" Continued reflection, perhaps, made her fear she was presuming too far upon the future; for she drew her pencil through the words, and wrote again, "*In three months I will give my heart to God.*" She retired, leaving the slips of paper open to the eye. What mattered it? She had the room to herself. She could destroy or remove them in the morning. It was not very remarkable that one who could be sure of three months, should "boast herself of to-morrow." Having made up her mind, and bargained with her soul, her conscience, and her God, it may be supposed she went to sleep.

A solitary lady sat at her breakfast-table next morning. She waited listening for a footfall on the stairs.

"Surely——has overslept herself, or is indisposed," she said, rising, and hastening to her chamber.

In the pretty room the morning sunbeams fell as brightly and as cheerfully as they had ever fallen. There was nothing to announce an awful presence there; nothing to say, "How dreadful is this place!" She approached the bed that she might, with light touch, awake her sleeping child, but stood motionless, petrified, conscious that here was a sleep beyond her power to disturb; the long, long sleep which nought but the trump of the resurrection angel shall ever break in upon. Heart-sick and faint, she turned at last to the dressing-table. Scarce knowing what she did, she took up the slips of paper, and there she read, "*In six months*"—"*In three months, I will give my heart to God.*"

What an awful illustration, this, of the danger of delay! Who could read it or hear of it unmoved? Who would dare to trace on paper the same presumptuous vow she, absently, as we imagine, traced in pencil? But, ah! there is a secret writing, unseen by human eye, constantly inscribing itself on the tables of man's heart; and the Great Searcher of hearts looks down and sees it, and it moves His love or anger, His pity or contempt. "His eyelids try the children of men." His accepted time is "to-day;" but with how many is, not six months, or three months, but "to-morrow," the response to the invitations of His grace, the yearnings of His well-beloved Son, the tender entreaties of His Holy Spirit? To-morrow may be as fatal as the next hundred years could be.

"Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chill'd the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!

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How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!'
And O! how often to that Voice of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answer'd still,
'To-morrow.'"

Two young men, brothers, members of a wealthy family, were powerfully wrought upon by a sermon preached in the sanctuary which they regularly attended. They were induced to remain to the prayer-meeting held at the close of the service. Their distress of mind became apparent to others, and many were there who were ready to pray with them, in the spirit of the lines,—

"Deepen the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole."

The meeting was a protracted one; but at its close they were still found mourners; and after having been exhorted to continue in a waiting attitude at the foot of the Cross, expecting that though the blessing they sought was delayed, it should come, surely it would not tarry, they returned to their home.

During the following week, the impressions of the younger seemed partially to fade, while those of the elder remained, imparting to him a seriousness of manner consistent with his earnestly-expressed desire to renounce sin and Satan, and become the child and servant of the Most High God.

The celebration of a grand festival was approaching, and there was to be a ball, for which both of the brothers had tickets, and which they were held pledged to attend. On that day they were walking down the street, when the younger said to the elder:—

"James, have you forgotten the ball this evening?"

"Indeed, Alfred, I had scarcely thought of it. Surely you do not intend to be there?"

"Well, really, for many reasons I had rather not; but then, you see, it will seem so strange if neither of us is there; so many are expecting us, and we are engaged to go; indeed, it would be like breaking one's word."

"O, my dear brother, what paltry excuses! As you love and value your own soul, cease to urge them. Think of last Sunday. Is it possible you can so soon forget the promises you made to the Lord?"

"No, I have not forgotten, neither do I intend to. It is quite time to turn over a new leaf, and to be a Christian, James, and I mean to. I feel convinced that I can never again be happy until I am made one; but after all, I see no harm in the ball. I don't suppose I shall ever attend another, and as I have promised, I think I shall go. Only to this one, you know! Only to this one!"

"'How long halt ye between two opinions?' How long seek to worship God and Mammon? This night's indulgence, if you persist in taking it, may decide for you, and decide fatally. Break loose from the temptation, Alfred. Break from it like a man. Come: to night there will be a prayer-meeting at the chapel. Come with me, and we may find the peace which last Sabbath we sought in vain."

"I am sorry you take such an extreme view of the case, James. You may go to the prayer-meeting; but as for me, I have made up my mind to keep my word, and to attend the ball. It may be the last, for certainly after I shall renounce these things, if I find that God really requires it."

They parted from each other without further remark.

The brothers went each on his own way. Alfred fulfilled his engagement with the worldly and the pleasure-seeking, and thought little of the insult offered to the Majesty of Heaven. James was found among the little band of worshippers at the weekly prayer-meeting, one of the mourners whom Divine lips have pronounced blessed.

He was to be seen weeping penitential

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tears, and seeking to appropriate the gracious promises which one and another breathed into his ears. The hour for prayer ran out its golden sands upon the shores of the Eternity past, and still found him wrestling, chained to the spot which his agony was making a Peniel; two or three resolved, therefore, to share his watch, continuing with him till near midnight, when, like a prince, he prevailed. But while he and his ministering friends were rejoicing, and the angels were looking down upon them with joy, hurried footsteps were heard outside, and a messenger entered in haste. He was wanted, wanted at once; his brother had been suddenly taken ill.

"Taken ill!" Nay, that was but said as preparation for the awful blow which in another moment was to fall. In the whirling dance, in the excitement of the music, and the presence of the young and beautiful, beneath the blaze of a hundred lamps, his brother had suddenly reeled, stretched forward, fallen, and was lifted up, lifeless, a corpse! One dissonant chord had been struck amid those harmonies; one ghastly presence had showed its front amid those flashing eyes and faces of heated loveliness, and the moment of the spiritual birth of the brother who had chosen "the better part," was the death of him who had said, "I must keep my word. Only this one ball! I will never go to another." He little thought that Death was appointed to meet him there, the most expectant amongst the many who, he said, expected him.

Instances might be multiplied of the danger of delay; of the danger of compounding with conscience. Two eternities hang upon each moment. Pensioners are we upon the bounties of an hour.

J.

PRAYER-MEETINGS.

EXTRACT FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BARNSTAPLE MINISTERS' FRATERNAL UNION.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN BROWNE.

The social element in human nature finds its truest and healthiest development in religion. Undoubtedly great are the advantages incident to private prayer and self-examination. To walk alone at eventide and meditate on the works and ways of God; to weigh the actions and conversations of the day in the balance of a rigid scrutiny; to enter the closet and shut out all society, and pray alone to our Heavenly Father,—these religious exercises have their own advantages. Thereby habits of thoughtfulness, watchfulness, self-abasement, and personal reliance on the mercy of God as manifest in Christ, are induced.

The assembling of many for the purpose of offering prayers to the one God and Father of us all, secures variety as well as aggregation of spiritual force. The venerable pilgrim leaning on the top of his staff, testifies by his presence his continued dependence on the mercy and lovingkindness of God. The young soldier of Christ turns aside from the conflict of life that he may recruit his energies, and implore courage and victory in the morrow's strife. Well versed in the promises of Scripture, sensible of the unspeakable privilege of access at the throne of the heavenly grace, the fervent Apollos throws his arms of faith and love around the gathered company, and, endued with the strength of prevailing Israel, pleads until God blesses them *there*. Turning aside from the sin-stricken world, the plaintive suppliant bewails the sad results of sin, and moves his fellow-worshippers to cry, "Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach." The brief, full, comprehensive prayer of the heart-burdened publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," awakens a co-operative faith.

Gathering around these heaven-kindled altar-fires, many have relit their extinguished lamps, many have obtained courage to take up their cross and confess Christ. The prayer-meeting of modern times is one of the fruits of the great revival of evangelical religion with which the last and the present centuries have been favoured. In the days of the domination of the Romish Church, the

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people were almost entirely excluded from any intelligent acquiescence in the worship of the sanctuary. Prayer to God was offered in an unknown tongue. Wonder not that amid these mystic performances darkness so dense overshadowed the people. In the ages immediately succeeding the Reformation, in many of the parishes of our country, prayer was offered only by him who had been ordained to the work of the ministry by the imposition of episcopal hands.

Within the precincts of the ivy-covered church, and there only on Sabbath-days, could the voice of prayer be heard. Pestilence might devour human life, war might desolate the land, blight might destroy the fruits of the earth, the only recognized method of approaching the mercy-seat was through the printed prayers as read by the parish clergyman.

As each believer comes to regard himself as one of "the royal priesthood," he will prepare to undertake the functions of his sacred calling. "Holiness to the Lord" emblazoned as the frontispiece of his conduct, the believer may fill his censer with the incense of many prayers.

The excellence of a prayer-meeting depends much on the tone of piety prevalent in the Church. If unbelief make dark and distant the realities of revelation; if doubt withdraw confidence in the prevalence of the intercession of our Advocate with God, and refrain from pleading the covenant promises; if envy and uncharitableness refuse to accompany the petitions of a fellow-suppliant with the emphatic Amen,—wonder not if, like the offering of jealous, impenitent Cain, the prayers are rejected. If the minds of those who meet for prayer are unduly absorbed in things material, wonder not if the occasion be unprofitable. If up to the last moment the attention be fixed on worldly business, if a spirit of levity have been freely indulged in, or if the organization of the Church, the matters pertaining to its finances, etc., so occupy the mind as to prevent the preparation of soul which is seemly and needful ere we meet to address the Majesty of heaven, wonder not if we prove, like Gideon's fleece, unwatered still and dry.

Having secured a due preparation of mind, having stooped in penitence and self-examination, having unloosed the soiled sandals of worldly society, let us, with becoming reverence, approach the many-branched bush illumined with God's hallowing and comforting presence. Let us wait in silent prayer until "I AM THAT I AM" speaks in blessing to our inmost soul, and inspires us with holy confidence.

It is of importance that the time and place of the prayer-meeting should meet as far as possible the convenience of the attendants. If held at a late hour in the evening, persons will not be present who are accustomed to retire early. For their convenience, as well as for the aged, the delicate, and the infirm, a day prayer-meeting would prove advantageous. If the hour for public prayer be fixed at a time when persons employed in trade and toil cannot attend, such are debarred from a much-coveted privilege. Discretion is required to meet as far as practicable the case of the majority. We hold it to be essential that each Christian Church should maintain at least one *weekly* prayer-meeting, held at a time most convenient.

Whilst in Scripture the river-side, the mountain-top, and the jail-yard were honoured as places where God heard and answered prayer, for *stated prayer*, edifices were also built and set apart.

To no inconsiderable degree the character and tone of a prayer-meeting depend upon the manner in which it is conducted. How far the conduct of the meeting should rest entirely with one individual, or to what extent the co-operation of others should be sought, must depend much on circumstances. The company assembled will insensibly partake of the spirit of him who leads their devotions. He who is to lead others to a Throne of Grace, should be no stranger to the true spirit of prayer. To

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him the way to the Father should be open, so that, receiving the first rays from the Sun of Righteousness, he may reflect them on the assembly. Who has not felt in the presence of some of God's chosen ones, as if another Moses were scattering the enemies of the Lord with the breath of prayer; as if, whilst sorrowing over spiritual dearth and destitution, another Elijah were overshadowing the land with showers of blessings, a man of like passions with ourselves?

Among the remarkable gifts with which the Christian Church of modern times is endowed, is a copious, spiritual, and appropriate hymnology. Christian poets have composed hymns adapted to almost all actual and imaginable circumstances; hymns which express every shade of religious experience, from the first pang of conviction of sin, to the highest joy of Christian triumph. Family life, in its ever-varying history of birth and burial, marriage and migration, of plenty and poverty, sickness and restoration to health, reveals itself in devotional poetry. The doctrines of revelation are garbed in the attractive vesture of ringing rhyme and flowing numbers. The chequered career of the Church is accurately described in melodious verse. Her divisions, her declension in piety, her departures from truth, her diminution in influence and numbers, are lamented in pathetic strains. Her unity, her strength, her hopes, her privileges, are chanted in songs of exultation. A nation's sins and woes are deplored, and the righteousness wherein a nation's hope and strength depend, is acknowledged. War is deprecated, and the universal reign of the Prince of Peace ardently desired. From this sanctified treasury of devotional poetry, they who conduct prayer-meetings may select hymns adapted to the ever-varying conditions of society.

It is a matter of no unimportance that the tunes sung should be appropriate. Music is a universal language. It finds a home in the soldier's hut where two or three Christian warriors are arming themselves for the coming battle, as well as amid the imposing service of the great congregation. It adapts itself to all tongues, civilized or barbarian. The mariner in mid ocean has his favourite airs, as well as the little band of devout students in some college chamber. Some tunes speak to us of early conviction of sin, some tell of the first love of conversion, some of the higher joys of the divine life. Some tunes fall like melting rain, others breathe a martial air, others invigorate for the pilgrimage of life.

Tunes adapted to the hymn, and in which all can join, seem indispensable; hence the desirableness of a previous arrangement between the conductor of the meeting and the precentor.

The selection of a brief portion from the Sacred Volume will be found advantageous. It is the voice of God amid the tongues of men. It will suggest to the thoughtful some topic for meditation and prayer. Arguments are thereby supplied with which to approach the Throne of Grace. The Bible contains the grandest and the most appropriate forms of prayer. What models of intercession the prayer of Abraham for Sodom, of Solomon at the dedication of the temple, of Hezekiah when Sennacherib's host encamped around Jerusalem, of Paul for the Ephesian and Colossian churches, of our blessed Lord for His disciples to the end of time!

A short exhortation directing the minds of the worshippers to some appropriate topic for prayer will be found of use. Such exhortations should be free from the spirit of controversy; should not be too argumentative. They should be tender, loving appeals, designed to encourage all to pray, and expect answers to prayer.

In a Missionary prayer-meeting, for instance, it may be well to choose some distant field of toil, and making mention of the names of the Missionary and his coadjutors, dwell on their peculiar trials and labours, reporting their successes, and urging the worshippers to pray for their welfare. Special prayer-meetings for the revival of religion, for the

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conversion of the young, for the recovery of the sick, for the restoration of wanderers, for the removal of some national calamity, for the Christianizing of the Jews, and for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world, will suggest pertinent remarks for the occasion.

In the selection of persons to engage in prayer, the aim should be to maintain the interest and profit of the meeting. Hence variety should be observed. If the same persons be usually called on to pray, some meanwhile hide their talent, and others complain not only of sameness, but it may be of tameness. At the risk of enduring a degree of hesitation, of incoherency, of incorrect speaking, and of surprise, it is well to introduce now and then a new voice into the concert of prayer. From blind usage and unhallowed prejudice, some are constantly ranked among outer-court worshippers, who may not be greater sinners than those who in their prayers should more frequently urge the publican's plea. Variety in topic, in voice, in manner, adds to the interest, the attractiveness, and the efficiency of a prayer-meeting.

As in great and imposing oratorios many voices harmonize, so in a concert of prayer let the feeble aspirations of a weak faith blend with the earnest pleadings of a princely intercession which will take no denial.

Did the Christian Church but fully estimate the greatness of that promise, "Ask, and it shall be given." "Whatsoever two or three shall agree to ask in My name," etc., surely the interest in the prayer-meeting would be maintained. If Elias, a man of like passions with ourselves, could prevail in prayer so as to hold back the dew and moisture for three years and six months, surely the righteous of our times have it in their power to move the Holy One of Israel to hold back the pernicious influences of our times, and enrich the Church and the world with copious showers of grace.

In a prayer-meeting it is most desirable to avoid a flagging of the interest in the service, so that devotion shall be sustained from beginning to end. As the meeting proceeds, let the worshippers find themselves entering more and more into the cloud of the Divine presence. Prayer-meetings conducted with intelligence, faith, and fervour, will become attractive to the pious, and more frequently resorted to by the unrenewed. Are there not many among us who are not impressed with the advantages arising from earnest, united, continuous prayer? Apart from prayer, the elaborate machinery of the Church will break down, and be powerless for saving purposes. Edifices, however ornate; congregations, however large and varied; music, however skilfully and thoroughly rendered; discourses, however Scriptural, lucid, and eloquent,—can never become substitutes for the Divinely-appointed ordinance of united prayer. Day by day the Church is receiving signal answers to concerted prayer. We have seen the Papal yoke sundered in Italy, and the two-leaved gates of the Eternal City thrown open to the messengers of the pure Gospel. We have seen the reins of government drop from the hands of a licentious sovereign, and Spain turn from a deluding priesthood and from vain superstitions, to ask, at the feet of the Great Teacher, "What must I do to be saved?" We have seen a wide breach made in the massive walls of Chinese exclusiveness, so that in the cities and villages of that densely-peopled empire the Christian Missionary may reprove idolatries, and proclaim the unknown Saviour. We have seen Japan opening her harbours, not only to the merchandize, but also to the religion of the Western world. Doubtless these remarkable signs of the times, these memorable changes in the conditions and characters of nations, are traceable to the prayers of God's people. How replete is the history of the Churches of our own land with instances of answers to united prayer! The conversion of many an ungodly relative is connected with the concerted prayers of the family circle. Where reproofs, remonstances, threats, and discipline have failed, the prayers

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of a few teachers have wrought the desired change in the disobedient, injurious scholar. The reviving, sanctifying influences which have descended on Churches, have been the welcome result of this fellowship of prayer: the tongue of the preacher has been touched with hallowed fire; the sigh and tear of penitence have started; the thick veil has been rent asunder, and the truths of religion have appeared in their reality; dead souls have been quickened into newness of life; the multitude of the faithful has been increased; sorrow has been turned into joy, mourning into gladness. When this breath from the four winds has passed over the valley, the charnel-house has become peopled with living souls; instead of a dry and corrupt Christianity, an earnest, vigorous, courageous piety has arisen, prepared to do battle with the enemies of the Lord. Victories have been achieved over the ignorance and sins of the age. Vice has been abashed, crime has been suppressed, truth has triumphed, and righteousness has become the robe of priest and people.

Then let the weekly prayer-meeting obtain the attendance of all classes of the community. Let the man of wealth take part therein, and so remove the rust and canker of worldliness. Let the plodding student join in these devotions, that his heart may be inflamed with desires after the highest wisdom. Let the anxious one, burdened with the cares of life, unite in these common supplications that they may experience "the power of His resurrection," as well as "the fellowship of His sufferings." Let neither poverty nor wealth, business nor pleasure, detain from this means of grace. Dr. Wilson, the late bishop of Calcutta, was wont, in the latter part of his life, to spend one-third of his time in prayer. Herein lay the secret of his successful career as a metropolitan bishop. In answer to his prayers, he saw his diocese extend, he saw his cathedral finished, and a broad foundation laid on which a vast fabric of living Christianity should be hereafter erected. "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly: gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the Ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God? Then will the Lord be jealous for His land, and pity His people. Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto His people, Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith: and I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen." (Joel ii. 15—19.)

JONAH.

BY MISS PATMER.

"Awake, awake, O sleeper;
And know that thou may'st be,
With one more inspiration;
At bottom of the sea!
Go call upon thy Keeper,
The Keeper of thy nation,
And say a prayer with me.

"Our precious wares already
Are torn amid the tides;
The ship with heavy labour
Still on the billows rides;
Thy sleep is calm and steady,
O man without a neighbour!
Within her straining sides.

"O! he is no beginner
In crime, who brews this squall;
Like storms of other sailings
It does not blow at all;
We do not need the sinner
To tell us of his failings,
The lot shall on him fall."

Thus spake the old ship-master
To Jonah as he lay
On board a Tarshish trader,
That travail'd on her way.

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"O would that she ran faster,
That brisker breezes laid her
Beam-end beneath the spray!"

Thus spake the old ship-master
Before his sailors all,
And on the blank-eyed Jonah
The final lot did fall;
The cause of their disaster,
He was the forfeit owner;
He brew'd the drowning squall.

Then Jonah in deep sorrow
Show'd how to them must cling
The' inevitable sentence,
Because the morning's wing
His madman's heart would borrow,
And shut from God's repentance
The doom'd Assyrian king.

That they must die together,
Unless their choice should be
To take him, the God-hated,
And cast him in the sea:
So that all this foul weather
And storm might be abated,
They flung him on their lee.

Full soon, then, ceased the clamour
Of wind and tortured wave,
The seer fell, sinking, sinking,
Into his hollow grave;
His past life's panorama,
And thoughts rang'd without thinking,
The deep sea seemed to pave.

A pleasant wind seem'd sweeping,
O'er inland field and shaw;
He heard a noise like thunder,
A dancing light he saw;
And, as he fell a-sleeping,
A fish flash'd up from under,
And took him in its maw.

Then Jonah sought Jehovah:
"In gorge of hell I pine,
Too deep for fluctuations,
In winding-clothes of brine;
The water-spouts high over
Surmount these world-foundations,
And ground-weeds round me twine.

"In many a rank green pennant
They twine perplexingly,
Yet to Thy sanctuary
I bow me from the sea;
The grave's unholy tenant,
Wretch in adversity,
Good Lord, remember me!"

So to the deep-sea swimmer
Jehovah gave command,
And up the monster shiver'd
To spue the seer on land:
How welcome grew the glimmer!
How sweet was life deliver'd
Upon the yellow sand!

Then came to him the second
Commission from on high;
And hence in trepidation
The prophet did not fly;
"When forty days are reckon'd,"
Rang his denunciation,
"Then Nineveh shall die."

The stricken monarch hasted
Down from his haughty throne;
Put purple off for sable;
Took ash for pumice-stone:
All beasts and cattle fasted,
And sackcloth draped the stable,
And not the house alone.

Then God from His deep anger
Return'd, and spared to slay;
But Jonah, taking station
Field-ward a little way,
To clemency a stranger,
With eyes of speculation
Watch'd Nineveh all day.

So God, to prove him, nourish'd
A gourd with its great leaf,
His fragile booth adorning,
And shading him from grief;
But for the worm it flourish'd,
That came on the next morning,
And spoil'd it like a thief.

Then said the Lord, "thy pity
Extendeth to the plant,
That gave its emerald tiling
With time and labour scant:
Have I none for that city,
With innocents sweet smiling,
And cattle resonant?"

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"OUR FATHER."

When we range the hills of gladness,
Laugh and frolic o'er the lea;
When no shadow of a sadness
Creeps upon us silently,
We will come to Thee, "our Father,"
Breathe our joy into Thine ear;
Tell Thee every little comfort
Springing up our hearts to cheer.

When the dreary drops of sorrow
Patter down our pallid cheeks,
And no hope of happier morrow
Thro' the frowning darkness breaks,
We will come to Thee, "our Father,"
Lay our head upon Thy breast;
For Thou lov'st to cheer the mourner,
Give the trouble-laden rest.

Whether pain, or whether pleasure,
Whatsoe'er our lot may be;
In our labour, in our leisure,
We alike will come to Thee;
Come to crave "our Father's" blessing,
Counsel, guidance for each hour;
Strength for every conflict needed,
Ours the weakness, Thine the power.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

TWO SISTERS.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Ravenscroft were members of a large family almost proverbial for attachment to Methodism. They were born, and lived for many years, in Frodsham, a small but picturesque town in Cheshire, in which the late Rev. Jonathan Crowther resided for some time when a young man. The sisters gave their hearts to God in the morning of life, and exemplified "the beauty of holiness" in its gentle and winning aspects to the day of their death. Miss Ravenscroft was a collector for Missions, and was a willing helper in many "labours of love." Mrs. Smith, often suffering from bodily weakness, and having the care of a family, was not able to take a prominent part in the work of the Society, but she made her home beautiful with the lowly graces of an unblemished and all-pervading piety. Living in adjoining houses, they seemed to constitute but one household, so affectionate was the feeling, and so close the intimacy, between the two; and those who visited them, were reminded of the home at Bethany, and the sisters whom Jesus loved, and to whom He imparted teachings so high and holy. Their hospitality to Ministers and Local-preachers was unwearied, loving, and bountiful. Their doors were always open to the servants of the Lord, and they never appeared happier than when supplying their wants, or talking with them of the ways of the Lord, and the glories of His kingdom. From that delightful communion, preachers have often gone to the pulpit with hallowed fire in their hearts, and prepared to open their lips in a bolder and more powerful advocacy of the claims of Christ.

Miss Ravenscroft's health began to fail in 1869. She was unable to attend the sanctuary she had so long and so thoroughly loved, and in the following winter it was feared that her end was nigh; but though apparently on the verge of death, her soul was filled with triumph through Christ, and she and her sister rejoiced in the memory of years of mercy and blessing, and in the hope of a speedy reunion in the paradise of God. She, however, recovered from the attack, and lingered for some months, often in "feebleness extreme," but with a heart ever awake to the voice of her Saviour, and delighting in Christian communion. Mrs. Smith was unceasingly attentive to her suffering sister, but in December, 1870, was laid aside by a cold, and in a few days sunk and died, but bearing testimony with her dying breath to the power and presence of her Redeemer. She passed away to her eternal rest on December 16th, 1870, aged sixty-one. Miss Ravens-

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croft survived until April 14th, 1871, when she also fell asleep in Jesus. Thus they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not" greatly "divided." Rarely have the virtues and graces of Christianity been more beautifully shown to the world and to the Church, than by those honoured sisters, and their memory will be long cherished by the Society of which they were such faithful and generous members. J. M.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Introductory Lectures on the Study of Christian Theology; with Outlines of Lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity. By the late Rev. John Hannah, D.D. To which is prefixed a *Memoir of the Rev. John Hannah, D.D.*, by the Rev. W. B. Pope. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. The first page of this volume brought us under a charm by which we were held in pleasant bondage until the last sentence had been read. Then came the feeling that, if we could envy any man, that man would be a devoted Methodist Preacher who, as a student under Dr. Hannah, should have proved himself, in all respects, worthy of such a tutor. And, to us, the character and position of such a man would seem still more desirable if to his advantages as a student were added the enjoyment of the good Doctor's friendship.

The Memoir which Mr. Pope has prefixed to the Lectures is a model piece of biography. It is not one of those huge heaps of material gathered and exhibited so as to burden the reader with a sense of the biographer's toil, an accumulation of floating gossip, ill-selected letters, wearisome reflections, and speculative inquiries, all setting forth the writer rather than the man about whom he writes. Mr. Pope acts on the principle that justice may be done to his revered friend "as well in few pages as in many." For, as he finely remarks, "The true memorial of a man is not anything that survivors may say about him: so far as it is on earth at all, it is to be found in the produce of his mind, in the results of his energy, in the effect of his life." So "Dr. Hannah's record among men is bound up with the work of many whom he helped to train for the ministry, and thus is wrought into the fabric of the religious Society for which he lived. His best monument is one that could not be written or graven: it is an influence diffused throughout all lands where Methodism is a teacher of Christianity."

The Memoir before us, brief as it is, brings the beloved Doctor into such pure, calm, holy light, that the reader sees the man before him in all the distinctiveness of his character. The author gracefully introduces us to his venerable predecessor, and puts us in the position most favourable to observe every feature of his character; with equal grace withholding from us any knowledge of his own presence, except the feeling that we are not far from one who forgets himself in the loving contemplation of his friend.

The biographer is affectionate but discriminating; tender, but true; reverent, but faithful. His work was a work of love; and, like all work done from love, it is done with pureness, with wisdom, and with skill.

Those who remember Dr. Hannah as a preacher or a lecturer, will, in the Introductory Lectures which follow the Memoir, hear again the well-known voice, and will all but realize the living presence of the able and devout expositor who used to unfold his Lord's will with such thoughtful precision and such gracious effect. The retired Tutor did not live long enough to re-write all his Lectures. The volume before us contains the Outlines of but one department, that

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of Christian doctrines. To some of these Outlines he has given his finishing touch. Others are left in the form of notes used in the Lecture-room. These remains are very valuable, however, as memorials of his successful struggle with the difficulty of originating an order of theological training for Methodist students. It is interesting to look at the ground-plans of so important an undertaking, as they formed themselves under his hand, while he was new to the work, and destitute of any entirely suitable guide-book or example. There is enough in these remains to indicate intense application, and to show the precision and order of his intellect, as well as the holy bent of his heart.

The volume will serve gratefully to refresh hundreds of those who used to listen, while the warm energy of their living Tutor gave a richer value to his daily enlargement on his notes. It will be a treasure to the young student of theology; a boon even to the oldest lover of Methodist doctrines, who likes to have a systematic arrangement of elements always at hand; and, indeed, an invaluable closet companion to all Christian people who want safe "aids to reflection."

How to Pray, and What to Pray for. An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer and Christ's Introductory Sayings. By EDWARD JEWITT ROBINSON. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. This book will have a charm for many minds. Some of the author's short-cut sentences from among those which fly in rapid succession from under his hands like sparks from the steel-grinder's wheel, will doubtless fix themselves so as to quicken some souls into more frequent devotional thought. Among the practical hints, too, which are here and there thrown out, some will certainly touch the souls of readers, and leave the promise of permanent lessons as to the deeper secrets of prayer.

Indeed, the author has shown a facility of research, an ingenuity in the use of varied material, an insight into distinctions between true and false devotion, and an acquaintance with Divine and human authorities, which give him a right to issue chapters on prayer, even under the title of "An Exposition."

The Saviour's Parting Prayer for His Disciples. By the REV. W. LANDELS, D.D. London: Elliot Stock. 1872. This is a beautiful book: beautiful because its spirit, style, and manner so fully accord with its theme. That theme is deep, solemn, and blissful, and the author approaches it like one who is becomingly subdued under a voice which has entered his heart. As an expositor of the Saviour's words, his hushed soul speaks modestly, calmly, and clearly, breathing throughout the prayerful spirit of the holy utterances which he teaches us to listen to with loving wonder. A disposition somewhat to strain our Lord's words in favour of the writer's own views respecting the relation of the elect to eternal life, is sometimes just apparent. In an attempt, also, to explain, on a principle of the same theological school, the Redeemer's allusion to the traitor Judas, the writer's difficulty becomes unpleasantly manifest. Nevertheless, he warns with awful impressiveness all those who neglect the salvation which Christ shed His blood to procure for them. We should like him to have been more clear and full on Christ's sanctification of Himself for the sake of those for whom He prayed. A hint is given that the Divine prayer "was a high-priestly prayer," but the thought is not followed to its issues,—issues which the Blessed One seemed to have before Him when He said, "For their sakes I sanctify Myself." Did He not make one oblation of Himself? and was He not now, as "our great High Priest," offering the oblation or consecration prayer previous to the blood-shedding of the victim? Our author fails, too, comparatively, as we think, in dealing with our Lord's profound intercessions as to the union of true believers among themselves, and with the persons of the

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Holy Trinity. He spends his strength on negative views, arguing against mechanical unity, uniformity of mere creed, and the oneness of courtesy, rather than leading us into the deep spiritualities and Divine transformations involved in the true unity of the Church. In consequence, his exposition is not so full as it might have been on the solemn relation between the unity and heavenliness of Christians, and the salvation of the world. Dr. Landels, however, is an unmistakable witness for his Lord's supreme claims. He strikingly shows how the Emmanuel, in His holy act of prayer, established His own claim to oneness with the Father, while He became the perfect human example of prayer to those whose nature He had taken. The Divine prayer is shown to be a full expression of the harmony of Divine and human in the person of the Messiah. The expositor is always the disciple of love, but it is refreshing to hear his bold testimony against the false charity which in these times, as he says, would "make apologies for the unbelief" of "those by whom the Saviour is rejected." He has timely lessons, also, for men of mere science, and all who trust in mere intellect. The practical uses which he makes of his high theme are well timed and well applied. In short, his deep insight into the Saviour's mind, his sympathy with the Master's spirit and purposes, and his noble vindication of Christ's claims, his rich estimate of spiritual piety, his apt illustrations of experimental religion, his clear apprehension of the sacred and fixed distinction between the Church and the world, and his faithful appeals to all those who have a living interest in the Saviour's parting prayer, will most certainly secure for his volume the fulfilment of its design.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For June, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 30	3 50	8 5	3 9m	3 21m	3 40m	11 25a	10 49a
June 9	3 43	8 15	3 0	3 15	3 22	10 51	10 7
19	3 42	8 20	3 13	3 15	3 7	10 18	9 26
29	3 46	8 21	*Sets.* 8 53a	3 24	2 54	9 44	8 45

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, New Moon ..., 3h. 23m. morn. | 21st, Full Moon ....., 6h. 58m. morn.
14th, First Quarter .... 7h. 19m. morn. | 27th, Last Quarter .... 9h. 27m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 9th..... 3h. after., Apogee; distance 252,187 miles.
„ 22d..... 4h. morn., Perigee; „ 222,686 „
Mean distance for the month..... 237,437 „

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SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st	93,011,260 miles.
July 1st	93,216,180 „
Increase of distance for the month	204,920 „

An eclipse of the Sun occurs on the morning of the 6th. It begins on the Earth generally at 0h. 21m., near the entrance to the Bay of Bengal, and ends at 6h. 19m. in the North Pacific, at a point whose latitude is twenty-one degrees thirty-one minutes north, and longitude one hundred and seventy-five degrees forty minutes west of Greenwich. As the disc of the Moon will not be large enough to cover that of the Sun, the eclipse will not be total at any point on the Earth's surface. The line of central eclipse crosses China; on and near that it will of course be annular.

On the 21st, at 3h. 32m. in the morning, the Sun enters the sign Cancer, and the summer commences in the Northern hemisphere, the winter in the Southern.

Mercury will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 4th to many of the inhabitants of the Northern hemisphere, though not to an observer at Greenwich. It will be in descending node on the morning of the 17th; near Mars on the morning following, and near Venus in the afternoon. On the 21st, at midnight, it will be in perihelion; and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 24th.

Venus is now too near the Sun to be seen with the naked eye; an occultation by the Moon on the morning of the 5th, will probably elude observation in consequence. This planet will be close to Mars on the morning of the 17th.

Mars will be in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 17th. Both are moving eastward among the fixed stars; Venus faster than the Sun, and so approaching him; Mars slower, and therefore receding relatively to the Sun. On the afternoon of the 5th, the Moon will screen off this planet from a part of the Earth's southern hemisphere; but, as in the case of Venus, the phenomenon will be lost in the glare of the Sun's rays.

Jupiter is the evening star. It will be very close to Uranus on the afternoon of the 5th. Those who are not familiar with the appearance of the planet discovered by Sir William Herschel, will have a favourable opportunity of making its acquaintance on the occasion. At six o'clock, Uranus will be less than one minute of an arc from the edge of Jupiter; at eight o'clock the distance will be slightly over a minute; and at ten o'clock will not be quite two minutes. The diameter of Jupiter will on that evening subtend an angle of thirty-three seconds, that of Uranus four seconds, the largest of Jupiter's satellites a little more than one second. This planet will be near the Moon on the evening of the 9th. No eclipses of the satellites will be visible at Greenwich during the month.

Saturn begins to rise at a more seasonable hour for the observer, but is getting still lower in declination. The motion in right ascension is retrograde. The extreme length of the rings is forty-one seconds, the breadth sixteen seconds. The diameter of the ball is eighteen seconds.

Uranus is quite a near neighbour to Jupiter; more easterly on the 1st by between three and four minutes, more westerly on the 30th by between three and four degrees. In fact, in the early part of the month it will look like an additional satellite to Jupiter. The occultation of one of its satellites by Jupiter, or the transit of one of Jupiter's satellites across its disc, would be a phenomenon of great interest.

Neptune rises on the 1st, at 2h. 11m., and on the 30th, at 0h., 5m. in the morning. It is in the constellation Pisces, close to Aries.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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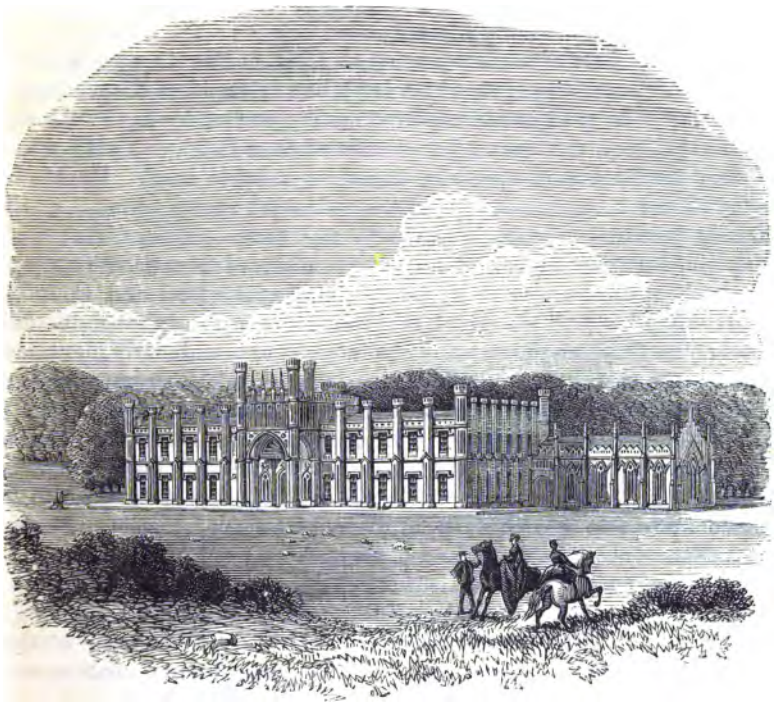

DONINGTON PARK, LEICESTERSHIRE.

LAST autumn, a copy of the "Christian Miscellany" for September, 1871, was forwarded to the Countess of Loudoun, the noble owner and occupier of Donington Park, with a request that the writer of the article on "Breedon Church and its Associations," contained in that number, might be permitted to see through the house, known as Donington Park, which, some one hundred and thirty years ago, had been the residence of that worthy lady's illustrious ancestor, the Countess of Huntingdon. The object of such a visit was stated, namely, to glean, if possible, a few facts respecting this ancient mansion, more particularly as it existed at the time of its former noble occupant, during the middle of the last century, with a view to such information being transferred to the pages of this publication.

To the application thus made, the Countess most promptly assented, and suggested an early day for the purpose, as the family would be leaving in a few weeks. "We have," added her Ladyship, "a picture of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, which may interest you. I have read your article on Breedon Church with much interest."

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This Church is within a very few miles of Donington Park, and forms a link in the family history.

On a bright September morning, I, according to appointment, visited this charming spot, which is about twelve miles from Derby; and was very courteously received on my arrival by C. F. Abney-Hastings, Esq., the husband of the Countess of Loudoun, with whom I had the honour of spending a most agreeable hour. He kindly showed me through several of the principal rooms containing the family pictures, which, in reply to my occasional inquiries, were explained or described. The conversation of Mr. Hastings was throughout unreserved, and when speaking of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, and the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, with which the name of the latter is so prominently identified, there was evidently an intelligent appreciation of the great work she had promoted and accomplished, in her day and generation.

It is right to say this much in order to show that the information thus acquired has not been surreptitiously obtained, and that it is, through the medium of the "Christian Miscellany," permitted to be made known to a wide circle of readers who are interested in every fact connected with the rise and progress of early Methodism.

This noble mansion, of which the Engraving gives a very correct representation, appears to have undergone considerable alteration about eighty years since, and therefore it has lost much of that ancient architectural character which it had more than a century ago. I was informed that portions of the old building could be traced. Over the main entrance is the following inscription:—"To the memory of his uncle, Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, from whose affection he received the estate, this edifice is gratefully dedicated by Francis Rawdon Hastings, 1793." The uncle here referred to, was the only surviving son of the Countess of Huntingdon. He died without issue in the year 1789. The nephew, Francis Rawdon Hastings, soon after this date, succeeded his father as Earl of Moira, and was eventually created Marquis of Hastings. His distinguished career as a soldier and a statesman, extending over a period of more than half a century, is marked by events of great historical interest, in which his Lordship bore a prominent part. He died in the year 1826, when Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta.* He was grandson of the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; the present Countess of Loudoun, and her late brother, the fourth Marquis of Hastings, who died in 1868, being his grandchildren.

* At the time of the Indian Mutiny (1858), the private journal of the Marquis of Hastings, K.G., as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India from 1813 to 1823, was published, in two volumes. The work was edited by his daughter, the Marchioness of Bute.

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The fine demesne of Donington Park came to the Hastings family by purchase in 1594. It was noted for extensive woods at the time of compiling the Doomsday Book, wherein it is stated that, "in Dunitone there is a wood twelve furlongs long and eight broad." In Britton's "Beauties of England and Wales," the Park at Donington is described as "celebrated for its fine, old majestic oaks; and the grounds are alternately thrown into bold swells and sunk into sweeping valleys, thus presenting from many stations scenes of great picturesque beauty and interest. Near the northern extremity of the grounds is a precipice, called Donington Cliff; a scene much admired for its romantic and wild features." A local and more recent historian, (Mr. Briggs,) in his "History of Melbourne, Derbyshire," has also referred to the estate, as being "one of the brightest features which this neighbourhood possesses." A considerable portion of it being in the parish of Melbourne, Mr. Briggs goes on thus to describe Donington Park:—"It is about four hundred acres in extent, contains some fine herds of fallow and red deer, and is encircled by noble woods and flourishing plantations. It comprises pleasant valleys, clothed with greenest verdure, gentle undulating hills, and whilst beneath the foliage of the trees, the wild fern has sprung up high and luxuriantly, yet on the open slopes and valleys the 'grass is soft as velvet and green as an emerald.' Amongst the most picturesque objects in the Park are the old oaks and thorns; the former are indeed wonderful objects, but approach each other so nearly in size, that they seem less than they actually measure, and almost any one of them, if standing alone, would be accounted a curiosity. Most of them are hollow; their trunks are writhed into every picturesque shape; are short, thick, and many of them distorted by excrescences so large and rude as entirely to alter the original shape of the tree. Several of them measure twelve yards in circumference, and one, on the west side of the hall, fifteen. They are supposed to have existed before the Norman Conquest, and cannot be less than a thousand years old." Another writer, in referring to these magnificent oaks, remarks that they have evidently been mutilated, and hence the saying that they were "lopped in Lady Huntingdon's time to build Methodist chapels."

Resuming Mr. Briggs's descriptive sketch, the cliff on the north side of the Park is alluded to, from which "a scene of the most fertile beauty presents itself," in connection with which are mentioned the vale of the Trent, Kings-Mills,* and other objects of interest seen in the distant landscape or in the immediate neighbourhood. Donington Hall is situated in the Park, at the junction of three valleys, and is

* The birthplace of the late Rev. James Dixon, D.D., whose venerable mother died there about twenty years ago, at a patriarchal age.

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about a mile south-west of Castle-Donington, to which place there is now a railway.*

The Hall appears to have been occupied by the Countess of Huntingdon during the early part of her widowhood, (which dates from 1746,) to the time when her son attained his majority in 1750. The latter then took possession of the estate, and of Ledstone Hall, in Yorkshire. For several years, however, prior to 1746, John and Charles Wesley, and others associated with them, were frequent visitors at Donington Park, where they were always received with the greatest respect and affection by the Earl and the Countess. About this time, we learn from the "Life and Times" of the latter that the Countess was "fully occupied in devising schemes for the more extensive diffusion of Divine Truth, and meliorating the condition of the poor around her." Four distinct visits to Donington Park are mentioned by Mr. Wesley in his Journals; these were in 1742-3. Within a month of one of them, he had to hasten to London, just in time to find his mother "on the borders of eternity." Charles Wesley in his Journal speaks of passing "a profitable hour at Donington Park," under date of September 22d, 1756. As the young Earl on coming of age set out on his travels through France, Italy, and Germany, it is not improbable that his mother, the Countess, occasionally spent some time still at Donington Park during her son's absence, although she had a country residence at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the same county.

A brief description must now be given of what it was our privilege to see in the suite of rooms in the left wing of the Hall, the walls of which are hung with interesting family paintings of great value. The first room is appropriated to portraits of a very ancient family—the Barony of Grey de Ruthyn, from which the Countess of Loudoun is descended on the mother's side. The portraits of many of these ancient worthies were very striking. In another room are several large and magnificent pictures, including portraits of the first Marquis of Hastings, in military costume. In one, his Lordship is represented as about to mount his favourite charger. In close proximity is a splendid portrait of George IV., which was presented to the Marquis by his Sovereign. In this apartment are also full-length portraits of Charles X. of France and his son, who, at the time of the French Revolution in 1830, took up their abode for a season at this Hall. In the last room visited, three portraits were pointed out to me of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon. In one she is represented in widowhood, but the others were taken at earlier periods of her life. One of these is especially

* Some interesting information about this locality will be found in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1856 and 1865. See pages 234 et seq., and 222 respectively.

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interesting, for she appears as the young and affectionate mother, around whom are grouped her three children of very tender age. Her son is on the right of the Countess, her daughters on the left. One of the latter became the Countess of Moira, and mother of the first Marquis of Hastings. A fine marble bust of Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, and father of these children, was also pointed out, which led me to remark that so highly was he esteemed, that at his death ninety-eight elegies were written to his memory, and were published under the title of "*Lacrymæ Musarum.*" None of the portraits of the Countess convey that idea of her Ladyship which is formed by the ordinary engravings.* Mr. Hastings informed me that on becoming decidedly religious, she had caused all portraits of herself then under her control, to be destroyed. This he admitted was a great mistake, and it would appear that the Countess thought so too, before she died, as the portrait prefixed to her life represents her in venerable age.

As I returned from my inspection, a large painting, more modern than any I had yet noticed, challenged my attention. It was a recently-executed portrait of the present noble proprietor of this far-famed mansion. It is not the language of adulation, if I state that the Countess of Loudoun, still young, and the joyful mother of a numerous family, is highly esteemed for her genial kindness and suavity of manners, whilst her characteristic energy and talents command general admiration.† Her Ladyship sent a condescending message to myself by Mr. Hastings, stating that but for temporary indisposition she would have seen me. I was permitted to leave for her acceptance, a passage which I had carefully copied from the Rev. L. Tyerman's "Life and Times of the Rev.

* One of these appears in the "Christian Miscellany" for July, 1868.

† The following paragraph has recently gone the round of the London and Provincial press:—

A Woman of Business.—The Countess of Loudoun, sister to the Marquis of Hastings, furnishes (says a New York journal, "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,") a notable instance of what a good, clever, resolute woman may do to redeem the honour of her family. When her brother died, his affairs were in a desperate condition, but the wreck of the property passed to her. She had long foreseen what must happen, and by careful living had provided for the contingency. With her savings she managed to buy in a considerable portion of the estate, including Donington Hall, the family seat, and before three years were over, had paid off every farthing of her brother's debts. When Lord Hastings' affairs were *in extremis*, his cousin, Lord Bute, very kindly bought his Scotch property, Loudoun Castle, with the understanding that when the Hastings family could afford to repurchase it, they should have it at the price he had paid. This, also, Lady Loudoun has now managed to redeem. A recent "Gazette" announces that the Queen has terminated in this lady's favour the abeyance existing in relation to the four separate baronies of Botreaux, Hungerford, De Moleyns, and Hastings. This will give her son, when he succeeds her, a seat in the House of Lords. These baronies are among the most ancient.

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John Wesley," that admirable sketch of the Countess of Huntingdon which is found in Vol. II. of the work, at pages 20—22, together with an extract from page 382 of the first volume. Let us hope that there may still go forth from Donington Park an influence for good that shall benefit the Church of Christ, and bless the world.

On taking my leave of Mr. Hastings, who accompanied me to the outer porch of the main entrance, where we stood for some time in conversation, he pointed out to me the situation of two distant spots in the Park, one on the right of the Hall, the other on the left. "There," said Mr. Hastings, "will be found two large patches of arable land, which once formed portions of the Park. Family tradition asserts that this land was ploughed up in the time of the Countess, that it might be sown with corn, to supply some of her preachers with bread; and from that day to this, no inheritor of the Donington estate has felt at liberty to restore that land to its original turf condition." I involuntarily exclaimed, "Good and noble Countess! she did what she could, and this shall 'be told for a memorial of her!'"

Derby. JOSEPH JONES.

A SCHOOL FOR "FULL-TIMERS."

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"*Half-timers*" have been moderately well cared for during the past few years. Government-inspected schools have been provided for them; and, as their parents generally desire to have their wages at the close of the week, the children are sent to the school with regularity. Teachers have found very little need for looking up absentees among the "half-timers," unless there were danger of their going to some other school. The education given in these schools is, in most cases, valuable, and has improved of late. Half-timers may, of course, turn out "wasters." There is great danger of their doing so, when their homes are godless. But even when there is no religion, and not much good sense, at home, there is no necessity for the children to remain ignorant and become wicked, if they have an efficient teacher who is allowed to instruct them in God's Word, and who has the heart to do so.

The "*No-timers*" are likely to be looked after with more energy and perseverance than hitherto. Myriads of children do not work either forenoon or afternoon. Many of these are too young for any kind of regular employment. In former times they might have been forced up a sooty flue, or driven hither and thither in a cotton-mill, or have been set to other drudgery. But our paternal laws forbid the babes being so oppressed. Yet they are quite capable of receiving instruction which will prove invaluable, and of delighting in such teaching when lovingly presented. School-Board officers are to look after these children, if parents and others neglect them. Others are "no-timers" because, though old enough to learn a little, and work a

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little too, they have been allowed to form vicious and lazy habits, and neither like work nor learning. These, too, are to be picked up, and taught to do better before the evil within them becomes ineradicable. The task of the teacher in these cases will be more difficult, yet not hopeless.

What, however, is to become of the "*Full-timers?*" There are many of us of whom the School-Board officers will take no notice. If we lounged too long at the street corner, or even at the print-shop windows, the policeman might direct us to "move on." But even in that case the Board-officer would not interfere. It would be useless for us to place ourselves in his sight, and then run away. We could not incite the man to give chase. Years have passed since some of us ceased to be of that age to which School-Boards now direct their energies. What is to be done for us? Nobody will pick us up and take us to school. What can be done?

There is a school provided. Some whom we highly revere, and whose advancement in true wisdom is manifest to all, tell us that they have been at school seven days every week, and without any holidays, during many years. Sometimes the lessons are hard, and they could wish for a vacation. But, on the whole, they prefer that the arrangement should remain unaltered. The school has been provided for them by their Heavenly Father. The best of books, and an unseen yet ever-present and unerring Teacher, and various other aids, have been allotted to them. The course of instruction is to continue until they are summoned Home, and when that will occur they do not know. But there are many former scholars waiting for them, and they are sure of a joyous welcome from their loving Father. So they are content, and happy, and learn their lessons.

We have been placed in that school. Indeed, so long as we live, we cannot get beyond the bounds. But though we really are unable to play truant, it is quite possible for us to waste our time, or even to do worse than that. On the other hand we have no need to turn out wasters. Though perhaps we may have been ready to wish that we had been born some years later, so as to have had the advantages of these times, we may do very well, if we will make the most of present advantages. It certainly is very clear that we must depend very largely on our own efforts and God's blessing. Now, let us just look about the school-house wherein we have been placed, pick up our books, if we have not already done so; and, whatever we have previously done, go to work with a hearty good will to train ourselves. We shall have to be our own ushers, and look after ourselves, and call ourselves to order, and keep ourselves at our lessons. If we do this we shall make something out without School-Boards, committees, or ferules. God help us!

Reader, *educate your hands.*—The human hand is a marvellous instrument of power which has been committed to our trust. Whatever amount of intelligence men possessed, or vigour, or determination, or other qualities, we should be in a sad fix, if our extremities resembled those of oxen or geese, or even those of lions or eagles. Who could, in such case, form railways and steamboats? Who could lay telegraph-wires across continents and seas, or

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work them after they were laid? Who could write books, or print them when the manuscript had been prepared? Who could plough, and sow, and reap our fields? What would be done at Manchester and Leeds for spinners and weavers, and at Sheffield and Birmingham for workers in iron? Train one pair of hands at least to accomplish the task assigned to them. You, reader, may have to assist in the training of others; but take special pains in the education of one pair; that pair chiefly active in supplying your personal wants at the dinner-table, and elsewhere. Whether your task is at the loom, or the anvil, or the bench; whether you work with awl, or hammer, or axe, or pen, teach your hands to do their work well. Perhaps you may never be able to excel your associates; but be sure that you become as skilful as it is possible for you to become. Second-rate workmen are becoming very cheap; and third-rate can scarcely find standing-room. Be as near the top of your class as is practicable.

Educate your intellect.—It is very likely that you may never be distinguished among men as one of wondrous gifts or comprehensive learning. All that is of comparatively little moment. The warmth of a cheerful fire-side is of greater importance to any man, when all is freezing outside the house, than that the light from his fire should attract the notice of the parish. If leaving his window-shutters down will give light serviceable to some benighted wanderer, by all means let the radiance go forth. But for all the people in the township merely to acknowledge that the occupant of the house keeps the brightest fire thereabouts, is not of much worth. Now, in our days, most have the opportunity for so furnishing their minds that hours of leisure will be made pleasant, a capability of taking advantage of any opening for advancement will have been secured, and a more intelligent view of God's works and word will be possessed. Fail not to make the most of your privileges. You will thus become a great and distinguished man, if the Lord has entrusted you with special gifts; and you will not be an ignorant blockhead, though your gifts are few and ordinary. Be as tall as God intended you to be.

Educate your conscience.—Some people seem to think that the voice of their conscience cannot err, and that such voice is identical with the first impulse which turns up concerning what they ought to do. Suppose we define conscience to be "a conviction of what we *ought* to do or leave undone." We thus distinguish it from the mere perception of what we *like* to do, or *purpose* to do. But this conviction of what we *ought* to do may mislead us. Such conviction will actually often mislead us, unless it is constantly compared with the Word of God, as explained by the Holy Spirit. Some of the most fearful atrocities which have ever been perpetrated by human beings, have been done at the bidding of a misguided conscience. A noble-looking horse, drawing a large cart, was one day observed in the middle of a broad and smooth road. The conduct of the animal, as seen from a distance, seemed very peculiar. Instead of coming straight on, it kept alternating between an apparent purpose to do so, and another and conflicting purpose to turn round. The result was, that horse and cart were in danger of coming in contact with vehicles passing, and must certainly, if not

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controlled, soon be on the footpath or against some lamp-post. The occasion of this strange proceeding was soon apparent. The driver had fastened the reins to the front of the cart, and loitered behind for a chat with a friend. The reins had become tightened. They drew the horse towards the right hand. The horse seemed to think that must be a mistake, and so tried to go on. But again the reins were violently jerked. So the fine animal became greatly excited and perplexed. Had not the reins been speedily rectified, some disastrous if not fatal calamity would most likely have happened. The horse was striving to do what he believed to be his duty, but was misdirected. Train your consciences to know God's will in all things. You have the Bible, and may have the aid of the Holy Ghost.

Educate your will. — Turnstiles are sometimes so formed that they will only turn one way. The design is that all who have a right to pass through shall be able to do so, but that others shall be effectually obstructed. Having, for instance, duly paid to go in, you may come out by this turnstile when you please. But if a rogue endeavour to enter thereby unobserved and so evade payment, he is disappointed. Now, the human will, unhappily, is like such a turnstile which has by some mischance been so injured that it turns the wrong way. Left to itself, the human will is unbendingly firm to exclude what is good, but opens, easily as a well-oiled iron gate, to what is deemed pleasant, however sinful. We must seek God's grace, and use it, that this mischief may be rectified.

Educate your appetites. — Mary Lyons stood in the dock at Leeds, charged with attempting to murder her child. The prisoner did not deny that she had thrown the child into the water, but declared that she did not know what she was doing, for she was tipsy. This appeared to have been the case. The little girl, about five years old, was produced in court. The child saw her mother in the dock, and pointed towards her in recognition. The prisoner, who had hitherto maintained a composure of appearance, was now completely overcome, and sobbed hysterically. Yet Mary Lyons, as a daughter, and for some time as a wife, had been loving and beloved. Myriads are thus enslaved to unruly appetites. We must secure the due subjection of ours, or the result will be of unknown dreadfulness.

Educate your temper.—If a man has a vicious dog which bites strangers, and so gets his master fined; which bites his owner's friends oftener than strangers, because they come to the house more frequently; and which will often give a sly pinch to the children, their mother, and the man himself, the dog's master can get rid of the vicious creature somehow. What is the man to do who has allowed his temper to become like that dog? That is a question not easy to answer. An easier task will be for young people, by the help of God, to prevent their tempers ever becoming thus vicious. Even a lively dog may become a pleasant companion if properly trained.

Lose no time in beginning this self-education. Be thoroughly in earnest: lose no chance of self-improvement: plead daily for Divine aid. Persevere so long as your Heavenly Father keeps you here at school. So shall you be fitted for Home.

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DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Proverbs xviii. 24.

FRIENDSHIP is the cement of human life: it binds heart to heart. In times of distress, the heart's true love is evolved. There is no purer thing on earth than friendship: no element of character more like God. It bears the royal stamp of heaven; it was transmitted to earth, that it might pass current among men. The Divine Friendship led the way for its exercise amongst mankind. *Genuine* friendship is life's truest, happiest tie; but how seldom do we see it exercised amidst the toils and storms of life! There are many who will covet your friendship when you have wealth at command, and fortune smiles upon your path; but let these depart, and you will find few to follow by your side, and, by counsel and support, show forth their true heart's love, and prove their friendship still. Reader, I invite you to ONE Who solicits your friendship, and Who will never betray the confidence you repose in Him. Jesus, your everlasting Friend, "sticketh closer than a brother."

Brotherhood is one of the closest of earthly ties. There are no natural knots which draw tighter the heart's true affection,—save those which exist between husband and wife, parent and child. It is a word around which cluster hallowed associations, pleasant reminiscences, and with which is wrapped up some of our brightest anticipations. It is a cognate word to "friend," born of the same parent, and boasting the same noble lineage. In brotherhood there is a nearness *nearer* than the word "friend" suggests; but it is this that adds wonder to the scene, that friendship should overstep brotherhood's enclosure, and become dearer to me even than that fond relation admits. And in the records of mere human history, sacred or profane, there is no truer friendship recorded than that which existed between Jonathan and David. How pure that friendship! It was friendship and brotherhood united and welded into one by the flame of an intensely-burning love. Faint emblem, this, of that peculiar friendship which exists between Jesus Christ and the people of His choice. It outreaches brotherhood. And yet He *is* our Brother. He "was made flesh" in order that He might become our Brother. Through His humanity He is brought intimately near to us. He struggled *with* us, and *for* us, and ultimately laid down His life for our sakes.

It is necessary to inquire by *what means* the Divine Friendship, which had been forfeited by sin, became a human possibility. By the incarnation of the Son of God, and His death upon the cross. We are "reconciled to God by the death of His Son." But *how* do men become *personally* possessed of the Divine favour, since, by nature, they have it not? The *mere* fact of the death of Christ does not accomplish this. In that death provision is made for this; but the provision is one thing, and the participation another. There must be a personal reception of it, by faith. "*By grace* are ye saved *through faith*."

Supposing this change, then, to have taken place within you, you are now in a position to realize all the consolation this text is calculated to give. To you, Christian, "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The Lord Jesus Christ

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will prove Himself, *First, the Friend of the friendless.*—"Friendless!" no *new* word this—the world has heard of it before. It was old before dictionaries were written. One age has transmitted it to another. It has sighed along on the hurrying breeze, and has found its echo in the sobbings of many a heaving breast. "Friendless!" is caught up by many an eloquent tongue and benevolent heart. These are days of philanthropy, in which much of squalor, and misery, and want is relieved; but still, there is much which human efforts cannot reach. It is secret. But when every star is cloud-hidden, when every door of human expectancy is closed, behold a door of mercy opens, and One like unto the Son of Man comes forth, and says, "Fear not."

Again, the Lord Jesus will prove Himself *the solace of the sorrowing.*—Were eyes made to weep; or, is weeping an *un*natural thing? Unnatural in the sense of its being contrary to our original state. It would seem that, since all tears are to be wiped away in heaven, weeping *is* unnatural, and simply one of the sad consequences of the fall. But however that may be, all eyes have learnt to weep; an art by *no* means difficult to learn. Tears seem regulated by no very rigid law, but gush forth with a wonderful spontaneity, coursing down the cheeks in rapid succession. And these *outer* tears are but the symbols of other tears wept by the soul within. But then, silent as dew, come those refreshing streams of grace, and those heavenly gales which breathe celestial peace upon the soul, and joy and strength.

Once more: Christ will be *the strength of the dying.*—And this will be the crowning act of friendship. O! the importance of having some stout Arm on which to rest, and some strong Hand to guide our steps aright. Surely, if ever the Christian needs the grace of God, it is then! Surely, if ever those words have significance, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God," it is then. Ah! yes; and there is One Who will accompany us all the way: One who will stick closer than a brother, and where even a brother could not follow us: One who will not leave us until He shall have presented us without spot to God, and placed the crown of glory upon our brow.

The text expresses the *intimate relationship* between Christ and His people: "He *sticketh closer* than a brother."—How near, then, is Christ to all who love His name! Well might the Psalmist say, "Thou art near, O Lord!" Not so near is my brother, as is Jesus, my Elder Brother; Who, by a spiritual nearness, forces His sacred presence upon my heart, as no human affection ever can." "Tell brother Eddy, if he feel lonely now he has no brother, to learn to love Jesus Christ, and *He* will be his Brother, and love him very much." What a beautiful child's comment on this text! Happy are they who can say, "This is *my* Friend!" God is ever near to His own; for they are "a people near unto Him." Strange as it may seem, a mother *may* forget the child of her bosom; but it lies beyond the range even of possibility, that God should forget those who cast their care on Him. He Who appoints the sun his course, and regulates the motions of the spheres, will not suffer them to make their way in darkness. He who caused the mossy plant to grow on the sandy desert plain, would teach us that Jehovah can protect His own trusting ones, in every time

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of need, and in the most unpropitious circumstances of life. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob," for "I am *with* thee."

You who are at variance with God, make your peace without delay. God in Christ is *already* reconciled to you; and now He asks you, on *your* part, to be reconciled to Him. And we also, "in Christ's stead, beseech you to be" thus "reconciled to God."

"THERE IS NO FEAR OF GOD BEFORE THEIR EYES."

So that it seems God's moral government over man is still a subject of dispute. Certain it is that God claims to be the Ruler of the human race. He has given laws to mankind, and directed them expressly what to do, and what not to do, and authoritatively told them to "fear God, and keep His commandments." There are, however, many people of a totally different mind; they have "no fear of God before their eyes." Not that they are what are called atheists; they probably admit the being of a God, and speak of Him with profound respect; but they have no idea of His actual control over their conduct, or that He will certainly call them to account for what they do, or that they have any reason to dread His displeasure.

But we must remember there are two parties concerned in this question, and we must notice not merely *man's conduct towards God*, but *God's conduct towards man*. He says to His creatures, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways." Let us observe how He acts, and what He says respecting them; and then consider what is the best course for ourselves to take.

I. It appears, from every part of the Bible, that whatever men may do, God always asserts His rights, and maintains His claims. We are taught this by what is recorded respecting the old world, the conduct of its inhabitants, and the ruin which befell them. God was as holy before the flood as He is now, and governed His creatures by the same moral laws. People, however, then determined to throw off His authority, and the earth was filled with violence and crime. Yet these sinners felt themselves secure, apprehended no danger, and had "no fear of God before their eyes."

But God Himself had never consented to all this: He had never said that bad men should have all their own way, and be the governors of the world. He was its Maker, and also its moral Ruler, and as such He determined to show Himself. He resolved to overthrow the world with a flood, of which He gave notice to Noah, who was found the only righteous man of that generation, and who was commanded to prepare an ark for the preservation of himself and his family. A delay of a hundred and twenty years took place, to give time for the ark to be built, and the people to be apprized of their danger, and to afford them space for repentance. When this period of grace was expired, Noah entered the ark, and "the Lord shut him in;" and then came "the flood upon the world of the ungodly." Our Lord says, respecting that generation, that "they did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all." All this bustle and business were hushed into general silence and death. But

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in the stillness and desolation which ensued, God distinctly said to all succeeding ages, "I am the Lord," —as such I claim to be the Ruler and Judge of mankind,—"and My glory will I not give to another."

While we read this solemn truth in the overthrow of a world, the same lesson is taught in the story of Achan, recorded in the Book of Joshua. When the taking of Jericho was promised to the Israelites, upon their entrance into Canaan, they were strictly commanded by God to abstain from appropriating to their private use any part of the spoil. All the metals which would endure the fire were to go into the treasury of the Lord, and other things were to be utterly consumed. Achan, one of the soldiers employed in taking this city, saw among the spoils a wedge of gold, a quantity of silver, and a goodly Babylonish garment, which he coveted, and so took, and buried them in the earth, in the midst of his tent. He thought this act of disobedience was unnoticed, felt himself in no danger on its account, had "no fear of God" before his eyes, and expected to hear nothing more about what he had done.

Achan, however, was only one party concerned in this transaction; and God, the other party, might justly say to him, "My thoughts are not your thoughts." He, it seems, entertained other views, and acted in a manner very different from the opinions of this offender. An Israelitish army was defeated, and Joshua was told that the Lord had forsaken them on account of this act of Achan; nor would He be with them any more unless the guilty party was detected and punished, which was accordingly done. These notorious events render it as manifest as the shining of the sun at noon-day, that, whether men have His fear before their eyes or not, yet the Lord's throne is in the heavens, "His kingdom ruleth over all;" and every child of Adam must either observe His commands, or obtain His forgiveness, or endure His righteous but terrible displeasure.

Ahab was the king of Samaria, and thought himself at liberty to follow the devices and desires of his own heart. As a man, he was not without moral sentiments and feelings; but his morality was not founded in true religion; for he was a gross idolator, and therefore had not "the fear of God" before his eyes. So he set his heart upon obtaining Naboth's vineyard, because it was near to his palace, and he thought it would make a convenient "garden of herbs." When Naboth refused to alienate the inheritance of his fathers,—for which refusal, no doubt, he had good and sufficient reasons,—Ahab returned to his house "heavy and displeased." His queen, Jezebel, scattered his sorrows, and filled him with joy, by a promise to procure for him the vineyard he so greatly desired. Naboth, accordingly, was put to death as a public criminal, and Ahab proceeded to take possession of his property. Yet, though Ahab had waded through crime and blood to the object of his desires, he thought that, as a king, he had a right to do all that had been done, concluded he was in no danger, and had "no fear of God" before his eyes.

God, however, and not Ahab, was the moral Governor of the world, and kings and common people are alike amenable to the Judge of all the earth. The prophet Elijah was sent by the God of heaven to the

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king of Israel to declare the Divine mind and purpose respecting this deed; and his terrible declarations were literally fulfilled in due time.

But God is the Lord of the next world as well as of this, and in the disembodied state, and throughout all eternity, He will continue to act as the moral Governor of mankind. We read in St. Luke's Gospel of a man who did not regard God, but lived entirely to the world and himself; and although he was never called to an account in this life, yet was he judged and punished after death. Lazarus, in consideration of his conduct while a beggar at the rich man's gate, after death "was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." What was done to these men, will be done to you and to me; for God has uniformly testified that He bears the same relation to the entire race of Adam, and that what He has already done to some, He will do, sooner or later, to every human being. Men may renounce their subjection to God, but He will never give up His authority over them. "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Our life and breath are in His hands, and He preserves us in being from one day to another. We are not our own, for we have been "bought with a price," and are the Lord's creatures, the Lord's care, and the Lord's property. We are, therefore, not at liberty to act as we please, but are bound to respect the will of God, to obey His commands, and fulfil His designs. Whether or not we have done this will be matter of inquiry on a future day, for, according to the Bible, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." In the case of transgressors, judgment will lead to conviction, and conviction will end in punishment.

Yet, while God has told us that this shall assuredly come to pass, He has, with equal plainness, told us that with Himself this is matter of necessity, and not of choice. As matter of necessity, the Lord sitteth a King for ever, and He will always occupy the throne, and call His creatures to account. If they persist in throwing off His authority, He must banish them from His presence; but this, He solemnly declares, is altogether irksome and disagreeable to Himself. He tells us how we may escape this ruin, and advises us to pursue that course. He commands that repentance and remission of sins through Christ should be preached unto all nations, and declares that Jesus is able "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

II. Now, considering our own character and circumstances, and taking into our account all that God has done, and all that He has said, the question forces itself upon us, What shall *we* do? What is the best course for us to take? Our natural temper is the spirit of Pharaoh, when he said, "I know not the Lord, neither will I obey Him;" and under the influence of this temper we err and stray like lost sheep. This continues till we acknowledge God's moral government, willingly submit to His authority, and begin to seek His mercy. What then shall we do? Shall we stop, or shall we proceed? Shall we still say to the Almighty, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways?" or shall we "seek the Lord while He may be found," and "call upon Him while He is near?"

To resist the authority of God is a

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folly as well as a sin. While He is our Governor, He is also our Saviour. He has so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son for its redemption. Submission to His authority is the condition upon which He exercises His grace and mercy. It is the most naked and palpable folly to go on opposing Him. Our wisdom and interest is at once to yield ourselves unto God. This is right for persons of all ages.

Some readers may have lived many years, even to a good old age, and yet never had "the fear of God before their eyes." In a little time you must leave, and that for ever, the present state of being. You will pass into the disembodied state, and become inhabitants of another world. Well may you ask,—

> "Soon as from earth I go,
> What will become of me?"

Who is to protect your friendless spirits, when they pass into these unknown regions? If you are reconciled to God, and enjoy the guardianship of Christ, you will then be secure and happy. He has "the keys of hell and of death," and is Lord of that world whither you are going. Like the prodigal, you have stayed in the "far country" until your substance is wasted. You have begun to be in want. Eternity is near. Your wisdom is at once to say, "I will arise, and go to my Father," and forthwith to act upon that resolution. Every returning sinner is sure of a gracious reception; and then, though you die, and pass into eternity, you will still feel at home, in your Father's house and family.

Other readers are in the prime and vigour of their days, and it is equally their wisdom and interest to "fear God, and keep His commandments." To live without regarding His authority, is the "wide" gate through which all young persons are disposed to enter, and the "broad" road in which they are inclined to walk. It is a difficult thing for them to begin to think about God, and consent to be governed by His will; and hence they are often disposed to put off their conversion, and wait for "a more convenient season." But whatever you are expecting to gain by delay, it is probable you will be disappointed. With God "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" and He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

When ten of the tribes of Israel revolted from the government of the successors of David, Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, was chosen their king. This man proved unmindful of the Divine commands, and thought only of the preservation of his newly-acquired power. Hence, in flat opposition to the will of God, he set up two calves, or sacred bulls, at Bethel and Dan, the two extremities of his kingdom. This was done after the example of Egypt, and was thought to be a master-stroke of policy. If his subjects were allowed to go up to the temple at Jerusalem, to worship the true God, as He had appointed, it was thought they would be sure to return to their allegiance to Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, king of Judah. To provide for them a more domestic worship, and to keep them at home, was thought the likeliest method to secure their political allegiance. Jeroboam was warned by God of the sin and danger of these arrangements; but he persisted in them, and bequeathed his policy to his successors.

But although Jeroboam forgot God, it appears plain that God

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remembered him; for he is always characterized as that Jeroboam "who made Israel to sin." His family was excluded from the throne, and destroyed by the sword. Then other royal families were cut off, in the same manner, because they imitated his conduct, and adopted his maxims of government. At length the entire nation was carried into captivity, and is now lost among the nations of the earth. Young people may feel a dislike to personal religion, and think that in them it would be foolish and unsuitable,—as Jeroboam thought it would be for him to conform his politics to the decisions of God. But, however many years may pass over them, they will still find themselves under a moral government, and that it is impossible to escape from the hands of that God Who judgeth in the earth.—*From the M.SS. of the late* Rev. S. Jackson.

HEAVEN.

No poet praying for the breath
Of inspiration, may unfold
The bliss beyond the gates of death,
Or with desiring eyes behold
The streets of gold;

Or picture that eternal stream,
Upon whose banks the angels throng;
Where, as in some delicious dream,
The soft, low music floats along
Of sweetest song.

No mortal tongue can ever make
Those joys celestial understood,
Which Christ, for my unworthy sake,
Bought on the rough and reddened wood
With precious blood!

I *think* the landscape must be fair,
That flowers of fadeless beauty grow,
To deck the bright and flowing hair
Of those whose robes were wash'd below
As white as snow.

I know that gladsome palms they bear,
Like victors when the strife is won;
And that they find safe refuge there,
Now all their toil is past and done
Beneath the sun!

His wondrous beauty they behold,
Whose love has led them all their days;
On harps, with strings of shining gold,
Those sweet seraphic singers raise
Their ceaseless praise!

And brightly every gracious brow
A crown of glorious light adorns,
To purchase which Christ wore below,
Amid revilings, scoffs, and scorns,
A crown of thorns!

This is the Heaven for which I pray:
When high above the stars we meet,
O Saviour, on Thy advent day,
May I, with Mary, find it sweet
To kiss Thy feet!

J. R. Eastwood.

MELBOURNE.

The colony of Victoria attains its majority this day, July 1st. One and twenty years ago, the whole of that part of the Australian continent to which the Queen of England has been graciously pleased to give her own royal name, was an outlying district of New South Wales, which, less than twenty years before that time, was known only as the abode of naked savages of the lowest type, who, without house or home, took shelter by day under the boughs of some evergreens, and at night crouched beneath the withered branches of fallen trees. The present population of the colony, including about eight hundred of the aboriginal inhabitants, is nearly eight hundred thousand, who occupy about thirty millions of acres of land for the pasturage of sheep and cattle, and nearly ten millions of acres for other than pastoral purposes. According to the latest official returns, the colonists have already expended nearly ten millions sterling in the improvement of the soil,

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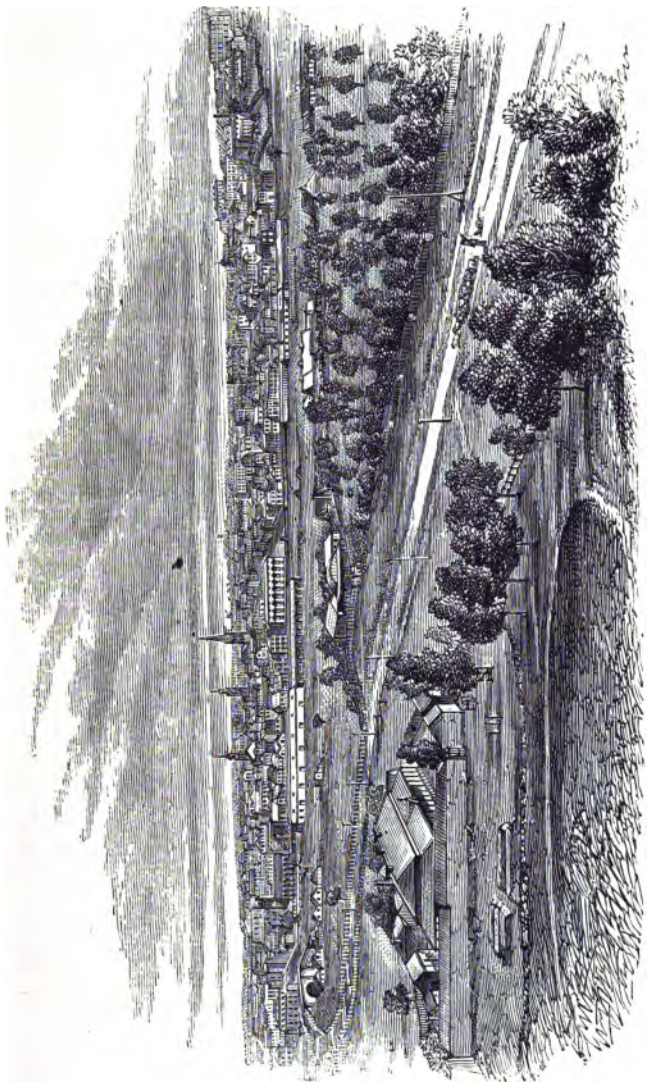

not including the cost of clearing; and now employ, in farming and other operations, machinery valued at over one million four hundred thousand pounds. There are also upwards of a thousand manufactories, producing seventy different kinds of articles, either for export or for home consumption; and

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the gold-fields are regarded by persons competent to judge as likely to be productive for generations yet to come.

Melbourne, the metropolis of Victoria, is a large and beautiful city, with extensive and attractive suburbs, many of the gardens, orchards, and shrubberies of which have been laid out with great good taste and regardless of expense. Its central position, its wealth, and the vast mineral, agricultural, and pastoral resources of the colony, give it the pre-eminence among all the cities of the southern world, and mark out for it a great future. Its streets are laid out at right angles, and are wide, well-watered, well-lighted, and thoroughly macadamized. The varied elevations and undulations of the ground on which it is built, have made it easy to secure a perfect drainage into the river Yarra-Yarra, on the banks of which it stands. Its water supply is brought from a distance of several miles, and is regarded as pure and inexhaustible. All the original edifices of canvas, sods, or wattle and dab, have disappeared, and but few of those of a second decade remain to give an idea of the appearance of things in early days. Most of the shops, stores, dwelling-houses, and public buildings are of brick, or of a dark imperishable granite, with white free-stone dressings, and are, in durability and elegance, equal to those of any provincial town in this country. Its harbour is one of the most magnificent in the world, capable of affording accommodation to the entire merchant navy of England. Its merchant-ships are some of the finest afloat, and take merchandize from England of greater annual value than is absorbed by some European countries which regard themselves as of first-rate importance; and carry on their return voyages, gold, hides, wool, tallow, preserved meats, and other exports of great value. Its railways connect it with every part of the interior, and run through the principal gold-fields and grain-growing districts. Its telegraphs flash intelligence to every part of the Australian continent, and will soon bring it within a few days' communication with the mother country. Its daily, weekly, and monthly newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals—among which is our own "Wesleyan Chronicle," which has been in existence for more than fourteen years, and is said to have attained to a larger circulation than any other denominational periodical in the colony—teem from the press by thousands and tens of thousands. Among its public buildings which attract special notice, are its Parliament Houses and Treasury, its Post-Office and Town-Hall, and its Banks and Government offices, many of which are massive and imposing, and thoroughly beautiful. Its University, which stands on a conspicuous site, was erected at great cost, and, with its numerous staff of first-class professors, is sustained by Government, its privileges being open to all classes of the community. Its colleges and grammar-schools, Wesley College included, are beautiful buildings, in which the education given is of a very superior order. Its Museum, though not large, is choice and valuable. Its public libraries contain many thousands of volumes selected with great care and judgment. Its hospitals, benevolent asylums, and other charitable institutions, show what wealth and energy can accomplish in a short time. Its "*Homes*" for the stranger and destitute, of which the Wesleyan Emigrants' Home was the first, are a credit to the city. And its Philharmonic Society, and Society of Fine Arts, and other kindred institutions, prove that it is not wholly given over to the prevailing vice of money-making.

The city is surrounded on three sides by extensive parks, in which trees of gigantic growth, and native evergreen shrubs, give the appearance of original wildness and picturesque beauty. Its suburbs are dotted with numerous villas and mansions, around many of which are beautifully laid out grounds. Its Botanical Garden, on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra,—a name which signifies "ever flowing," and which is most appropriate, as its current of pure, fresh water has never been known to

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fail,—affords a quiet retreat to those who wish to abstract themselves from the bustle and excitement of city life. Its Cemetery is a lovely spot, a short distance from the city, with this peculiarity, that there is scarcely a tombstone or monument to the memory of an aged person, comparatively few in advanced life having emigrated to so distant a part, and the colony not being old enough to supply aged persons born in the colony.

But, what are much more important than any of these, or all of them together, are the churches, many of them large, substantial, and beautiful, which are found in every part of the city and its suburbs, making provision for a much larger proportion of the population than is provided for in London itself.

> "These temples of His grace,
> How beautiful they stand!
> The honours of our native place,
> The bulwarks of *that* land."

In this work of patriotism and piety, the Wesleyan Church has been privileged, from the earliest days of the colony, to take a not unimportant part. The first religious service ever conducted in that country was in 1835, when Henry Reed, Esq., then a zealous Local-preacher in Van Diemen's Land, and now well known in this country, anxious to assist in the adoption of some measures for preserving the native population from destruction by their contact with the colonists, went over with one of the earliest bands of settlers, and in one of the only two sod-huts that had then been extemporized for shelter, read and expounded a portion of sacred Scripture, and offered prayer to Almighty God. The five persons who formed this first Christian congregation where Melbourne now stands, were William Buckly, the white man who escaped from a convict ship which called there in 1804, and who had for thirty years remained with the natives, adopting their mode of life, till he had forgotten his mother tongue, and had sunk almost as low as the natives themselves; the brother of the enterprizing Mr. John Bateman, who was one of the first to attempt the colonization of that part of the Australian continent; and three black men from Sydney, whose knowledge of the English language was very imperfect. Such was the beginning of Methodist work in Melbourne. Early the following year, the Rev. Joseph Orton, then Chairman of the Van Diemen's Land District, visited the country, to make arrangements for the establishment of a Mission to the Aborigines, and conducted public worship near to the spot where Mr. Reed had held his first service. There were then two wooden houses, a few sod-huts, and a number of canvas tents affording accommodation to the settlers, who had increased to about fifty persons, most of whom attended the service, as did also about an equal number of natives, who were quiet and attentive, and appeared to enjoy the singing, which was led by an excellent layman of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Orton was the first *Minister* of any denomination who preached Christ there. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" There are now five Melbourne Circuits, in which are stationed fifteen Wesleyan Ministers, who officiate in thirty-two chapels. Of two of these, engravings have been given in the "Christian Miscellany" of former years. The one in Fitzroy-street was in the first instance erected of wood, and becoming too small, was removed, and replaced by a stone building, which in a short time had to be enlarged, and then enlarged again, and again, and eventually was taken down to make room for the present larger building, which will accommodate twelve hundred persons. Its history affords a fair illustration of the rapid and unanticipated progress of that part of the city and of our work there. The other building, an engraving of which we gave some years ago, and the spire of which is shown in the accompanying picture, is Wesley Church, which, with its towers, spire, and transepts, is said by an authority in such matters,*

* Dr. Jobson.

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to be "in appearance the cathedral of the city;" and which, when erected, was regarded as "one of the finest ecclesiastical structures that Methodism had in any part of the world." The church, with the Book-room, school-houses, parsonage, and other buildings adjoining, cost nearly £30,000.

A recent Government return states that in Victoria, of the Church of England, seventy-seven out of every hundred could read, and forty-seven write: among the Presbyterians, eighty-two could read, and fifty write: while of the Wesleyans, eighty-eight in every hundred could read, and fifty-seven could write. In January and February of the present year, the eighteenth annual Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan-Methodist Church was held in Melbourne, when New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia, New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Fiji, were represented by about a hundred ministers, and when the returns showed that there are in connection with that Conference, three hundred and fifty-five Ministers and Assistant-Missionaries, who have under their pastoral care fifty-nine thousand six hundred and forty-nine Church-members, with seven thousand five hundred and thirty-five on trial for membership. Since the previous Conference was held in Melbourne, four years ago, there has been an *increase* of fifty-five Ministers, three hundred and thirty churches, eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Church-members, two hundred and ninety Sunday-schools, two thousand four hundred and fifty-one Sabbath-school teachers, and twenty-nine thousand and fifty-nine attendants on public worship. At the Conference which had just closed its sittings when the last Australian mail left Melbourne, it was resolved that the time had now arrived when there ought to be four annual Conferences instead of one, with a General Conference every third year. "What hath God wrought!" To Him be all the glory!

In the *Melbourne* Circuits there are two thousand three hundred and eighty-four full members, with two hundred and five on trial. There are forty-four Sunday-schools, in which are six thousand seven hundred and eighty scholars, taught by six hundred and fourteen teachers. The attendants on the ministry in those Circuits are seventeen thousand one hundred and thirteen.

Chapels in Australasia, as per last Minutes (1872)	1,720
Other Preaching-places, ditto ..	1,163
Day-schools	1,782
Sunday-schools	2,154
Sunday-school Teachers, etc. ..	11,825
Sunday-school Scholars	126,819

W. B.

TREES, AND THEIR TENANTS.

III.—THE HAWTHORN.

The hawthorn, or May-bush, is so commonly to be seen as a shrub, mingling in our hedges with the elder, the hazel, the wild plum and pear, the privet, and the wych-elm, that we sometimes forget that if left to grow at "its own sweet will," and planted in a suitable spot, it will attain the dignity of a tree. Scattered hawthorn-trees are not infrequent objects in gentlemen's parks and grounds, some of them singular from the grotesque forms they assume. We have noticed them even in the London Parks, and notably in Richmond Park, which contains many splendid examples of our native trees, mingled with some foreigners. An author having found in the hawthorn a lack of the "picturesque," as he thought, Sir Thomas Lauder was led to come forward in its defence, and observes very justly that this tree has its charms. "We have seen it," says he, "hanging over rocks with deep shadows under its foliage, or shooting from their sides into the most fantastic forms, as if to gaze on its image in the deep pool below. We have seen it contrasting its tender green and its delicate leaves, with the brighter and deeper masses of the holly and alder. We have seen it growing under the shelter, though not

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under the shade, of some stately oak, embodying the idea of beauty protected by strength. And we have seen its aged boughs overshadowing part of some peaceful woodland cottage, its foliage half-concealing the window, whence the sounds of happy content and cheerful mirth came forth." And our poet of the lakes and mountains of the North of England, the meditative Wordsworth, has told the history of one of the venerable thorns he knew, which, though it was not a beautiful object, yet was memorable on account of the romantic story which was connected with it. This dwarfed hawthorn stood conspicuous enough to be recognized by the traveller:—

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale."

Of its appearance the bard says,—

"No leaves it has, no thorny points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone,
With lichens it is overgrown."

This is, however, an exceptional case; and most of the poets, when they speak of the thorn, either generally or with reference to any particular tree, do so in words of praise. Chaucer, the precursor and pattern of the poets of the Elizabethan age, does not forget it: he calls his reader to—

"Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn-tree,
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,
Fills full the wanton eye with May's delight."

"Wanton" here means simply *wandering* or *roving*. And here another versicle in which the hawthorn is referred to, may be quoted, in order to explain a singular misapprehension which has attached itself to one line. The allusion is to the spring-time—

"When the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

We are not to suppose from this, as some have done, that the poet is thinking of the shepherds as sitting down and telling stories, novelettes. The truth is, the shepherd, like the milkmaid and the mower, is engaged upon his lawful business, he is counting his flock, to ascertain that none are missing. For in old English, to "tell a tale" is to cast up a number, and this was possibly the translators' meaning in the text,—"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

Returning to our more immediate subject: it should be noted that the hawthorn can boast of a goodly number of aliases. The botanist proudly names it *Cratægus oxyacantha;* and of other English names we have "whitethorn," "May-bush," or simply "May;" also in some country places it is known as "quick" or "quick-set," being thus distinguished as a constituent part of hedges from the cut and withered boughs also used occasionally; the hawthorn makes a *quick, i.e.* a *living* hedge. Under the same name Tennyson refers to this tree or shrub, when describing the first appearance of the spring nightingale:—

"Wild bird, whose music liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded *quicks*."

And certainly the hawthorn is of great utility as a hedge, though Elihu Burritt thinks with sorrow, that in this age of iron it is likely to be less largely employed; since iron fences are more easily raised, are more durable, and do not harbour vermin. In fact, we have already supplanted the hawthorn-hedge by the metal protection to a noticeable extent, much to the vexation of those honest "Hodges" who are so partial to hedging and ditching. Anyhow, they are now getting deprived of a part of their work, for the old plan of setting hawthorn slips on the edge of a ditch or mound is fast giving way to a new mode. It is found practically to be far better to put the young plants in the ground on a flat surface, sometimes in single, sometimes in double lines, as they grow more rapidly, only they need to be protected with a wooden fencing for a few years. Most persons must have noticed, along our railway-lines, many hedges thus

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formed. Does any one wish to have a hawthorn-hedge about his garden, or to make a little clump of these bushes? The thing is easy enough. Gather some "haws" in October or November, when they are fully ripe. But these must be kept a year, since they will not germinate the first season. The best plan is to lay them either in sand or dry earth, and turn them over occasionally. The seeds, being thus separated from the pulp, may be sown the second year.

A variety of stories has been circulated about the Glastonbury Thorn, which was supposed to be in flower on Christmas-day most years, coming into leaf towards the close of autumn. The *true* Glastonbury Thorn was said by Withering, some seventy years ago, to be growing, not in the limits of the abbey itself, but in a lane a little way off. The legend is well known, that it had shot up from Joseph of Arimathæa's staff, which he had thrust into the earth; how he got to Britain remaining a matter of mystery! Some descendants of the original tree are yet in existence; from one growing at Glastonbury, a branch in full blossom has been sent for exhibition in December on several occasions. Others were at Oxford, and in the celebrated nursery of the Messrs. Loddige. By the botanists it is distinguished as a variety of the hawthorn, the origin of it being unknown. From the seeds, plants are produced which have not the remarkable forwardness of the parent tree. It should be added, in contradiction of the belief as to the great age of the once famous thorn of Glastonbury, that venerable as many hawthorns appear, scarcely one reaches its two hundredth year. An exception may be met here and there, such as the noted tree called Queen Mary's Thorn, which formerly stood in an Edinburgh garden, part of the ground formerly attached to the house of the Regent Murray. The unhappy Queen is said to have sat for hours under its shade. In 1836, it was about thirty-three feet high, and bore fruit above the usual size. Even in this instance we need not compute the age to be more than three hundred years.

Amongst the varieties of the hawthorn, one of the prettiest when in bloom is that to be commonly seen in gardens and parks, called the "pink May." In some places, for instance, in the neighbourhood of London, bushes of this variety may be observed in the hedges; and also a kind called the purple hawthorn, which has large leaves. The young shoots are of a dark purple colour. Then there is a yellow hawthorn cultivated in gardens, which has its fruit of a fine golden tint. In the olden time it was the custom to seek for the flowers of the "May" on the first day of the month whose name it bears, and a branch of it was hoisted to the top of the May-pole. Now, since the New Style has altered our dates, the hawthorn is but seldom in bloom quite so early. These flowers were regarded as emblematic of hope; the scent was thought to have the power of counteracting poison; but, though pleasant enough, we moderns discover that in a close room it causes headache.

From spring to autumn, whenever we visit the hawthorn we are sure to find it frequented by numerous insects, some of these resident upon it for the greater part of their lives, others only occasional visitants. And among these insects are some, such as those producing what are called "galls," which not only devour the leaves, but disfigure the plant. We often see on the ends of the hawthorn boughs hard and livid-coloured excrescences, which do not generally, when cut open, show any signs of insect work, yet they are doubtless caused by the punctures of some fly or grub. On some boughs the leaves will be found to be gathered up into a sort of bundle, and in this there is constructed a neat little cell, within which is a pale, six-footed grub that develops thereafter into a small beetle. In fact, various beetles, small and large, also resort to the hawthorn, and in June, that rather lazy fellow, the cockchafer, whose legs cling so closely to any object, rests on the bushes in the day, waiting until the dusk of evening invites

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it out for a flight. But the cockchafer is not dexterous on the wing; first of all it has a difficulty to get a start, and when it is fairly launched in the air, though a rapid flier, it is very liable to strike against any object, and fall to the ground. It eats the leaves of the hawthorn and other trees; the grub, however,—a curious, unpleasant-looking creature,—feeds upon the roots of plants, leading an underground life for three years, and sometimes doing much harm to the gardener. There is a superstition in some Continental countries, we are told, that a person setting a cockchafer upon its legs, obtains the forgiveness of his sins. So ready is human nature to claim salvation by some work done, however insignificant it may be.

Early in the season, just about the time when the hawthorn shows most beauty in leaf and flower, we find upon it a small insect which has an odd way of protecting itself from its enemies. This is commonly designated "Cuckoo Spit;" by the naturalist more elegantly, *Tettigonia spumaria*. Many an individual has turned away in disgust from the hawthorn, when, on gathering a spray, he has received on his hands part of the frothy robe in which this small grub attires itself. To be deprived of it for long is death to the insect, and therefore it evidently screens it not only from enemies which might devour it, but from the effects of too much sun or air. This froth is drawn from the sap of the tree, and within it, when of full size, these creatures enter upon their chrysalis life, emerging as a brownish-winged insect, somewhat resembling a beetle, later in the summer. These are also to be found among the leaves, and in this stage they are known as "Frog-hoppers," or "Flea-grasshoppers;" the male insects having considerable powers of leaping, they are difficult to secure. Hosts of caterpillars feed upon the hawthorn; some living through the winter upon the bushes, sheltered from cold or rain by a silken web. Of the latter, the scarlet, black and white caterpillar of the Gold-tail Moth attracts the attention in the spring, but let the country stroller beware how he handles one of these, since the hairs cause a decidedly unpleasant irritation of the skin. The striped caterpillars of the Lackey Moth are feeding about the same time, conspicuous also from their gay colouring, and remarkable for their bluish-gray heads, bearing two marks which look like eyes, but are not those useful organs, being merely spots. The real eyes are not perceivable without a magnifier. Also in May, June, and July, we may sometimes find on the hedges the large silken habitation constructed by the caterpillars of the Small Egger Moth, several hundreds of them forming a "happy family," though when full-grown, they scatter about, and spin separately on the twigs their small compact cocoons, which, from their egg-like appearance, have given to the species its singular English name.

J. R. S. Clifford.

THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY THE REV. J. MARRAT.

In "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," Guiana was looked upon as a land of glories and enchantments equalling those of Arabian story. Enclosed in a dark ring of forests, there was, according to a prevailing report, a wonderful city, called by some El Dorado, or The *Gilded*, and by others Manoa; a city having walls and roofs of gold, "agate tesselating its pavements, precious stones encrusting its pinnacles." This alluring but deceptive vision appears to have had its origin in a rock, in the midst of a lake, the surface of which glistening in the sunlight, shone like a cluster of jewelled towers. In those days of adventure and discovery, men were in a state of feverish excitement, and that which in a calmer state of mind would have been rationally explained, was exaggerated into any form, and imbued with any colour, that pleased the fancy. Sir Walter Raleigh, whose enterprizing spirit looked out

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into such wide fields of poetry and romance, was enticed by the fabled city far up the Orinoco, but instead of gilded palaces, found only Indian huts. Still confident, however, that a more thorough search would bring to light the rich mystery on which his heart was set, he went out, after his long imprisonment in the Tower, and having reached the mouth of the Orinoco, sent Captain Keymis, with a detachment of men, to explore the country and take possession of Manoa. The expedition of course failed, and Raleigh's eldest son was slain in a fight with the Spaniards; Keymis, maddened by the reproaches of his master, committed suicide in the ship's cabin; and he himself came home to lay the head which had been filled with so many magnificent visions, on the block on Tower Hill. But though Guiana did not equal the visions of romantic adventurers, it is, in point of scenery and exuberance of vegetable and animal life, worthy of comparison with almost any part of the world of the same extent. Its vast floods, its enormous trees, its gigantic grasses, its creeping and crawling monsters, suggest one of those geologic scenes so boldly and graphically depicted by Hugh Miller. To the European, Guiana seems impressed with "footprints of the Creator" of more recent date than those on his native soil.

The interior is singularly free from those monuments of ancient power and pomp such as are to be found in Yucatan and Peru. There are no platforms of solid masonry; no masses of sculptured stone, reared up in old time as temples of the gods, or houses of kings. The only attempt to connect the past with the future is what Humboldt calls "a vast belt of carved rocks" stretching through the province. On some of the rocks are rude representations of European ships, intimating work of a comparatively late period. On others, the figures are much above the height of a man, and the Indians say that they were carven by men standing in canoes, when the water-line was much higher than at present. Thus in the defiles of Sinai, and in the ancient water-tracks of Guiana, we see men endeavouring to escape from oblivion by turning the everlasting stone into historic tablets. With the exception of the narrow band of cultivation on the coast, and for some distance up the rivers, Guiana is the domain of untamed, prolific nature. Thousands of leagues, yet no tree touched by the axe, no rood of soil furrowed by the plough! In its general features, the country may be described as consisting of a level plain, in some parts forty miles in breadth; and beyond, an extensive range of sand-hills sloping upward to chains of rocky mountains. The plain is diversified by forests and savannahs; some of the latter being known as wet savannahs, from the fact that in the rainy season they are covered with water from the swollen rivers. The sand-hills are either clothed with timber, or open out into beautiful glades and green undulations, which bring to the mind of the English traveller memories of park and forest scenes at home. These grassy declivities and leafy knolls, with their background of mountains, afford space and outline for a repetition of Shenstone's Leasowes on a grand scale, and with magnificent effect. The highest elevation in Guiana is a mount called Roraima, more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its sides are extremely precipitous, and in some parts there are perpendicular cliffs one thousand and one thousand five hundred feet in height. These enormous and awful masses form a watershed which feeds three great rivers, the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo. In the upper regions of the province, there are rocks of peculiar and fantastic form. One is called, "the felled tree," and when Schomburgk first saw it, with its sides covered with lichens, he could scarcely rid himself of the idea that it was the remains of a tree that had been struck by lightning; another consists of blocks of blue granite, and is one hundred and sixty feet in height: it has the appearance of a huge

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earthenware vessel, and has been named by the Indians *Comuti*, or "water-jar;" another is called *Ataraipu*, or "Devil's Rock." Its base for about three hundred and fifty feet above the savannah is thickly wooded, and from its belt of trees arises a bare, sharply-pointed peak, five hundred and fifty feet high. Its name scarcely comports with sacred associations, but seen at a distance, it is not unlike an English spire rising above a group of embowering elms. There are other rocks which resemble rude sculpturings of men and animals, and have an appearance such as the gigantic statues and complex figures of Egypt and Assyria would have when the artist was intimating by the earlier strokes of his mallet, the majesty he was about to bring out of the cold, hard stone.

Guiana is not like some parts of the world, where hills, riven into shapes of grandeur, and plains wide enough for the tents of armies, or the flocks of a hundred sheiks, lack the animation which water gives to the landscape, for its rivers are proportioned to the large features of its cliffs, woods, and savannahs. The Essequibo has a sea-reach thirty-five miles in length, and seven or eight in breadth. In this lake-like expanse are several islands, which, with their fringe of tropical foliage, lend a pleasing variety to the scene. The Indians call the river "the younger brother of the Orinoco." It has a course of about six hundred and forty miles, and is fed by the drainage of an area of about forty-two thousand eight hundred miles. It is for the traveller a majestic pathway into the interior. As he glides upward in the Indian's canoe, almost every stroke of the paddles brings him into the presence of fresh manifestations of the Creator's power and glory. At one point of its course it is narrowed by mountain walls to fifty feet, and rushes over two rocky ledges into an opening more befitting its volume of waters. Even its tributaries surpass our largest rivers. One of these, the Mazaruni, is four hundred miles, another, the Cuyuni, three hundred and thirty miles in length. These streams uniting a sho distance from the Essequibo, flow into it through a break in its bank a mile in width. The Demerara is not so large as the Essequibo, but is a noble river. Few, if any, white men have explored it to its source. Two travellers in the interior found it so narrow that they were able to leap across it; but climbing a neighbouring bluff, they saw it winding for miles and miles in the distance, a thin, silvery thread, worked into the green texture of the landscape. They would have gladly followed a track so inviting, but had not brought with them a sufficient supply of provisions, and were unable to obtain cassava bread from the Indians. The navigation of the river is impeded by rapids and falls. What are known as the Great Falls are occasioned by a rocky barrier stretching over the bed of the river. Masses of rock, canopied with beautiful trees, and tapestried with ferns, divide the river into several channels, which, being roughened by immense boulders, cause the waters to rush with great fury into the lower basin. The white foam, clinging to the rocks and the drooping boughs; the thick spray, lovely with the light of mimic rainbows; the fierce, impetuous torrents,—form a scene of singular splendour. The Demerara receives a tributary called the Potaro, on which a cataract has recently been discovered which is said to rival Niagara. The Berbice is eccentric in its course, in some places narrowing to thirty feet, and in other places widening into lagoons. It is difficult to get a boat out of some of the lagoons, as there are several false openings, ancient but now obstructed channels of the river, but so much like the real channel in appearance, that several of them will sometimes be tried in succession before the right one is found. It was on one of the upper lagoons of the Berbice, that Schomburgk came unexpectedly on the magnificent leaves of what is now famous through the world as the Victoria Regia,—a discovery which he might well regard as a rich recompense for many disappoint-

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ments, perils, and sufferings in his travels through Guiana. Some parts of the river abound in huge alligators, or caymans. Their favourite place of resort is the foot of cataracts and rapids, where they lie in wait for prey brought down by the rapidity of the current. But it is not from these monsters alone that danger in the waters is to be feared. The traveller disposed to bathe in some quiet nook where the water is deep and clear, notices a flash and commotion, and finds that it is occasioned by the movements of small but bloodthirsty fishes called pirai, which voraciously attack whatever comes within their reach. Banded together, they will overcome and devour fishes ten times their own weight; even the alligator when wounded is not able to defend itself from their eager jaws.

On the banks of these rivers, in the valleys, and up the sides of the hills, are countless trees, compared with which the finest oaks and elms in our English woodlands are but dwarfs. Conspicuous among these are the green-heart, the purple-heart, the mora, and the wallaba. In some places the wild vine extends from tree to tree, making a shade as of a rich green ceiling over the creeks and the forest-paths. Not unfrequently a fig-tree, the seed of which has been deposited by birds, may be seen growing from the upper branches of the mora, the fig itself laden with most gorgeous parasites, the whole forming a grand pagoda-like pile of foliage. But after a time the mora is exhausted of its sap by the roots of the fig, and consequently the whole perishes, and the decayed mass has an almost ghastly appearance in the midst of trees still flourishing in the pride and glory of tropic life. Much of the wood is well-nigh granitic in its hardness, is beautifully marked, and takes a most exquisite polish. There are several wood-cutting establishments up the Demerara river. The timber is bound together in rafts, and floated down to George-Town, where it is used in the frame-work of buildings, and for other purposes, or shipped for England.

The forests and savannahs teem with animal life. Of quadrupeds are to be found the tapir; several kinds of deer, some of which have a most delicate and graceful formation; hordes of the peccari or wild hog; the agouti, similar to the guinea-pig; the sloth, a pitiful object when on the ground, but alert enough in its natural position, clinging with powerful claws to the branches; the cougar, or deer-tiger; the jaguar, with sleek, glossy skin, seldom seen in the day-time, but prowling about the dwellings of man at night. Indians and travellers often hear its fierce yell, and see by its foot-prints in the morning, how near it was to them when they were asleep. It will not often attack man, but it has been known to do so. One of the Caribi Indians went one day into the forest to look for a certain kind of bark in which they roll their tobacco when making cigars. Not returning at the right time, his friends went out in search of him. They soon discovered his foot-tracks, with those also of a large jaguar. Following these marks, they found his bow broken on the ground. At length they came to the scene of death. There was a knife hastily lashed to a stick, forming a rude lance, but which had been loosened, and had turned from the skin of the animal without piercing it. Weapons failing, the Indian had attempted to climb a tree, but from scratches on the bark, it was evident that when he had got to a height of ten feet, the jaguar sprung after him, tore him down, and then devoured him. On the Pomeroon, a river to the west of the Essequibo, a sad accident befell an Indian family. Three children had gone to the river side, two of whom went into the water to bathe, leaving the youngest, a fine little boy, on the bank. While they were splashing and shouting, they saw that a cougar, having come stealthily through the bush, had laid its paw on the child's shoulder. While screaming for help, the elder children bravely attempted to drive away the beast, but it seized the child's head in its jaws. It

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was driven away by the noise of the children and the women, who had heard the alarm; and the mother was just in time to see her child draw its last breath. The mangled body was carried to the house, but at night the animal came yelling and raging for his prey. It was the more difficult to keep him off, as Indian houses consist of little more than a roof supported on poles, both sides and ends being all but completely open. None of the men were present, and the women had to do their best to frighten him until morning, by shouting and waving firebrands.

Monkeys abound in the woods, and cause amusement to those who are passing, by their wild gambols. The sakuwinkis, small and lively, will keep company with a canoe for a great distance, springing from branch to branch, and whistling and chattering to the paddlers. When tamed they are very affectionate, are pleased to be caressed, and some of the Indians carry them almost constantly on their heads. The greatest danger to life in the forests is caused by the serpents and snakes. The camudi, or water-python,—known to be as much as thirty or forty feet in length,—lurks by the river banks. One was killed which had swallowed a Caribi boy; and deer, and even the smaller kinds of alligator, are occasionally found in them. The rattlesnake is often met with on the dry savannahs. The *konokosi*, or "bush-master," glistens with all the lovely hues of the rainbow, but, as its name signifies, is the terror of man and beast. The labairi is speckled with a dirty brown, and is not easy to distinguish from the ground or the stump of the tree on which it is coiled. Its bite causes terrible torments, which, with very few exceptions, are sure precursors of death. A Christian Indian was hunting in the woods, and put his foot near one; it struck at him with its fang; his foot and leg swelled to an enormous size, and a dark cloud, he said, seemed to gather around him. After a time he was able to crawl to his dwelling; he appeared to recover, but the poison had tainted his blood, and in eight months from the time of receiving the bite he died. His only brother, when out in the woods with another Indian, was also bitten by a labairi. They had a hammock with them, in which he was placed, and had to be left in his agony through the night, while his companion went for help. In the morning he was carried to his home in the hammock slung on a pole. The Missionary on the spot administered to him a strong decoction of sarsaparilla, suppuration ensued, and he recovered.

In his "Wanderings in South America," Waterton gives a brilliant but not exaggerated account of the birds of Guiana. It is indeed scarcely possible to find words too glowing in which to describe forms so exquisite, and plumage so gorgeous. From the humming-bird fluttering over the flowers, and arrayed in colours rich as the old Sidonian needlework; to the macaw, flaming in feathers of scarlet, yellow, blue, and green,—birds in endless variety, and more than imaginable splendour, are to be found. The cock of the rock frequents retired places, such as caves and shady rocks. The wing and tail plumes are brown and white, the other parts of its body are of a deep orange tint, and it is crowned with a fine double crest. The campanero, or bell-bird, is white as snow, and has a note resembling the toll of a bell, which it is said can be heard three miles away. The toucan has a bill almost as large as its body. The cassique, commonly called the mocking-bird, imitates almost every sound it hears, and is further remarkable from the fact that it weaves a pendulous nest. The jacamar is clothed in changing blue and golden green. The pompadour cotinga is purple, as if it had been held by the wings and dipped in one of the dying vats of Tyre, the wings only being spotlessly white. Parrots are numerous, and paroquets pass overhead in screaming flocks. The birds thus mentioned are simply indicative of the ornithological riches of Guiana. Such is the glory of flashing, sparkling wings,

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that it must be seen to be understood; nor can it be seen, excepting by those whose hearts are bound and clasped by "cold, material laws," without adoring thoughts of the creative skill, the boundless resources, through which the woods rarely disturbed by the step of man, have been peopled and irradiated by those forms of light and beauty. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

STAR-DUST.

CONFESSION OF A GREAT MAN.—I have by long experience found (says Judge Hale) that the due observance of the Lord's day, and of the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it to us; and as it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to Him; so I have found by a strict and diligent observation, that the due observation of the duty of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that has been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me: and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy in my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my own secular employments the week following, by the manner of my passing of this day. This I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience.

THE WISDOM AND FOLLY OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Some persons have a singular pleasure in speaking of the wisdom of former generations, and of depreciating their contemporaries, as being a very inferior race. Our ancestors doubtless possessed many elements of sound wisdom, which their posterity will do well to imitate; but they had also their follies, which succeeding generations will do well to avoid. Judge Hale, an eminently wise and upright man, who lived in the seventeenth century, thus describes the habits of the upper classes of people in his times:—

"Much time might be saved in retrenching the necessary expenses thereof. . in the length of our meals; as breakfasts, dinners, suppers; which, especially in this latter age, and among people of the better sort, are protracted to an immoderate and excessive length: there being little less than ten or twelve hours every day spent in these refections and their appendencies, which might be fairly reduced to much less."

Think of men and women, rational and immortal, sent into the world to serve their Maker, and spending the whole of their lives under the direct inspection of His eye, spending ten or twelve hours every day in eating and drinking, and in performing certain appropriate ceremonies! forgetful of the apostolic admonition, "Redeeming the time."—*Mentor.*

"VANITY OF VANITIES."

NATURE in vain her charms must wear,
While conscious guilt so keen accuses;
Ah! fickle world! Thy pompous glare
Is vain, and vain thy busy ruses;
Thought withers, Feeling scarce can bear
The anxious strife that inly bruises;
Music and books no wounds repair,
Alas! my heart rejects the Muses.
Not even friendship's social snare
Through my vex'd breast true peace diffuses;
Nor to fulfil my daily care,
But restless night my soul abuses;
Life's ocean heaves with grim despair,
As in blind course my spirit cruises;
No joys, no hopes my mind shall shae,
Without that only love it chooses,
The love of Christ, divinely fair,
He loses all this love who loses.

F. M. K.

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MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOSEPH BERESFORD.

JOSEPH BERESFORD died October 3d, 1871, aged fifty-six years. His first religious impressions were received at a cottage-service of the Primitive Methodists in his native village of Overhaddon, in Derbyshire, and these being deepened by the warm entreaties of a friend, resulted in his giving his heart to God, and joining the Primitive Methodist Society in the year 1834, he being then nineteen years of age. He remained a member of that Church till about the end of the year 1844, when he removed to Longstone, a village in the same county. There being no Primitive Methodists in that place, he united himself with the Wesleyans, and continued an earnest, devoted member of that Body until his death.

He married, in the year 1848, one who, like himself, strove to walk in all the commandments of the Lord blameless, and who proved truly a helpmate.

The subject of this memoir was a man of prayer. This to him was the key to all the favour of God, it was the source of a peace and happiness which he always seemed to enjoy, realizing fully the words of Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee;" and thus living by prayer and faith on the Son of God, he was able to resign himself to all the dispensations of Providence; he saw his Father's hand in everything, and was thus enabled to "cast all his care upon Him" Who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind;" believing that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

It was the desire of his heart to see Methodism prosper in the village in which he was located; and to this end he strove with God mightily, and it was his lot to see it under many aspects. At one time it seemed to be gaining ground, and could boast a number of members; then dissension came, at the time when the party then called the "Reformers" broke off into a separate Body, and divided and scattered the little Church.

Amidst all the changes and trials Methodism sustained in this place, Mr. Beresford was always its supporter, though often he was sorely grieved when internal dissension and the inconsistent conduct of individual members hindered its good work; but surely the earnest prayers that for long years he continually presented before the throne of grace, that the true religion of Jesus might prosper to the building up of a holy Church, and the salvation of many souls, will at last receive their answers in God's own good time!

As a Class-leader, he was very earnest, and personal; and always strove to impress upon the members the necessity of being regenerated; totally conformed to God's will; and of having the assurance of the Spirit that they were the children of God.

He died from consumption, having been a great sufferer for many years. Three weeks before his death, he ruptured a bloodvessel through coughing, and was then confined to his bed, being in a very weak state. Hopes were entertained that he might continue some months, but they were not fulfilled. On the night of October 3d, he was awoke by coughing, and again began to vomit blood; he then knew his hour was come. His agonized wife, who was the only person then in the room, held him, and wiped the blood from his mouth, and asked him if he would take anything. He replied, "No," and his whole frame trembling, he dropped in her arms, and she gently placed his head on the pillow. His face, which had become black, resumed its wonted colour, and opening his eyes, and looking upwards as if gazing in wonder, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus died one who in life seemed to be actuated by one thought, the salvation of his soul, and who was always living in preparation for another world.

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On the day of his death, speaking to a friend of his spiritual life, he said, "If I had twenty lives to live over again, I would live in the same manner as I have done, but striving to be more useful in the service of God, and in doing good to others. I feel quite calm; nothing ruffles me; all is peace."

He was respected by those who knew him, and beloved by all who were intimately acquainted with him. A man of few words, and very reserved, he yet let his light shine brightly, and his holy example was the means of doing much good, by leading others to think about their souls, who might not have been influenced by words, but who were not proof against the example of one who possessed "pure and undefiled religion," not in words only, but in every action of his life.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Authentic Report of the Discussion held in Rome on the Evenings of February 9th and 10th, 1872, between Catholic Priests and Evangelical Ministers, Concerning the Coming of St. Peter to Rome. Translated by the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. Mr. Arthur has laid British readers under great obligation by this close and spirited translation of a discussion intensely interesting in its circumstances and associations, and scarcely less so in its substance, and by his explanatory preface. Viewed as a logical passage of arms, or controversial tournament, the contest is exciting and engrossing. The position taken by the Protestant champions was chivalrous in its boldness, and they had to meet no despicable antagonists. The Roman Catholics excelled in adroit special pleading and cool assumption; the Protestants, in directness, force, decisiveness. Our own Sciarelli, in opening the discussion, showed his good taste by eschewing rhetoric and confining himself to strict reasoning on hard facts; Rebetti, the Waldensian, indulged a little in humour and fancy, in light skirmishing as well as heavy onslaught; Gavazzi bore down upon his adversaries like a knight in massive armour. Without a hint of invective, he fulmined like Demosthenes; every argument comes crashing like a thunderbolt. But our readers must form their own judgment of this animated contest.

The Mission of the Spirit; or, the Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By the REV. LEWIS R. DUNN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S. Edited by the REV. JOSEPH BUSH. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. This is a reprint, after careful revision, "with the Author's sanction," of a deservedly popular American book. All who need encouragement, direction, and excitation in working out their own salvation, and in Church labours, should procure and peruse this thoughtful and earnest little book. It is a very cheering sign that so many works of this class have recently issued from the press.

The Pioneer Missionary. Life of the REV. NATHANIEL TURNER, Missionary in New Zealand, Tonga, and Australia. By his Son, the REV. J. G. TURNER. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. This is a simple, straightforward narrative of the labours and sufferings, and sketch of the character, of an eminently devoted and successful Missionary. England and Tasmania ought to have been included in the list of his spheres of labour, for he began his career as a Home-Missionary in Cheshire, and some of the most successful years of his ministry were spent in Hobart-Town and Launceston, Tasmania. It would have been a wrong to the virtues of such a man and to the Christian Church had his toils and triumphs been left unrecorded.

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We have here "a plain, unvarnished tale," but abounding with incident and adventure as well as instruction and edification.

The Methodist Memorial. By CHARLES ATMORE. *With an Original Memoir of the Author.* London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1871. A reprint of a delightful book, over which we have brooded in boyhood by the hour. It is a humble imitation of the Nonconformist Memorial, and is remarkable for faithfulness, simplicity, and heartiness. It gives us an insight into early Methodism which cannot be elsewhere obtained, and some remarkable agents in the great revival of the last century are rescued from undeserved obscurity, *e.g.*, poor Benjamin Beanland, a man of "uncommon gifts," who desisted from travelling for fear of being "damned for debt;" and after all got into prison for debt! Charles Boone, in whom were "sweetly blended the softness of moderation with the inflexibility of truth;" the Herculean John Hampson, who, when Dr. Priestley expressed his wonder at the power of extempore preaching displayed by himself and his brethren, replied, "Doctor, we are so odd as to think we are supernaturally assisted;" and many another worthy "lavish of life" in the Master's service. Mr. Atmore, however, whilst reminding himself of the injunction, "Judge nothing before the time," cannot always resist the temptation to disregard it. The memoir of the compiler is written with a quaint and colloquial inaccuracy of style, which is not without its own peculiar charm.

Paris during the Commune, 1871. Being Letters from Paris and its neighbourhood, written chiefly during the time of the Second Siege. By WILLIAM GIBSON, B.A. London: Whittaker and Co. 1872. This is a reprint of Mr. Gibson's letters, which appeared in the "Watchman." The painful and permanent interest of the events recorded, and the value of the conversations reported, as well as the simple, lively, effective style of narration, fully justify the publication of these valuable letters in a less ephemeral form than that of a newspaper. Many who read them in the "Watchman" will be glad to possess them in a convenient volume, and those who did not have a treat in store.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR JULY, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	3 46	8 21	8 53a	3 24m	2 54m	9 44a	8 45a
July							
9	3 54	8 16	9 14	3 42	2 43	9 10	8 3
				Sets.			*Sets.*
19	4 5	8 6	9 7	8 14a	2 35	8 36	3 28m
29	4 19	7 52	8 43	8 8	2 28	8 2	2 45

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, New Moon .... 6h. 25m. after.
13th, First Quarter .... 7h. 48m. after.
20th, Full Moon ..... 1h. 53m. after.
27th, Last Quarter .... 7h. 19m. morn.

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MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 6th	12h. mid., Apogee; distance	252,594	miles.
„ 20th	1h. after., Perigee; „	221,824	„
Mean distance for the month		237,209	„

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st	93,216,180	miles.
August 1st	93,021,080	„
Decrease of distance for the month	195,100	„

The *Sun* will be in *apogee*, or at its greatest distance from the Earth, on the midnight following July 2d. Adopting the mean distance ninety-one millions six hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and ten miles, the greatest will be ninety-three millions two hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred miles. The previous least distance fell on 1871, Dec. 31st, at six o'clock in the afternoon, when the two bodies were ninety millions one hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and eighty miles apart; the following least distance will fall on 1873, Jan. 1st, at eight o'clock in the afternoon, and will be ninety millions one hundred and forty-two thousand six hundred and eighty miles. Of course the term *least distance* is used here only in a relative sense; it means that the distance goes on decreasing until that moment, and afterwards begins to increase. In like manner, when we say greatest distance, we mean a distance greater than those immediately preceding and following.

The *Moon* will be in conjunction with *Mars* on the 4th, at 2h. 34m. in the afternoon; with *Venus*, on the morning of the 5th, at 11h. 30m.; with *the Sun*, in the afternoon, at 6h. 25m.; with *Mercury*, on the evening of the 6th, at 11h. 20m.; with *Uranus*, on the morning of the 7th, at 2h. 35m.; and with *Jupiter*, 11 minutes before noon. She will be within five degrees of *Aldebaran* on the 2d, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening; and within five degrees of the next brightest star in the same constellation (Taurus) about the same hour next evening. An hour before noon on the 6th, she will be near *Pollux*. On the 9th, at eight o'clock in the morning, she will be within five degrees of *Regulus*; on the 13th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, within six degrees of *Spica*; and on the 17th, at four o'clock in the morning, within five degrees of *Antares*.

Mercury will be in conjunction with *Uranus* on the 7th, at 8h. 34m. in the evening; and with *Jupiter* on the evening of the 10th, at 6h. 42m. On the evening of the 24th, it will be very near *Regulus*. Next day, at 7h. 15m. in the evening, it will be in descending node.

Venus will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 16th; on the 22d, at six o'clock in the morning, in conjunction with *Uranus*; and on the 29th, at two o'clock in the morning, in conjunction with *Jupiter*. On the 25th, at midnight, it will be in perihelion.

Mars begins to be visible in the morning, before sunrise.

Jupiter sets soon after the Sun.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the evening of the 9th, and is, of course, visible through the night, though still at a low altitude. The extreme length of its outer ring on the 15th, is forty-two seconds, and the breadth seventeen seconds. This planet, as well as Jupiter, will be watched with increasing interest, in consequence of a suggestion which is not without plausibility, that we receive from them more than reflected sunlight: in short, that both are incandescent, and act the part of suns to the satellites which accompany them. This much is certain, that changes appear to be going on at their surfaces which can hardly be accounted for in any other way.

Uranus will be in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 24th.

Neptune will be in quadrature on the afternoon of the 18th.

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PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. XIII.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

(*Escape of the* Rev. Benjamin Chapman, *President of the Australasian Conference*, 1872, *and his family.*)

The Hunter river enters the Pacific Ocean at Newcastle, the principal coal port of New-South Wales, about sixty miles to the north of Sydney. In times of flood, vessels are frequently unable to make the port of Newcastle, and are glad to stand away to the north, and take shelter in the harbour of Port Stephens. The volume of water which the Hunter disgorges into the sea after seasons of heavy rains is immense. It receives the watershed of a large portion of the northern district of New-South Wales. The course of the Hunter river, from its rise on the western side of the Liverpool range of mountains, is roughly estimated at about three hundred and fifty miles. It receives as tributaries from the north, the Paterson river, and the Williams river; the Paterson having previously received the Allyn, and the Williams the Chichester. The Hunter receives from the south, the Wollombi river, and from the west the Goulburn

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river, which last runs for about one hundred and fifty miles previously to its junction with the Hunter, and receives on its course the Crui and Widdin rivers. The rise of the Hunter is not far from Mount Wingen, a sulphureous tract near the little town of Murrurundi. Mount Wingen is supposed by some to be a coal-seam permanently on fire.* It is, I can assure the reader, a very grand sight to ascend one of the spurs of Mount Royal and view the locality of the rise of these northern rivers, five of which emanate from Mount Royal, (a portion of the Liverpool range,) at distances of but a very few miles one from another. A dark spot on the side of a precipitous wall of rock, perhaps forty miles distant from where I stood, was pointed out to me as the place where the Williams river rushed from the rock in a body of water some feet in breadth.

Some two miles from where I stood viewing this stupendous mountain scene, several of my flock, settlers on the Upper Allyn, once started, in company with the late Mr. Charles Boydell, to endeavour to trace the course of the Allyn up to its source. They ultimately found themselves in a most rugged ravine, through which the stream wound and rushed. They crossed and re-crossed its bed when faced by precipices, and scrambled and toiled until nearly exhausted. But from a much higher northern point, and by a more circuitous route, the sources of these rivers have been reached. The noted bushranger Ward, called Thunderbolt, recently shot near Uralla, who had eluded the activity of the northern police for many years, owed this long immunity from capture largely to his most intimate acquaintance with the labyrinths of this wild district. Whilst being watched for in New England, he has suddenly appeared to beg provisions, and take them by force if refused, amongst my old friends the highest settlers on the Chichester. He had traversed this tangled region by practicable gullies and passes perhaps known only to himself. It was here I nearly lost my life by starvation eleven years ago.†

I have travelled various tributaries of the Hunter high up, and as far as any habitations of man extended, and seventy and eighty miles from the Hunter's mouth I have found these tributaries in times of heavy rains to be rolling floods of waters which no animal could cross or stem. No doubt immense bodies of water fall suddenly on the mountains, for you see a river come rolling down unexpectedly in a compact body, some twelve or twenty feet in height, a curious and impressive sight. This phenomenon is especially apt to occur after thunderstorms. When the whole of these tributary streams meet the Hunter at Raymond-Terrace, near Maitland, they, through pre-

* Wingen is an aboriginal word, meaning *fire*.

† Our correspondent has furnished a narrative of his exposure and truly providential deliverance whilst lost amongst these mountains, in a volume entitled, "Lost, but not for Ever."—*Editor*.

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vious junctions, form but two rivers, the Paterson and the Williams, and the whole body of water by these two channels joins the Hunter. Maitland and its suburbs for many miles are really a basin, in places lower than the level of the sea, and the Hunter is so surcharged by the accessions named, as to overflow its banks in times of flood, and inundate the surrounding country.

Boats are then seen rowing even over fences and fields, and going from farm to farm, to take from off the roofs of barns and houses adventurous settlers, who, for the sake of being very near the lands they cultivate, (a great consideration to the agriculturist,) have built their premises on dangerously low spots. Guns are being fired in various directions, as signals of distress, and flags of a very extemporaneous character are being hoisted for the same purpose. In some places the currents are too rapid for boats to live. The waters have spread over a farm, the hut is surrounded, the family are huddled in it, the boat appoaches, an inquiry is made, "Shall we take you off?" "No, we mean to see if it rises higher; we can take to the roof." "Well, we'll have an eye on you as well as we can;" and the boat rows away. People do not like to leave their little property, and so incur great danger by remaining. By and by the whole family, little children, and cats, and all, are seen seated on the roof. All farms should have good boats, but very few have any, and all men are not good rowers, or rowers at all, if they had boats. So, what with absence of boats, inability to row or swim, perilous delays, insecure foundations to buildings, rapidly-rising waters, and rapidly-running currents, he must be indeed an obtuse observer of the workings of Divine providence, who does not discern in the small amount of loss of life which takes place, an evidence that "the Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." (Psalm xxix. 10.)

An ordinary house of eight rooms could not now be rented near the high streets of East or West Maitland for less than forty pounds a year. Thirty years ago, previous to the discovery of gold in Australia, this tract of country was mostly bush, and the land esteemed of little value. My friend, the late Mr. James Cornish, one of the Australian fathers of Methodism, a Magistrate, and very old resident, remembered a surveyor being sent up from Sydney by a benevolent Governor, His Excellency Sir Lachlan Macquarie, to measure some land for three convicts, who, being liberated on ticket-of-leave, settled at Maitland, cultivated the soil, and conducted themselves with a reformed demeanour for several years. It was determined by the Governor to reward them, by making them owners of the land they had cultivated. "Please, Sir, I won't trouble you for any more," said one anxiously to the surveyor, as the chain was about to be re-laid. "Why, man, let it run to that clump of trees, to make the piece square," said the surveyor. "No, please Sir, don't," said the

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man. "I've more than I shall be able to cultivate as it is;" actually refusing as a gift, what is now a portion of the High-street, West Maitland, and of immense value.

But the towns of Maitland should never have been built on their present sites. This is now universally acknowledged. The higher lands of Campbell's Hill, contiguous, would have placed the towns out of reach of the floods by which they have been repeatedly devastated. The river Hunter runs along the western side of the main street of West Maitland, close to the road.

The Rev. Benjamin Chapman, with his family, occupied the Wesleyan Parsonage, High-street, West Maitland, thirteen years ago. The flood from which himself and family experienced the merciful deliverance illustrated in the Engraving, had been threatening during rainy weather, which had continued for some considerable time.

The Wesleyan Parsonage is situated on low ground, it has low ground on three sides, and the Hunter on the fourth. (I hope soon to hear of a new Parsonage on a more suitable site.) On the occasion of this flood, in consequence of the river overflowing its banks, the Parsonage became *isolated*, with the water rapidly rising towards the house. By Divine mercy, however, a rope of sufficient dimensions and strength was procured, which was so fixed across the dangerous current, as to enable the strong and willing arms which were at hand to rescue the whole family.

It may be asked, why leave the house to encounter a dangerous torrent; why not take refuge in the upper story, or on the roof, as you have already described some settlers to have done? Was not the danger encountered a needless one?—The peril of remaining appeared very great, the house was old, its foundation was not to be trusted to resist the action of a flood. The water had already reached the verandah when the needful help arrived. A choice of perils often admits of small delay. At Dungog, in this district, a whole family was drowned in sight of their would-be rescuers, whose ropes were too short, and ere longer could be obtained, the building, with all those who had taken refuge on its roof, was swept away.

The flood at Gundagai, twenty years since, was the most destructive of human life which has happened in the country. The schoolmaster was saved, but of eighty-four children who attended his school, eleven only escaped death by the devastating waters. The last time I saw him, he was usefully employed as a teacher in the neighbourhood of Sydney, but his eye became tearful when the conversation happened to turn on the subject of the flood at Gundagai.*

* Rivers are indeed great blessings, but no earthly blessing is unalloyed. So Imperial Rome found it with its Tiber. Its overflows seem repeatedly to have attained the dimensions of national disasters. Augustus, at immense toil and

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The career of the Rev. Benjamin Chapman has left many lasting records of toils and triumphs on our page of colonial Methodism.

Great is the force of the inspired imagery of David, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." (Psalm xlii. 7.) When our dear brother saw the partner of his life, and all his dear children, safe across the foaming torrent, and had crossed in safety himself, *what* thankfulness to the Most High must have filled his heart! It was a scene of no ordinary peril. On a large and still river, or even amid the waves of the sea, a person clinging to any buoyant substance for support, may remain long afloat; but the rushings and tumblings of these confined creeks possess a tremendous displacing power. On a small scale, the water-mill well illustrates this. There you see what a tiny stream of falling water can effect, even when *unconfined*. And the hydraulic press, which a child can turn, and which uses but a few quarts of *confined* water, exerts a pressure of hundreds of tons, which I have known to crush through a very thick iron superstructure as if it had been a wafer or an egg-shell. What powers lie in the floods of great waters! What an emblem of safety are they made to furnish to the contrite and forgiven soul! (See the thirty-second Psalm.) The floods of great waters of trouble, temptation, and every form of the evils which beset man in this fallen world, shall not come nigh that blessed soul to harm it.

"When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

* * * * *

"Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
(Good as Thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

---

expense, cleansed its bed. Trajan performed a vast work in deepening it, and diverting its tributary streams, to prevent destructive inundations. One remembers those words of Tertullian, "If the Tiber has overflown its banks, the cry is, 'Away with the Christians to the lions.'" And now that the plain of Rome is probably many feet above its ancient level, by detritus from the hills and ruins from the city, we find the Pantheon was under water in 1819.

The reader of Lord Macartney's "Embassy to China," may remember the declaration made to our ambassador by the Emperor Khien-long, that "the floods of the great Hoang-ho gave him more trouble than all the other cares of government." The annual repairs of the dikes of that giant river, were estimated to cost an average of a million sterling. These dikes are represented as extending one hundred miles in length, are built of quarried granite, and are intended to protect a fertile district estimated to contain *the area of Great Britain*.

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"When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, 'Peace; be still!'" *

"MINISTERING SPIRITS."

SOME good men, while in health, have carried about with them a strange consciousness of their nearness to the invisible world, and have felt that they had already "come to an innumerable company of angels," and not only to "God the judge of all," but also to "the spirits of just men made perfect." And there can be no doubt that spiritual beings are often present when unseen by us: —

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere."

Could we draw aside the veil, what "a cloud of witnesses" should we see thronging around with busiest love to "minister to the heirs of salvation!" Ordinarily, these glorious beings are concealed from mortal gaze; there are, however, well-authenticated cases in which, to the dying Christian, the veil has become transparent, and as he has neared the eternal world, he has been permitted to see some of those who were in attendance to carry him into Abraham's bosom. A few illustrations, supplied by Australasian Methodism, shall be given. They tend to prove that saints on earth, however widely scattered, or diversified in colour, or character, or nationality, and saints in heaven, are members of the same family, and have the same glorious companionships and prospects in death.

One of the earliest and most consistent members of the Wesleyan Church at Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, as her end drew near, asked to be raised up in bed, when, fixing her eyes intently upon the further end of the room, with a significant nod, and in the tone which was usual with her when answering some one by whom she had been addressed, said, "Yes, yes! I'm coming: I'll be with you soon;" immediately after which she sank down and expired, leaving those who had been witnesses of the scene under the conviction that, could she have told what she saw, she would have said,—

"Angels beckon me away."

Many years afterwards, precisely similar expressions were employed by a dying Sunday-school teacher at Kyneton, in Victoria, who, while the Scriptures were being read to her, exclaimed, "Hush, hush! Don't you hear the beautiful singing?" and then, raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, added, as if addressing some who were at a little distance, "Yes, I'm coming; I'll be with you soon, and—

'We'll make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud Hosannas to our King.'"

"I am coming," said an eminently godly Class-leader on the gold-fields of Victoria, as he raised his arms in holy triumph, and hastened away to join those whom his voice and manner clearly indicated that he already saw.

"Look, look! My Saviour! Angels!" exclaimed, with a bright and beaming countenance, a devout member of the Society when dying

* Hymn 272, Wesley's Collection.

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in the interior of Victoria, far from the home and friends of her youth; after which she shouted, "Glory be to God!" and fell asleep in Jesus.

When John Waterhouse was dying, in Hobart-town, he fixed his eyes first on one and then on another part of the room, and in a tone and manner usual with him when recognizing old friends, exclaimed, "Wesley! Wesley!! Wesley!!!—Clarke! Clarke!! Clarke!!!—Smith! Smith!! Smith!!!" It was almost immediately after this that he uttered his oft-quoted exclamation, "Missionaries! Missionaries!! Missionaries!!!" which was variously interpreted by those who heard him. Some thought he wished to send a dying message to those Missionaries whom he had recently visited in the South Seas: others regarded this utterance as an appeal for more Missionaries to take the place of those who were falling on the field; while several who were present believed that he saw, or thought he saw, some of those sainted ones who had been engaged with him in the same holy and happy toil, and had passed before him to their reward; and that the weeping family might then have sung,—

"A convoy attends, a ministering host of invisible friends,
Ready winged for the flight to the regions of light:
The horses are come! The chariots of Israel to carry thee home."

The last words addressed to his daughter by John Allen Manton, one of the ex-Presidents of the Australasian Conference, were, "Annie, darling, you will not be long after me, and I am sure *they* will let me know when you are coming, and I will look out for you." Seven years afterwards, "Annie" was called to follow her sainted father, and as she lay waiting in meek submission for her change, again and again a sweet smile passed over her countenance, and her large, expressive eyes beamed with marvellous brightness, when she whispered, "Beautiful!" "What do you see?" asked her fond brother, who was standing by. Her reply was, "Papa!"—"Beautiful city!" Who "*they*" were, referred to by the dying saint, as those who would let him know when his daughter was "coming," we are not told, but is it not fair to presume that his expectation was then realized, and that holy angels, or glorified human spirits, or both, gave him notice of her "coming," and that he was there to meet her?

Joel Bulu, the devoted native Missionary in Fiji, in his incomparable autobiography recently published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, speaking of the last moments of his faithful native fellow-labourer, Daniel, says, "His eyes were fixed, nor did the eyelids quiver, and his face lost its look of sickness, as, gazing upwards, he stretched forth his hands," and said, in glorious rapture, just before he expired, "I see Him now, though you cannot. Let your words be few. My Lord is here, and He calls me away. Look! Behold the Lord!" This same Joel, in the account which he gives of the triumphant death of Reuben, another native fellow-labourer, tells that "he smiled, and his face shone;" and then, looking earnestly at his companion, he said, "Do you see that post, Joel?" referring to one of the posts of the bed. "Yes," was the reply, "I see it." "Do you see it plainly?" he asked. "I see it quite plainly," was the reply. "Then," said the dying man, again looking earnestly into his friend's face, "Joel, as plainly as you see that post, so plainly do I see the Lord. Do you not see Him? Look! The house is

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full of angels. My Saviour is hastening me away. Farewell! Great is my love to you." "And then," adds Joel, "laying his hand upon his breast, he raised it gently two or three times, and so he fell asleep. Thus," continues the Autobiography, "ended his mortal life in this world, but angels took the hand of his soul, and led him up to heaven."

Dr. Corrigan, the learned and accomplished Head-Master of Wesley College, Melbourne, just before he died, raised his hands and exclaimed, as if in rapture, "I see it! I see it! There are the golden streets and pearly gates, and Jesus waiting to receive me. O what a glorious throng! This exceeds all I ever heard of heaven. Let me go and join them."

Who, on reading these accounts of things seen and heard in death, in the various countries embraced by our Australasian Connexion, will not pray, with a poet who has but recently joined that glorious throng,—*

"When this poor body droops and dies,
Its strength in desolation lies,
And all is pain, and tremor, and decay,
When, as the gates of Zion ope,
These eyes to Thee are lifted up,
While their last light is languishing away;
Then send me, from Thy holy hill,
Thine angels to befriend me still,
And—all the world's endearments fled—
Curtain, with unfurl'd wings, affliction's bed:
So be my chamber, 'neath their sweet control,
The sanctuary of a suffering soul,
Where rays of Paradise their gradual glory shed."

Well might the bard of Methodism sing,—

"Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth,
With all the heavenly powers?

Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

"Jehovah's charioteers surround,
The ministerial quire,
Encamp where'er His heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire:
Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the lions' den,
And safe escort us through.

"But thronging round with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest:
And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave for ever there."

W. B.

* W. M. Bunting.

HOW HONEY OUGHT TO BE EATEN.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

AN ancient philosopher instructed his disciples that honey should be eaten "with the tip of the finger." He knew nothing of spoons, such as are manufactured at Birmingham and elsewhere, for tea-tables, and was cautioning his scholars against thrusting their hands into the honey, and so greedily seizing a large quantity. Possibly, had he lived in our days, he might have advised the use of a small salt-spoon, to the rejection of table-spoons, dessert-spoons, or even ordinary-sized tea-spoons. As the man was a philosopher, we may also assume that he did not mean such honey as bees make, but something which may be represented by honey. No doubt it was only the teacher's way of advising his scholars not to be too eager in the pursuit of pleasure.

A similar direction is given to us by one of the inspired writers:—

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"Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee," etc. (Prov. xxv. 16.) Those to whom the proverb was addressed, were placed in circumstances differing from ours. It is supposed that they may lawfully come into the possession of honey without toil or price. Certainly, people who live in large towns in this country are not likely to do so. We do not find honey; we may buy honey, real or manufactured. Dishonest people may steal honey if they have an opportunity. Those persons who reside in the country may, with painstaking and expense, have bee-hives, from which they may get honey. But we are not accustomed to find honey. In Eastern lands, we learn that people really did so find it. Thus Samson discovered that bees had made the carcase of the lion he had slain into a hive, and had plenteously stored it with honey; and the Israelites, in the reign of Saul, after a day of hard fighting with the Philistines, came to a wood where honey lay on the ground in great profusion, having dropped from overflowing receptacles in the trees. Canaan was often spoken of as a "land flowing with milk and honey." The proverb was penned in that land, not ours.

The instruction here provided, applies to us as well as to the people who dwell beneath sunnier skies than ours, and among more abundant flowers. If we do not find honey in our streets and lanes, we know what it is, and can get a little if we greatly desire it, and are willing to work sufficiently hard. Pleasure, which is represented by the honey, often appears to be within our reach, and, fortunately or unfortunately, is sometimes really so. We have not only the opportunity of securing that daily comfort which may be spoken of as bread, but also of, at least occasionally, attaining gratification which may be termed honey. The counsel, therefore, concerning how this honey is to be eaten when procured, is applicable to us as to others.

Pretend not to despise honey.—The old philosopher was not a stoic. He did not forbid the use of honey: nay, he seems by his adage to encourage us to taste it. He does not bid us tread on it if it be on the ground, or run away from it if it be in the trees or the clefts of the rock. So the inspired writer does, at least, permit the eating of the honey which has been found. Now it would be mere affectation in us to pretend that we despise all gratification. We may have acquired a wonderful relish for hard work. We may so frequently have found much happiness in self-denial, that when called on by a Divine voice to deny ourselves once more, we do so without trembling, and with a cheerful anticipation of finding treasure beneath the cross we take up, and strength in carrying it. We may despise heartily, in some cases far too heartily, the gratification desired by others; but there is some sort of pleasure we do long for. Men do not find their gratification in peg-tops, nor women in dolls. Aged people do not desire what they rushed after when twenty years of age; but we all have a taste we like sometimes to gratify. Occasionally we wish to leave the dusty highway, and repose in the arbour of our choice. Marbles or a doll-house, music or poetry, gardening or geology, quiet meditation or social chat, something we want to vary the monotonous round. In our own way we desire that now and then honey should be added to our bread; let us then say so, and not sanctimoniously shake our heads.

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Repine not for want of honey.—If a boy is fond of honey, let him not deny that such is the case; but neither let him frown and fret because he cannot for the present secure any. We prefer a lad of cheerful countenance and speech, who can enjoy anything nice when it comes to hand; and who can also, when nothing but bread and cheese, or even bread without cheese, is attainable, look and speak pleasantly, and run an errand, and perform any other task with alacrity. Honey or none, such a lad will not be a petted booby, but a little man, who means to be a real man some day. Most masters prefer to have such youths about their establishments. We also learn from what we read concerning the sojourn of the Israelites in the desert, and respecting the Lord's government of men in general, that God approves of such servants. The children of Israel really gained nothing worth having by their repeated grumbling, and lost much by incurring the Divine displeasure.

Pay not too dearly for honey.—It would be foolish in any man to take the money which was needed to buy bread for himself and family, and spend it in honey, merely because he was fond of the sweet stores of the hive. Clothes, and coals, and rent, and many other things, had better be provided for before we make any large outlay in honey. Unfortunately there are some people who adopt as their life-motto, at least in practice, "*Honey first.*" Now, we have just intimated that we have no desire that people should go about in the world depreciating honey. In the battle of life, we have no wish that the knights, or any of them, should inscribe on their shields, "*No honey.*" Let the device read something like this:—"*Duty, then pleasure.*" A youth will find that it is needful, in order to ensure his highest blessedness, to fulfil his daily task in the shop, to attend assiduously to the cultivation of his mind, and to employ diligently the means of grace. Perhaps he may be disposed to think that, such being the case, there will be little time to seek for honey, and scarcely time to eat it when obtained. Well, there is something in that. But, in the inspired proverb, it is supposed that honey may be found. It may be found by those who are not making the search for it the great business of their lives. Samson thought not of honey when he slew the lion, yet had he abundance for himself and his friends. Jonathan and his armour-bearer had nobly risked their lives for their country, proceeding unbidden as a forlorn hope to apparent destruction, when they obtained a glorious victory, and found honey too. We may be quite certain that the two brave and generous patriots never thought about gratifying a taste for sweet things, when they presented themselves to their cruel and astonished foes. Yet they had the honey provided for them in the wood. Many a young man has found more abundant sweetness while intent on getting the victory over the sins of his heart, those worst foes, than he could have otherwise secured. The hero has slain a lion; and, lo, by and by, there has been honey in the carcase! He, too, has had his riddle, which he has at least pondered thankfully within his soul; and has, perchance, humbly put forth in class-meeting or lovefeast:—"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Neglect not duty for mere pleasure. Fulfil your task to the satisfaction of the Great King, and sufficiency of honey will be "found."

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Swallow no poison with honey.—Such caution needs to be borne in mind when we select our companions, our books, our places of resort, and other objects which will influence us for good or evil. There have been periods when vice has presented itself with more audacious demeanour, and more fearless countenance. Perhaps there never was a time when it was more needful to take heed that, whilst receiving that which appears harmless as well as pleasant, we do not also receive that which is hurtful and fatal. In the literature of the day the poison is generally concealed, more or less, in honey. When at the age of thirty-four, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was dying, having been prematurely worn out by intemperance and debauchery, he bitterly regretted that his wit, and cheerfulness, and wealth had been lavishly employed to make vice attractive to his associates. They had flattered the youthful nobleman, and he had ministered delight to them in their vile orgies. Earnestly did he implore that his mischievous writings might, as far as possible, be suppressed. In this world, or the next, many authors will mourn over the wicked abuse of their gifts. Meanwhile, we must be on our guard lest the sweet taste should induce us to receive the fatal poison. Burn the book, if you are its possessor, and banish it, if borrowed, in which you discover, lurking, perhaps as in the dark, any profanity, obscenity, vulgarity, or evil of any sort whatever.

Surfeit not yourselves with honey.—Having ascertained beyond dispute that there is no concealed poison in what is presented to you, taste it, if you please, but partake of it moderately. The proverb says, "Eat so much as is sufficient for thee." How much is that? There is no possibility of such a rule as will render needless good sense, true religion, and Divine guidance. With these, no person need err: without them, none will be kept right. Gratification, though not spurned, must be cautiously received. Mere honey will never make a man strong; too much of it, we are taught, in the latter part of the proverb, will make him sick. A nourishing soup may be taken with a tablespoon, and he who relishes it will be all the heartier for it. The ancient philosopher would not have allowed such a spoon for honey. Books, really harmless; social intercourse, absolutely innocent; amusements, having no evil tendencies, may be occasionally allowed. But these are not the staple of mental and moral excellence. Mere gratification will effect for the soul about as much as honey will do for the body, and no more. Even a little excess will enfeeble; much excess, though there be no poison, will greatly weaken. An ocean of honey, though pure as that which Jonathan found in the wood, will not make a man strong in muscle; you might drown the man in it, but you could not, by it, impart and sustain stalwart vigour.

Let others taste your honey.—Samson, in many respects, is altogether unsuitable as a model. But we learn that he did not selfishly strive to keep all the honey to himself. He gave of the honey to his father and mother. Anything that is really sweet, seems far more so when received from the hands of a beloved child. Samson did not tell his parents from whence he derived the honey. Perhaps he thought they would not relish it, if they knew it had come from the lion's carcase. But they would have enjoyed it all the more. They would, like himself,

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have known that the bees would not abide anywhere among impurity; and, to the father and mother, the honey would have been associated with their son's prowess. Had Samson determined to eat all the honey himself, he certainly would have been dreadfully sick, and would have deserved to have been so. If you have found a plentiful supply of honey, or should you ever be so favoured, be sure and share it with those who are less fortunate. Begin with those of your own household, including your aged parents, if still living, and then as far as the store will reach.

Be thankful for the honey.—The Lord is the Giver of all good. Never forget Him when all things are pleasant around you. The gladness you experience will furnish an errand to the throne of grace. God acts towards us as a wise and loving father does towards his little children. Such a father does not mingle poison, even in small quantities, with the honey intended for his children's use. Nor does he give to his little ones honey in unlimited quantities, for that would result in their injury. But he does furnish such pleasantness occasionally. Sometimes he does so as a reward for diligence and fidelity. At other times the sweetness is intended to disguise the taste of nauseous medicine. So the Lord, while, for our good, often requiring on our part self-denial, does afford frequent gratification also. Let us not be always brooding over the bitterness of the medicine, or the toilsomeness of the task. Let us cheerfully thank our Heavenly Father for the honey furnished to us. When glad of heart, let us be also grateful to God, the Giver of all good.

We may, if faithfully serving the Lord, encourage ourselves by the anticipation of one day reaching that brighter land where there shall be no tasks but those that will prove pleasant, and no medicine shall be needed, for the soul shall have been fully and for ever restored to health. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Until we reach the heavenly land and home, may we have grace to tread "the path of life."

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD.

III.—THE DEATH OF BALAAM.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

"LET me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" This was the desire of Balaam when, from "the high places of Baal," he looked on the goodly array of Israel's tents, and beheld the vision of Israel's future eminence among the nations; nor would this desire be weakened, but rather intensified, when, in the light from "the Star out of Jacob," he saw the wreck of mighty peoples and gorgeous monarchies; "And he took up his parable, and said, Alas, who shall live when God doeth this! And ships shall come from the coast of Chittim, and shall afflict Asshur, and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish for ever." It would have been well for Balaam if he had died while his soul was dilating to the measure of that august and terrible imagery, and his lips were tremulous with that high prophetic strain, for he only lived to bring himself down to a lower and yet lower level of debasement. The rapt aspect as of one "who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees," passed away, and he became as

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covetous and as self-seeking as before.

"In outline dim and vast,
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empire on their way
To ruin: one by one,
They tower and they are gone,
Yet in the prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay."

Making all allowance for the advantage of special vision and inspiration, it is yet evident that Balaam was a man of great and magnificent genius, but it was genius combined with an insatiable greed for filthy lucre. Genius and avarice are not commonly found in the same individual. The man who is blessed with powers of intellect which make him conspicuous among his fellowmen, is usually too indifferent to the practical affairs of life; while the man who gathers wealth with sordid care, is, oftener than not, found destitute of the nobler attributes of mind. But Balaam, though a man of large capacity and lofty reach of thought, was ensnared by covetousness, and stooped to unworthy acts to fill his hands with the rewards of Balak. In this union of the high and the sordid, he resembles an artist of our own time, who though able to irradiate his canvas with hues of almost ethereal loveliness, dimmed the splendour of his fame by the miserly habits of his life.

Balaam could not enrich himself by attempting to curse Israel, and had recourse to other and more effectual means for gaining his ends. He counselled the king of Moab to seduce Israel to vices which he knew would be followed by destructive manifestations of God's wrath. He "taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication." This offence was the more aggravated for Balaam knew the full magnitude of the crimes thus specified. He was not simply a prophet pouring out great thoughts in the ecstasy of inspiration, but, even in his calmer moments, a teacher of righteousness. Moses himself could not have enjoined a more elevated morality than that contained in his answer to Balak's inquiry as to how he should come before the Lord and bow himself before the high God: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He had not, therefore, the plea of ignorance as to the counsel he gave to Balak to cause Israel "to commit trespass against the Lord in the matter of Peor." It was because he knew the sin to be so great, and so offensive to the Most High, that he commended it to Balak as certain to bring calamity on Israel. The sin was disastrous to Israel, but in its consequences it recoiled on those who originated it, and hoped to have benefitted by it. War was proclaimed by command of God against Midian, a stern, retributive war, and "Balaam also the son of Beor, the soothsayer, did the children of Israel slay with the sword among them that were slain by them."

Yet we scarcely think of him as perishing in the heat of battle, while urging on the Midianites with waving arms and foaming lips, but as dying judicially, taken and slain as a criminal. We can well understand that the Israelites, much as they had suffered from the evil counsel, would feel some regret in dooming to death the man who, with such sublimity of prophetic feeling, had depicted the grandeur of their march through the future ages; but his crime was too great

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for him to be spared. Signal iniquity demanded signal judgment, and he was smitten by the avenging sword. But how different his end might have been! He might have died like Jacob, or Joseph, with faces beaming love around his couch, and with holy peace on his brow. His death-bed might have been as another Beth-peor, whence he could have gazed on the commingling glories and glooms of the world's history; and beyond those, on the vast panoramas of "the better country, that is, an heavenly." But he worked out for himself a dark doom, and instead of seraphic hopes, and visions of things to come, there were the keen weapons and the stern countenances of the Israelitish warriors.

It is an awful thing for a man who has been honoured by God, to die an unworthy death. The higher he is in natural gifts and spiritual graces, the greater should be his vigilance. A fall from such eminence to sin and ruin is terrible to contemplate. But it is beautiful to see a great man become brighter with holiness as he nears the end of his course, and vanishing like the sun at eventide in mellowed splendour. It is beautiful to see a man who has been conspicuous as a teacher of his fellow men, die like holy Samuel Rutherford, saying, "Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's land."—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A REFERENCE BIBLE.

THOUGH the use of Reference Bibles is pretty general, there are not many persons who can turn them to such good account as to get out of them all that is really in them. This remark applies especially to young people, but even for the older ones, an article on this subject may be made interesting, if care be taken to pass lightly over what has been often repeated, and describe in greater detail a few things not so well known as they should be. Even in this age of commentaries and popular religious works, a Reference Bible is still one of our greatest helps to the understanding of revealed truth; in fact, nothing but actual experience can show how very valuable it is. Let us first of all glance at the—

Marginal Translations.—Whether used in writing or in common conversation, words have generally more than one meaning, and it is sometimes hard to say which is the right one: if this be true even of our own language, much more is it true of the Hebrew and Greek in which the Bible was first written. Sometimes our translators came across a word or a phrase which might be taken in more senses than one, and were puzzled to say which sense was the right one, so in many cases they gave a second translation in the margin. They meant us to understand that both translations were good; one might be better than another, still there was much to be said for both. These marginal renderings or translations are of various kinds, but all of them help us more or less to understand our Bibles. In the text (that is, in the Bible itself) our translators tried to put the Greek or Hebrew into good clear English, but sometimes this could only be done by departing from the exact words used by the sacred writers, and by giving us an English, instead of an Hebrew or Greek phrase: in such cases they often give us in the margin a more literal rendering than was possible in the text. Many of these translations are more interesting to the Greek or Hebrew

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scholar, than to general readers, but this remark is certainly not true of the whole class.

In these days of Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, it must be pretty generally known that many marginal renderings express the meaning of the sacred writer with more force and vividness than the Authorized Version itself. I give a few instances, and in all of them follow the rendering of the margin. Joseph exhorts his brethren, "Be not grieved, neither let there be anger in your eyes,"*—don't be so angry as to show it in your eyes. Jacob, in blessing Joseph's children, says, "Let them increase as fishes do:" † the way in which fishes multiply would be past belief, were it not made known to us by actual observation. A herring, for instance, weighing only a few ounces, will yield from twenty thousand to thirty-five thousand eggs. Happily, not all the eggs laid by herrings come to maturity; if they did, woe to the other creatures that live in the sea.‡ In 1 Kings xix. 20, the Authorized Version makes Elijah's reply to Elisha meaningless; not so the marginal translation: if we follow the latter, the sense will then be, "Go, but be sure to return, considering the great thing I have done thee, in appointing thee my successor." ‖ In Job i. 8, God asks Satan, "Hast thou set thy heart on My servant Job?"—to have him for thy own.

Some of us, in judging of the characters who figured in English history, make strange mistakes from not knowing the feelings and customs of past ages, and of course without such knowledge it is even less easy to understand the far more ancient history of the Israelites, who lived in a land and at a time very remote from ours, and whose ways of thinking, speaking, and living were very different from those of Europe. Well, in gaining a knowledge of Hebrew customs, the marginal renderings of our Bibles give us great help. They often allude to customs or events of which we have not a glimpse in the text. Many scraps of information are thus gained, valuable when taken singly, and still more valuable when viewed in a mass. For instance, in the second book of Chronicles, there are two very interesting allusions to the mode of burial, which are quite lost in our Authorized Version. Asa "digged for himself sepulchres in the city of David," while Hezekiah was buried "in the highest of the sepulchres of the sons of David."* That the Jews of later ages buried their dead in tombs hewn out of the rock, is certain, but these three passages carry back the existence of the custom to the ages before the Captivity. This is not at all surprising, since the nature of the district referred to offers peculiar facilities for this mode of interment. Dr. Thomson tells us that the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is a perfect network of deep rocky ravines, with perpendicular walls.† When Benhadad besieged Samaria in Ahab's day, he ordered his soldiers to "place the engines" against the city (1 Kings xx. 12). There are direct and indirect allusions to the custom elsewhere, but this one is of great value. We cannot tell what kind of warlike engines Benhadad used, but those of the Assyrians were (for the age, at least) very

* Genesis xlv. 5. † Genesis xlviii. 16.

‡ See "The Herring and the Whale." W. Chambers.

‖ Dr. L. Alexander in "Sunday Magazine."

* 2 Chron. xvi. 14; xxxii. 33. Compare Isaiah xxii. 16.

† "The Land and the Book," p. 669.

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formidable. On the sculptured walls of Nineveh are depicted, not only battering-rams, but also huge towers resting on wheels, and therefore moveable, while they were high enough to throw missiles among the warriors on the ramparts.* For want of space I cannot go further into this interesting branch of the subject; those who wish to do so may look at the texts in the foot-note.† They relate to the ancient mode of urgent entreaty, of taking an oath, and of entering into a covenant or agreement, to the use of stones as weights, and to tradesmen keeping one set of weights to buy, and another to sell with. This last fact reminds us how true it is that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Marginal Readings.—If in spite of all our care to correct the press, errors can creep into printed books, much more will they do so into manuscript; hence the early copies of the Old and New Testaments differ from each other, and these differences are called readings. Sometimes our translators could hardly decide how a clause ran in the original, and therefore placed in the margin the reading not followed in the text, placing before or after it some such words as "some copies read." There are not many of these marginal readings in the Old Testament, because they kept very much to one particular text, the Masoretic—the standard one among the Jews: ‡ in the New Testament, on the contrary, they had to compare various texts, and sometimes notice the variations in the margin. M.

* Mr. Ferguson's "Guide to the Nineveh Court in the Crystal Palace," pp. 70, 79.

† 2 Kings iv. 8; (compare chap. v. 27, and Matt. xxviii. 9;) Exod. vi. 8; Prov. xi. 1, 15; xx. 10.

‡ See Dr. Angus's "Bible Handbook."

BLESS ME, O MY FATHER!

Bless me, O, my Father, bless me!
Not in drops Thy grace distil;
Send a stream of heav'nly influence,
With Thy peace my spirit fill;
Fill with peace, and love, and light,
Thrill each nerve with Thine own might.

Give me in each hour of danger,
Steady eyes to fix on Thee;
Rivet them on Thy perfections,
When earth's charms would dazzle me:
Fix in heaven my lowest aim,
All my hopes upon Thy name.

In continuous ascension
May my thoughts to Thee arise,
As glad birds upon their pinions
Soar from earth, and seek the skies;
Swell in praiseful, rapt'rous song
On an ever-ready tongue.

Gently loose my earnest grasping
Of the world's poor, fading flowers,
Fill with a Divine employment
All my little life's short hours:
Let no moment pass unfraught
With a lesson Jesus-taught.

O, when plunged in seas of sorrow,
Teach me how for pearls to dive!
In the dearth of earthly comfort,
Make me on Thy grace to thrive;
Make me rich in sweet content,
Wealth that never can be spent.

As a plant of Thine own planting,
Bid my leaves expand and grow;
In my heart like fragrant blossoms,
Let all gen'rous virtues blow,
Yielding fruit unto Thy praise,
Crowning life with harvest-days.

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

GWENNAP PIT AS IT IS.

Under date September 5th, 1762, in Mr. Wesley's "Journal" we read, "The wind was so high at five, that I could not stand in the usual place at Gwennap; but at a small distance was a hollow capable of containing many thousand people.

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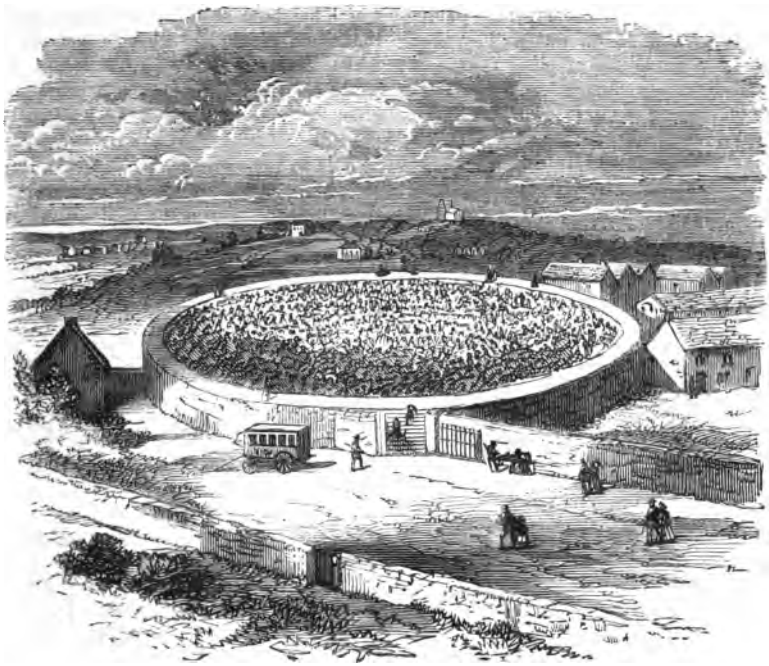

I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on the words in the Gospel for the day, Luke x. 23, 24." From that day that amphitheatre was the approved place in Gwennap for the great English Evangelist to hold forth the Word of Life, as it was sufficiently capacious to hold the thousands that flocked to hear him, while its form rendered the message audible to all. This amphitheatre, known as Gwennap Pit, is on the slope of Carnmarth, about a mile and a half from Redruth, and about a mile from Carrharrack and St. Day respectively, and owes its origin to an ancient mining practice of "streaming for tin;" as when the miners noticed a number of stones containing tin ore lying on the surface, they examined the place, and, if accounted of sufficient value, formed a reservoir a little above it to receive the drainage of the higher ground, and when filled, directed the water with all the force at command upon the spot of supposed deposit; by which they anticipated a great deal of manual labour, and were frequently well rewarded by their discoveries. From the dimensions of the pit, as computed by Mr. Wesley, it would seem that this spot had been very rich. He gives it as three hundred by two hundred feet in diameter on the top, and gradually sloping down to a point for about fifty feet. When Mr. Wesley preached in the pit, it was on the common, but in the course of years, a scattered village sprang up in the neighbourhood, which suggested the propriety of enclosing it, and holding it, in some sort, as a Wesleyan memorial, not by erecting an obelisk in its centre, or erecting even a chapel on its site; but in such a way as to preserve its form

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as an amphitheatre adapted for a large concourse of people assembled for public worship. This design was well carried out by a committee of pious Gwennap Methodists, who many years since reduced the oblong to a circle of about three hundred feet in diameter, formed terraces of about three feet in width, each about a foot below the other, from the top to the bottom, carefully preserving the place of Mr. Wesley's selection as the rostrum, and adequately enclosed it. Its superficial contents are ten thousand two hundred and seven square feet. One thing, however, was left undone:—it was not enfranchised and secured to the Connexion, but is the property of two Lordships, eleven-sixteenths in one and five-sixteenths in the other, under whom it is held according to Cornish custom; perhaps the present generation of Methodists will, in this sense, complete the memento.

In continuation of an old custom there is an Annual Service in the pit on Whit-Monday afternoon, when, if the weather be favourable, the pit is densely packed, while hundreds stand on the adjacent ground. This Service is of profound interest, as a worthy continuation of Wesley's labour; but still more, as an assemblage of religious people, thousands of whom have been turned "from darkness to light," and are "walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," and have come to an annual gathering for worship. Nor is the worship unworthy of the people. What harmony in song! from eight to ten thousand voices, all singing one hymn of praise to some time-honoured tune. And the singing is the "making melody in the heart to the Lord." What manifest earnestness in prayer! True, the Minister leads the service, but the people pray; and they pray as those who have a right to endorse a petition presented on their behalf, with a solemn, earnest Amen. What attention to the Word preached! Some, indeed, may be listless, but a great multitude is receiving with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save their souls. They afterwards return to their home praising God for the light which has been shed on their mind, and the grace which has filled their heart; while many an unconverted, thoughtless youth has gone home broken-hearted on account of sin, nor rested till he found peace in believing, though but few would be able to trace any connection between the service in the pit and his conversion to God. On comparing the Whit-Monday holiday in Gwennap, as seen in the pit now, with the rampant iniquity with which it was celebrated when Wesley first visited Cornwall, may we not indeed sing with Charles Wesley,—

"All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, His savour of grace.
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done!
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!"

ROBERT W. BROOMFIELD.

Ledbury.

PROMINENT PERSONS IN SACRED HISTORY.

IV.—JOSHUA.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

JOSHUA was appointed to occupy a prominent place amongst his people in the wilderness, and the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced; he did not betray his trust. The Israelites had to fight their way from the Red Sea to the promised land. As they were journeying under Divine guidance, the Amalekites opposed them, and a great battle had to be fought.

A failure at the beginning would have had a most unfavourable effect; on the other hand, a great triumph over a renowned people at the commencement of their contests was of vast importance to the Israelites. Moses was on the mount praying, and Aaron and Hur were with him to hold up his hands. When Moses held up his hands, Joshua prevailed. The battle led by Joshua issued in the defeat and overthrow of the Amalekites.

Joshua is prominent not only as a general, but also as a religious man. He

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was the intimate friend, companion, and confidant of Moses on various occasions of great importance to the Israelites; so that he had privileges and distinctions beyond most others of his nation. When Moses ascended the mount to receive the law in a written form, Joshua was with him. How near he went to the place of memorable communion with God, where Moses was for forty days, we are not told: but there he was when Moses left that distinguished spot, and came down from God to the people. As Joshua was descending with Moses, he heard the shout of the people over the golden calf, and thought it was the noise of warriors; which plainly shows that he was not with the people when they were guilty of idolatry.

Joshua uniformly kept on the right side. He could go to the front of the battle, and he could stand in the breach which his own people had made between themselves and God, and there plead as a suppliant till the impending displeasure of God was turned aside.

His religious influence over the people presents him in the light of a public blessing. What must have been the impression of his life, when "Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua, and which had known all the works of the Lord, that He had done for Israel." We thus see what a public man can be the means of doing when he gives up himself in the strength of grace to glorify God. Joshua, "the servant of the Lord," showed piety, integrity, and uprightness, courage, firmness, tact, decision, and perseverance as a leading man, when the varying events of his life required such manifestations of character.

Miracles have been wrought by the instrumentality of different persons in different ages, in different countries, on various occasions, in different circumstances, and for various purposes. Sometimes in confirmation of Divine doctrines, sometimes in defence and confirmation of Divine messengers, and at other times to assist in accomplishing a Divine enterprize when placed in human hands. It has repeatedly happened that God has called a man to an undertaking which *could not have been accomplished without miracles.* When Moses was called to deliver the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, and afterwards lead them through the wilderness to the promised land, could that have been effected without miracles?

God works by means, in nature, providence, and grace. Sometimes, indeed, His wonderful and miraculous doings are viewed by short-sighted mortals on the human side, and because we cannot comprehend them, we doubt their reality, or their suitableness, or we try to account for them without taking God into our calculations. But it sometimes happens that when one event has sufficient time to be explained by another, we are better able to understand the one by the light of the other, so that what at first seemed incomprehensible, unaccountable, contradictory, and perilous, is seen to be intelligible, legitimate, and appropriate.

Let us now turn to the history of Joshua. The commission of Joshua was very great. Warlike nations had to be destroyed because of their sins, and the Israelites were to be established in their stead.

Memorable was the great battle between the Israelites and the five kings. The kings were intent on destroying Gibeon for having made peace with Israel. The battle at such a time and place, and in such circumstances, was of immense importance, and hence THE LORD is made prominent in it throughout. We read, "The Lord said unto Joshua, Fear them not: *for I have delivered them into thine hand;* there shall not a man of them stand before thee." When the kings fled before Israel, "the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword." To complete the conquest, and make the battle as successful as possible, Joshua, under the influence of

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a Divine impulse, said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon,"* and it was so. The writer regards it as a very uncommon event, which he thought would probably stagger the minds of some readers; and hence to confirm his statement he appeals beyond his own record, and asks, "Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" As in every great enterprize which includes a series of important events there is one which is regarded by the historian as the greatest of all, so in the case before us we are told that, "there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: *for the Lord fought for Israel.*" We know that when a great battle is at a certain stage, daylight is of immense importance to him who is leading the winning side. During the late civil war in America, Stonewall Jackson in such circumstances on one occasion said, if he could have had daylight for a few hours longer the results of the victory he gained would have been vastly more important.

But some object to the event as impossible. Is not every miracle an interposition of the Deity *in a way suited to the requirements of the case?* At one time fire ceases to burn; at another time water ceases to flow. We see the sick restored to health by a touch; the deaf hears; the dumb speaks; the blind receives sight; and the dead is raised to life, and all this is accomplished by a word or a touch. "Is anything too hard for God?" In each case *God is owned* by the agent who performs it, and by the historian who records it, so that in *every case*, THE CAUSE IS ADEQUATE TO THE EFFECT. Further, if we regard such events as records of *sacred* history, we see their importance and appropriateness, we feel their beneficial influence at this day, and they will continue so to operate till the end of the world. Thus events which transpired thousands of years ago, are teaching their blessed lessons at this hour, and they are links in the chain of evidence that the Bible has come from God. The probability or improbability of the event does not affect the case, all depends on the authority of Him who *performs* the act.

What does man in the childhood of his knowledge understand of the secret laws of nature? Does he not now live very much on the surface of things, gaining his small stock of imperfect knowledge at a very slow rate, by the processes of observation, reflection, and comparison, and through the medium of his bodily senses? And how often is he compelled to stand still, and own his ignorance and feebleness? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." A fact in nature which is evident to man's bodily senses, yet human philosophy, from its birthday till now, has never been able to comprehend it!

So soon is the professed investigator of the laws of nature brought to a stand. And if he is candid, what less can he do than exclaim, "This is the finger of God?" Well, then, if human reason in its present state *cannot understand* an event of daily occurrence, which is a matter of fact, and is addressed to man's bodily senses, why should feeble and ignorant man object to higher matters which belong to loftier minds in a more advanced stage of knowledge? He who stumbles at the alphabet and monosyllables of a new language, had better wait awhile before he attempts to find faults in long sentences, in important paragraphs, in valuable chapters, and elaborate volumes written in the same tongue.

How slow is the process by which man sometimes obtains information! How long was it before philosophy would admit the revolution of the globe which is man's present abode! Yet this slow

* When our Divine Redeemer was crucified, there was darkness over all the earth "from the sixth hour unto the ninth hour;" and a heathen philosopher seeing it, and knowing it could not be a natural eclipse, because it was at the time of the full moon, and continued so long, said, "Either the God of Nature suffers, or the frame of the world is dissolved." It was the God of Nature in both cases.

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learner would fain sit in judgment on the doings of God, Who made and sustains the entire universe! "For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." (Job xi. 12.)

THE EXTINGUISHED CANDLE.

BY JOHN JAMES BARBER.

Some years ago a newly-married couple commenced housekeeping in a modest domicile near London; they kept no servant, and their father's house being close at hand, their evenings were frequently passed there, as well as nearly every Sunday. All attended the same place of worship. One Sunday evening, after the service, having escorted his wife to his father's house, the young husband hastened home to change his best hat and coat. Opening the door with his latch-key, he soon found the matches, and lighting a candle, went up to his bedroom, but just as he was entering, to his vexation, the light went out; uttering an exclamation of annoyance, he was about to return for the matches, but on a second thought did not deem it worth while, as he knew where to put his hand on the things he wanted. Laying his best coat carefully upon the bed, and putting on another, he went downstairs and left the house, closing the door safely after him. In due time the young couple came home; but no sooner had the husband procured a light, than he perceived that thieves had been there. In a moment the assistance of some neighbours was obtained, lest the thieves might be still in the house; but they had decamped in good time, having ransacked every room, and taken every portable article of any value, even the clothing. This was a sad loss to the young people, and it was long ere they could replace it. But it pleased God to prosper them. The husband, whom we will call Mr. R—, had now become a person of wealth and station, when he was somewhat startled at receiving one day a message from the Governor of Newgate, informing him that a convicted felon, who was about to undergo a long term of imprisonment abroad, desired an interview with him. Much wondering who the wretched man could be, and what he could have to reveal, Mr. R— hastened to that melancholy abode of sin and shame, and was presently guided by a gaoler into a narrow cell, where he beheld a prematurely aged, pallid wretch, who, starting up as he entered, exclaimed, "Are you Mr. R—?"

"I am," answered that gentleman.

"Do you remember me?"

"No."

"Why, Sir, have you altogether forgotten your old schoolfellow, J— S—, the son of the Rev. W. S—?"

"J— S—!" cried his astonished visitor. "You cannot be he!"

"I am he;" and as he spoke, he wrung his hands, and cried, with bitterness, "O that I had been a child of the vilest parentage, and nurtured in infamy, then might I have less cause to reproach myself! No wonder you don't recognize me; I, the son of godly parents, the well-trained, well-taught youth, on whom no affection, no expense was spared; I, the Sabbath-school scholar, the regular attendant at God's house, now the tenant of this cell, a convicted thief, a proved companion of the most degraded and depraved. But it is not to listen to my self-reproachings that I asked for your attendance. You will remember the circumstance of your house being pillaged soon after you had married? Well, I was the robber. I had at that time been a companion of swindlers and drunkards for some years; my friends had again and again supplied me with opportunities of recovering my lost position in society, but I had continually fallen back, and just then I was at my wit's ends to obtain the means of satisfying my evil desires, when the thought of calling on you occurred to me. I knew you were ignorant of my wrong doing, and I thought by some plausible lie to obtain the loan of some money. I obtained your address, and went to your house on that Sunday evenin . As I was unable to make

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any one hear, the devil prompted me to open the door; this was easily effected with an instrument I always carried about me, and in another moment I had entered the house, and shut the door after me. I was not without the means of obtaining a light, and was about to do so, when the sound of a man's footsteps reached me, and the noise of a key being introduced into the lock, told me that some one was coming in. On the impulse of the moment, I hastened up the stairs, and went into the front room. I heard you strike the match, and then from where I stood peering round the chamber door, I saw you mount the stairs. Ah! Mr. R—, your life was in danger then, if ever it was, for the devil was urging me to stab you as you entered. Already the silently-opened knife was in my hand, and my arm raised to give the fatal blow, when the way in which you held the candlestick before you brought it close to my face as I stood just behind the door. In an instant I silently blew it out, and had you turned round on entering, you might even have seen me by the glow of the wick; but you know the rest. I was saved from being a murderer; you were saved from the murderer's knife. I procured a light, and hastily but carefully selected all that I could carry, and succeeded in making off with my plunder. This, then, was what I wished to tell you ere I left England for ever. I shall not live my time out; but I thought if I could ask your forgiveness, I might be encouraged by and by to hope for mercy at God's hands."

Mr. R—, who had listened with much emotion to this narration, assured the poor convict of his forgiveness, and begged him to turn all his thoughts to the Saviour, Who lived and died for sins not His own; Who said when on earth, that He came not "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" and then, with many words of kindest sympathy, he sadly bade adieu to his once joyous schoolmate.

What can we learn from this "owre true tale?" In the first place, we perceive that the most imminent peril may threaten us, which we go blindly to meet, unconscious of the danger; and even when God's protecting hand stays the impending blow, or snatches us, as it were, from some gulf into which our unwary feet have almost led us, even then we are as unconscious of His special Providence, as we had been of our danger. Yet sometimes our eyes are opened as, looking back, we behold some peril of the past from which we had unconsciously escaped; and though the infidel may ascribe our escape to chance or accident, and refuse to recognize any intervening power of a supernatural character, 'none who believe in the existence of a God, can fail to recognize the hand of God. Not a day passes without some exercise of God's Almighty power on our behalf. Well may we exclaim, "From murder or sudden death, Good Lord deliver us!"

And we are also shown the terrible danger of associating with evil companions. The love and training of pious parents, the advantages of early religious teaching and superior education, all these are unavailing when a young man chooses to follow that which he knows to be evil, rather than that which everything around him proclaims to be the only path of safety and of peace. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Well may we pray,

"Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand;
Show forth in me Thy saving power;
Still be Thy arms my sure defence:
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence."

SINCERITY.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

SINCERITY is one of the most beautiful words in the English language, and, like many others, it has a history. According to some great philologists, it comes from two Latin words, *sine cerâ*, "without wax," and its origin was in this wise. In the palmy days of Roman

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prosperity, when her merchants were wealthy, and lived in their marble palaces on the banks of the Tiber, there was a sort of emulation in the grandeur and artistic adornments of their dwellings. Their successful wars had put them in possession of some of the choicest specimens of Grecian art. A taste for sculpture had been awakened amongst the noble sons of Rome, who began sedulously to cultivate the arts, labouring diligently in the schools of design. Good sculptors were eagerly sought after and employed. But tricks were sometimes practised then, as now: thus, if the sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or chipped a piece out by accident, he had a carefully-prepared wax, with which he filled in the chink, and so carefully fixed it as to be imperceptible. In process of time, however, heat or damp would affect the wax, and reveal its presence there. The consequence was, that when new contracts were made for commissioned works of art, a clause was added to the effect, that they were to be *sine cerâ*, or "without cement."

This is a word-picture, and has a great moral significance. What is character without sincerity? And yet we are afraid there are numerous characters which lack, in great measure, this important elemental virtue. How careful should every young person be in selecting friends and in forming intimacies, to stipulate that such friendship shall be sincere! Sincerity is the essence of all that is good, and virtuous, and lovely. And *true* character is most lasting; for cement of all kinds drops out in time, and reveals the hollowness and deception which lurk within. Thus Jesus Christ divested the pharisaical character of its outward coating of cement, and made apparent the moral filthiness harboured in the soul's dark sepulchre of spiritual death. His words give a true and terrible revelation of the inner man, and echo forth a soul-damning woe against those who are "like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." And there will be a terrible moral scrutiny, and a perfect revelation of character, in the last great day of the Lord, when every man's character shall be tried of what sort it is.

How beautiful is the character in which sincerity forms an integral part! It is this element in character which leads us to designate it *transparent*, as expressing the idea that we can see through the motives and principles by which men are actuated.

It should be the earnest desire of every Christian, and his constant effort, to incorporate into his experience that of the apostle: "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly *sincerity*, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." This is the standard of true character; let none, therefore, rest content, until they have attained unto this hope of their calling.

He who has served his God with purity of motive, through evil report and good report, amid weakness, pain, and sorrow, and who comes out of the fire refined and purified, and having the stamp of heaven on his brow;—*he* shall be acknowledged by God as a sterling coin, which shall pass current in heaven,—a jewel to deck the Redeemer's crown, with radiations which shall never grow dim!

THE INDIANS OF THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH SOUTH AMERICA.

British South America is not like Hindostan, the home of a vast native population, but is thinly strewn with wasted and wasting wrecks of once powerful families and confederacies. Located in the different provinces of what Sir W. Raleigh, in his enthusiastic way, calls, "the large, rich, and powerful empire of Guiana," are the remains of more than fifty Indian tribes. Disease, induced by their barbarous mode of life; wars, in which the van-

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quished were exterminated, or bound to the exhausting labours of a cruel slavery, have reduced their numbers; and nations which were fierce and strong when the European first looked into their wild haunts, are now represented by a few individuals. In one case, a single hut has been sufficient to cover all that remained of the whole tribe. The Amaripas had so melted away, that in 1843 there was none remaining but one old woman. Humboldt found in a cave on the cataracts of the Orinoco, six hundred well-preserved skeletons, each one in a basket formed of the stalks of palm-leaves. They were the skeletons of the Atures, who had entirely perished. Their language had died out, and was only spoken by an old parrot which had belonged to, and survived, those ill-fated families. There is something sad in the thought of that lonely bird uttering words which could never again come from human lips.

"Still he calls, with voice imploring,
To a world that heeds him not;
Nought replies but waters roaring,
No kind soul bewails his lot.

"Swift the savage turns his rudder
When his eyes the bird behold;
None e'er saw without a shudder
That Aturian parrot old."

The Indians of Guiana are nowhere found in large communities, but in small hamlets, and those generally at a great distance from one another. On the delta of the Orinoco there is a tribe whose dwellings are simply mats hung high up among the stems of the palm-trees, so as to be above the reach of the tremendous inundations which take place during the rainy season. Their fires are lighted on a layer of moist earth and clay, and at night have the appearance of lamps suspended under the foliage. The fruit, pith, and juice of the palm supply them with nutriment, and swamp and flood are a surer defence from their enemies than "thick wall or moated gate." But the Indians of British Guiana are a step nearer civilization, for they live in houses, rudely constructed, yet more like human habitations than a mat swinging in the forest.

An Indian builds his house without cost, and with but little trouble. A few poles, and a quantity of leaves for thatch, are all the materials he needs. The house is an unwalled, unpartitioned space, covered by a roof, and there is a small outbuilding or kitchen, where the women prepare the food and live with the children, the house being appropriated by the man as lord of the establishment. The furniture is as unpretending as the architecture, and consists of a hammock and a few seats, hewn out of blocks of wood, and bearing a rude resemblance to the quadrupeds of the land. The hammock is swung from the timbers of the roof, and, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "contrives a double debt to pay,"—is in the daytime a luxurious sofa, and at night a very comfortable bed. Fires are lighted under the hammocks at night, to keep away wild beasts, and to preserve the sleeper from the effects of the damp air. In the house there is usually a number of Indian baskets, called pegalls. They are made of split canes, some wands of which are coloured red or black, and then woven into ornamental patterns, similar to those which may be seen on the walls of South American temples, and on the tombs and pottery of Egypt.

Speaking of these ornaments, Humboldt says, "They are found in every clime, and every stage of human culture; among the Greeks and Romans, no less than on the shields of Otaheitans, and other South-Sea Islanders,—in all regions where a rhythmical repetition of regular forms delights the eye."

The Indians have, as a rule, an abundant supply of wholesome food, such as fish, game, and cassava bread. The cassava root is first grated into a pulpy mass, then the juice, which is a deadly poison, is extracted from it, but when boiled looses its deleterious properties, and is used for several culinary purposes, not only in the forest, but also in the

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houses of the colonists. The bread, which has no particular taste, is in the form of thin cakes, and more brittle than biscuit. Near to the house, a portion of wood or savannah is cleared as a provision ground, in which the women cultivate cassava, yams, the red pepper, the pine-apple, and other tropical fruits. The men are very skilful in hunting, both with the blowpipe and the bow and arrow. The blowpipe is part of the stem of a gigantic grass, which grows to a height of from thirty to forty feet, and has joints eighteen feet long from knot to knot. Their arrows and darts are tipped with the wourila poison, which causes speedy death, even when the weapon that bears it but slightly grazes the skin. The ingredients of this poison, so far as known to Europeans, are a wild vine, called the wourila, a bulbous root, two species of stinging ants, and the pounded fangs of the labarri and the konokosi, a mixture almost as deadly and repulsive as that in the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. No antidote to this poison has yet been discovered. Once two Arowacks were in the forest, when one of them shot at a monkey in a tree. The arrow missed the monkey, and in its descent struck the Indian on the arm. He knew at once that he was doomed to death. "I shall never," he said, "bend this bow again;" and then putting his bow and arrows on the ground, he stretched himself beside them, bade his companion farewell, and soon died.

The Indians living generally on the banks of creeks or rivers, find a canoe almost indispensable. Most of the canoes are made of the trunk of a tree, which is hewn to the right shape, and then hollowed by fire, and smoothed and carved with hatchets and knives. Some use what are called wood-skin canoes, which are formed of the unbroken bark of a large tree. These being light, are of great service where the stream is roughened into cataracts, as they can be easily carried along the bank until smooth water is again reached. A large canoe on the river is a picturesque object. Its dark-haired, red-skinned occupants will often have with them macaws, parrots, monkeys, calabashes, pegalls, and other tokens of wild forest life, novel and not unpleasing to European eyes. The canoes are propelled by paddles, and the Indians are skilful boatmen, steering down the foaming waters, and among the rocks of the falls and rapids, with astonishing coolness and precision.

The senses of those children of the wood and the river are thoroughly educated. Torpid and heavy as they seem in the streets of the colonial towns, they show to great advantage on their own ground. Just as a scholar sees a history or an epic in a single word or phrase, they see a clue to the game of which they are in search, or to the travellers they are following, in a bent twig, a crushed flower, or a few confused marks on a forest track. Entering a deserted settlement, they look at the embers in the fire-place, and the dust on the rude furniture, or the earthenware which has been left, and on the faint footprints on the sand, and can tell at once how long the families have been absent, and what direction they have taken. The keen eye of an Indian boy once saved a Missionary from death. He was in the school-room, and was about to take some loose papers from a box, when the boy cried out "snake!" The Missionary saw nothing to indicate the presence of the reptile, but overturning the box, a snake darted from among the papers. Being observant, the Indians are capital naturalists, and know much more of the habits of birds, beasts, and reptiles, and the properties of plants, than the most diligent student of books. More than one hundred and forty medicinal barks, roots, and herbs, collected by them, were forwarded to the London International Exhibition of 1862. They are not idolaters. Like the Red Men of the North, they believe in a Good Spirit, but this belief has little influence on their minds. They have no hope in God, but live in constant fear of evil spirits; a fear that is fostered by their sorcerers or medicine-men. These impostors make a

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pretence of curing diseases by sucking the part affected. After a great deal of ceremony, they will take from their mouths a fish bone, a bird's claw, or a snake's tooth, which they assure their patient had been inserted in his body by one of the malicious powers; a custom also practised by the Obeah men among the Negroes. The Indians are in great dread of the *Orehu*, or "water-mamma," supposed to be in the form of a mermaid, but able to appear in any shape that suits her fancy. They say that sometimes she will drag the canoe and its crew to the bottom of the river. Her imaginary haunts are passed by them with great apprehension, and if it is night, they keep close to the opposite bank of the river, and close their lips, and glide with noiseless paddles until they think themselves beyond her reach. They have traditions of Creation, and of the Flood, traditions imbued with the colours of a wild poetry, such as plays through the Song of Hiawatha. They say that the Great Spirit having created the heavens and the earth, sat on a huge cotton-tree by the river-side, and cut off pieces of its bark, which He cast all around. Those which touched the water became fishes, others flew in the air as birds, while some strewn on the earth took the form of animals, and from one, man rose up as the lord of earth. The following is their tradition of the Flood. At one time all the animals were gifted with speech, and Sigu, the son of the Great Spirit, was appointed to rule over them. An immense tree had been created, every branch of which bore different kinds of fruit, and from its roots sprung every variety of vegetable. The animals rejoiced when they found this tree, but Sigu, mindful of the future, determined to cut it down, and have its slips and seeds planted in every part of the world. The beasts were employed in this work, but Iwarriki, the monkey, was indolent and troublesome, and at length, to keep him out of mischief, Sigu sent him to a stream for water, giving him only an open-work basket in which to carry it. When the wonderful tree was cut down, it was found to be hollow, and full of water containing innumerable young fishes, with which Sigu stocked the lakes and rivers. The water began to overflow, and fearing that the whole world would be flooded, he placed a closely woven basket on the top of the stump, which, through some magical power, restrained the water. Iwarriki seeing the cover, and thinking it hid choice fruits, removed it, when a mighty torrent burst forth, which spread over the earth. Sigu, ever mindful of his charge, led the animals which could not swim or climb to a cave, the entrance to which he carefully sealed with wax, having previously given them a thorn with which to pierce the wax, so that they might ascertain when the waters had fallen. Sigu climbed a cocorite palm, and kept dropping the seeds of the cocorite on the water, that he might judge by the sound of its height. At last, the seeds struck the soft earth, the birds began their joyful notes, the flowers again smiled in the openings of the forest, and the animals were released from their imprisonment. Sigu is represented as having two wicked brothers, whose enmity to him was unappeasable. They beat him to death, but the breath came back to his bruised body, and he again went on with his benevolent work. They threw him on a pile of blazing timber to consume him, but he rose in beauty from the embers. They buried him alive, but earth could not bind him down, and he emerged from the grave. At length, wearied by repeated assaults, he climbed a mountain whose peaks faded in the azure of the sky, and rose higher and higher, until he passed out of sight.

Another Indian legend tells how a woman brought forth a monster having a child's face but a serpent's body. She was at first terrified, but determined to cherish her offspring in secret. Her brothers at length found it, and shooting at it with their arrows, concluded they had killed it, but under the mother's care it revived, and grew to a formidable size.

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They again found it, and cut it to pieces with their hatchets. She, it is said, gathered the remains together and covered them with leaves. After a time there was a sign of motion under the leafy covering, the heap began to heave and swell, and from it there started a warrior of majestic aspect. His eyes were filled with heroic fire, his brow was terrible with war-paint, he bore the choicest weapons of an Indian chief, and hands and feet seemed impatient for the fray. Such, according to the legend, was the origin of the powerful and warlike tribe of the Caribs; and such, in truth, will be the effect of the leaves, which are for the healing of the nations on half-embruted, maimed, festering humanity, whether in the woods of Guiana, or in the cities and villages of England. Let those leaves be strewn on the mass of moral corruption, and man will rise up beautiful and luminous as when moulded by his Creator's hand and inspired by his Creator's breath.

If the wild freedom and abundance of nature could make men happy without the aid of religion, few would have been happier than the aboriginal tribes of Guiana. With mighty forests, and savannahs for their hunting-grounds, and wide lakes and magnificent rivers for their fisheries, and a rude plenty in their dwellings, and being neither oppressed by despotic law nor corrupted by a false civilization, their lives, according to the theory of those who assert the natural innocence and perfectibility of man, should have been as pleasant as an idyllic story, joyful as an Arcadian festival. But it is far from being thus with them. The dark shadow of sin is on their lives, and the worst passions often smoulder under their meek aspect. Paul's description of the men who filled the vast circumference of the Roman empire with their crimes, is true of them. "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

Though the Indians of Guiana have no written history, there are memorials of their cruelty not to be thought of without a shudder. There are few in this country who have any idea of cannibalism, but as a custom which at one time prevailed in the islands of the Southern Ocean. But the man-eater has been found in the west, as well as in the south; and human flesh was eaten by the Indians even to so recent a date as Humboldt's researches on the Orinoco and its branches. That distinguished traveller met with men who appeared mild and affectionate, and professing the Christian faith as represented by the Roman-Catholic Missions, and yet had a ravenous craving for the flesh of their fellow-men. The Indians under the British Government are more humanized, and are held in restraint by a stronger law than are the Indians of the Orinoco, and it is not known that they resort to cannibalism, but there are relics of the practice in the province.

On the Moruca, one of the lesser rivers of Essequibo, there is a sand-reef called Waramuri, this being the name of a black ant which once abounded in that neighbourhood. Being somewhat elevated, it was chosen as the site of Mission-premises in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. On one part of the reef there is a mound, or tumulus, which was found to consist principally of small shells. This mound became an object of curiosity to the Missionary and his white visitors, and they came to the conclusion that it was the refuse heap of an Indian tribe which had been accustomed to feed there. At length it was opened, and, mingled with layers of shells, were found bones of fishes and land animals, and rude slabs of clay which had been used as dishes or baking pans. Going deeper, the excavators came upon human bones, most of them belonging to adults, but some of them those of a little child, the

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head of which had been broken in. Almost all the bones had been violently smashed, and the suspicion of the Missionary was confirmed by the statement of an ancient Indian. "That is the way in which the nations who used to eat men always broke open the bones to get out the marrow. So our fathers have told us." The interest excited by this discovery induced the Governor of the colony to organize an exploring party, and several other mounds were found in the woods, and on the margin of the creeks, having in them stone axes, or tomahawks, and bearing like testimony to the cannibalism which polluted the land in the old time. It is, however, a pleasing circumstance that Mission-premises had been built near two of these mounds, and where once the lips of savages were clotted with human blood, the voice of melodious worship was heard, and prayers were addressed to Him Who is "the Author of peace and Lover of concord."

(*To be concluded.*)

CANNIBALISM *v.* TOBACCO.

The following anecdote confirms the truth of the physiologist's assertion that persistent indulgence in inordinate smoking results in the absorption of the actual essence of tobacco into the very tissues. Captain Wilkes, in an exploring expedition, interrogated a native of the Fiji Islands as to the fate of the crew of a vessel whose shattered hull still lay upon the beach. "All kill," replied the savage. "What did you do with them?" asked Captain Wilkes. "Eat 'em. Good," returned the cannibal. "Did you eat them all?" inquired the half-sick captain. "All but one," holding up a finger. "And why did you spare one?" "'Cause him taste *too like tobacco;* couldn't eat him no how."—*The Food Journal.*

STAR-DUST.

One Talent.—Feeble souls are like those tracts of land which have neither depth nor richness of soil, yet, however arid, produce something to serve the world. The sandy and stony deserts of the Cape are covered with heath of every hue and form to beautify the scene, and to charm the traveller's eye. Even so the feeblest souls can display some phase of feeling and character that shall add a beauty to the sphere in which they move. The world wants the heath as well as the oak, and the genial beams shine on both.—*Homilist.*

"Let your Light so Shine."—An intelligent Christian once said: "I had a brother who was regarded, and regarded himself, as firmly established in infidelity. Being afterwards converted, he made this acknowledgment: 'In the midst of my apparent infidelity, I never doubted that Mr. — was a Christian: and so deeply did I feel it, that I would at any time cross the street, sooner than meet him.'"

The Lord has reasons, far beyond our ken, for opening a wide door, while He stops the mouth of a useful preacher. John Bunyan would not have done half the good he did, if he had remained preaching in Bedford, instead of being shut up in Bedford prison.—*Rev. John Newton.*

I have very little faith in the men "making all the week a Sunday," who do not make the Sunday a Sunday. And I have very little faith in the spirituality which has got up so high, that it can do without standing-ground upon earth; the religion which has become so pure that it does not need places, times, forms, the association of brethren, and the help of others.—*A. Maclaren.*

How many ask daily that God's will may be done, who, when His will is before them in the form of some laborious or painful duty to be performed, or some cross to be taken up for Christ, refuse even to attempt an active obedience to that perfect will which they have so prayed for.—*Isaac Keeling.*

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It is not enough that we avoid saying or doing things that offend or provoke others, or that we be quiet if others will let us alone. We must *study* to be quiet, and *strive* for mutual edification.—*Isaac Keeling.*

Though a Christian is not to be quarrelsome, he is not to be crushed; though but a worm before God, he is not such a worm as every selfish, unprincipled wretch may tread upon at his pleasure.—*Cowper.*

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR WHOMSOEVER THEY MAY CONCERN.

So haughty, my brother? Hast thou no sin-spot?
No blemish to hide from the truth's noontide ray?
Canst thou pray, "O, Father, my trespasses pardon!"
And yet spurn thy poor fellow-sinner away?
Go, learn from thy Saviour! He *pitied* the fallen;
Like Him, strive the lost ones to seek and to save;
And "the blessing of him that was ready to perish,"
Shall follow thee down to the cold, silent grave.

So peevish, my brother? So ready to murmur
If one little cloud dim the blue of thy sky!
Confide in the Wisdom and Love of thy Jesus,
What thou knowest not now, shall be clear by and by.
He trod every step of the pathway before thee;
Though dangers assail, He'll be still by thy side;
His eye ever sees thee, and safe through the desert,
Beside the still waters His loved one He'll guide.

So idle, my brother? The twilight is deep'ning,
And soon the short journey of life will be done:
Poor sinners by thousands are dying around thee;
How many for Jesus and heaven hast thou won?
Work on while 'tis day; though thy tired hand should falter,
Thy brow burn with fever, and heart throb with pain,
Yet, work to the end! There's sweet rest for the weary,
Thy home, and the Master's "Well done," thou shalt gain.

So downcast, my brother? So hopeless thy anguish?
Has death snatch'd away from thee all that's most dear?
Is life a long struggle with sickness and sorrow?
Remember, poor pilgrim, thy home is not here.
Above is thy mansion, thy heart and thy treasure;
Thy voice soon shall swell the sweet song of the blest:
In Jesu's bright presence all sorrow shall vanish;
The wicked cease troubling, the weary find rest.

J. N. Traylen.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. WILLIAM RICHARDS.

Few men have exhibited through a lengthened Christian course more uniform consistency and general integrity of character, than William Richards, of Barnstaple. He was accustomed in his youth to attend the Wesleyan Sunday-school, held in the old chapel in Holland-street, of which the late Mr. John Williams and Mr. Jones were the early superintendents; and having received

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Divine enlightenment under the ministry at the Wesleyan chapel, at the age of nineteen or twenty he united himself to the Methodist Society about the year 1827, the late Mr. John Avery being his first Leader. Under his judicious guidance, and the preaching of the Rev. J. W. Cloake, then stationed as the Superintendent Minister of the Barnstaple Circuit, he became well-grounded in his attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, with which he remained a steady and consistent member during a period of more than forty years. To Mr. Cloake's winning and affectionate demeanour, as well as to the influence of the ministry generally on his mind in these early days, he would often feelingly refer.

From the first, he exhibited a qualification for usefulness in the Church, both as a prayer-leader and Local-preacher. The Rev. John Jordan, who was stationed at Barnstaple in 1829, interested himself in the young men then rising in the Church, several of whom became zealous Local-preachers,—an acquisition to the strength of the cause which was highly prized by those who had hitherto "borne the burden and heat of the day."

Busily engaged throughout the week in his daily toils, he, with others, would walk on the Sabbath a distance, forward and backward, of from twenty to thirty miles, to preach at Ilfracombe and other distant places "the unsearchable riches of Christ." For these toils they received no worldly patronage or emolument, but their "record is on high."

Besides these Sunday labours, Cottage-services and *open-air preaching*, in which he took an active part, were carried on in the lanes and alleys of the town, with great efficiency and manifest usefulness. These Christian efforts were rewarded by a subsequent outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and extensive additions to the Church.

With little education, save what he gathered at the Sunday-school, he became an intelligent expositor of Christian duty and privilege. With manifest honesty of purpose, and with all faithfulness, he would "reprove, rebuke, and exhort;" and while his frankness of expression would fail to conciliate the attachment of all, his preaching was always acceptable and generally useful.

The income he received as an operative in the lace factory became much reduced as his years advanced and his family increased; yet with limited means, he passed through life with considerable credit and respectability, and over a period of more than forty years maintained an unblemished reputation.

In the closing scenes of his life, his health became much enfeebled, and he latterly devoted himself to sick-visiting, a few pounds a year having been subscribed for the object. In this engagement it is sufficient to say he was most conscientious in his attention to his duties, which he only abandoned within a few weeks of his death.

His last illness was very severe, but amid much bodily suffering, he was enabled to maintain his trust in God. His experience (as in life) was not of a joyous character, but his faith rested on the truth of God. He knew in Whom he had "believed," and sustained the assurance that God would keep that which he had committed unto Him, even unto that day. His earthly tabernacle has failed, but he has "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He now rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. Much of the comfort and Christian privilege enjoyed in the present day, is due to the earnest and self-sacrificing labours of those who, in earlier days, stemmed hostility and prejudice, and fearlessly, amidst the scorn of the world, sustained the cause of God. Let us seek to follow them as they followed Christ, and to maintain our attachment to those great principles which alone form the secure foundation of the Church.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For August, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
July	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	4 19	7 52	8 43a	8 8a	2 28m	8 2a	2 25m
August						*Rises.*	
8	4 34	7 35	8 8	7 56	2 23	4 12m	2 2
18	4 50	7 16	7 23	7 41	2 19	3 46	1 20
28	5 6	6 55	6 33	7 23	2 15	3 19	0 38

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4th, New Moon .... 9h. 46m. morn. | 18th, Full Moon ..... 8h. 53m. after.
12th, First Quarter .... 5h. 52m. morn. | 25th, Last Quarter .... 8h. 35m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 3d ..... 2h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,581 miles.
„ 17th ..... 11h. after., Perigee; „ 222,701 „
„ 30th ..... 10h. morn., Apogee; „ 252,167 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 237,538 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 1st ..... 93,021,080 miles.
September 1st ..... 92,462,240 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 558,840 „

The Moon will be in conjunction with *Mars* on the 2d, at 10h. 36m. in the morning; with *Uranus* on the 3d, ten minutes before noon; with *Jupiter* on the 4th, at 5h. 39m. in the morning; and with *Venus* at 7h. 15m. in the evening; with Mercury on the 6th, at 2h. 10m. in the afternoon; with Saturn on the 16th, at 3h. 50m. in the morning. Again with Uranus on the 30th, at 9h. 12m. in the evening; with Mars on the 31st, at 5h. 29m. in the morning; and with Jupiter at 11h. 41m. in the evening.

Mercury will be at its greatest elongation from the Sun, twenty-seven degrees east, on the morning of the 3d. It will be in aphelion on the 4th a little before midnight. The apparent motion among the fixed stars changes on the 16th from direct to retrograde. On the 25th it will be at the greatest distance from the plane of the Earth's orbit southward. On the 30th, at eight o'clock in the evening, it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun, about four degrees southward of the disc.

Venus will not be visible to the naked eye during this month. On the afternoon of the 23d, it will be in conjunction with *Mercury*, six degrees farther northward.

Mars is the morning star. It rises in the early part of the month, just as Saturn sets. On the morning of the

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24th it will be very near Uranus, the apparent distance being only half a degree, Mars the more northerly. With respect to the two fixed stars, Castor and Pollux, it takes in the early part of the month the same position which Jupiter recently so long occupied. Its eastward progress among the fixed stars, is, however, much more rapid, as will be easily seen by comparing its position on successive nights with the two fixed stars referred to. At the beginning of October it will have reached Regulus. It overtakes Jupiter on the 21st of September.

Jupiter is in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 3d. As the Sun's apparent motion among the fixed stars is much more rapid than that of this planet, the latter will be left behind, and will reappear before sunrise toward the end of the month; there will then be two morning stars, Mars and Jupiter, about fifteen degrees asunder. When close to one another, it will be interesting and instructive to compare their relative brightness. If we receive from them only reflected sunlight, and if their surfaces are equally capable of reflecting the light incident on them, Jupiter ought to appear to us between four and five times brighter than Mars on the 21st of September.

Saturn will cross the meridian on the 8th at ten o'clock, and on the 22d, at nine o'clock in the evening, at an altitude of sixteen degrees. The extreme length of the rings is forty-one seconds, the breadth seventeen seconds. The equatorial diameter of the ball is seventeen and a half seconds; the polar, a little over sixteen seconds. On the north side the ball comes between us and the rings, on the south side the rings appear to us to lop off the lower part of the southern hemisphere. The shadow of the ball on the upper side will appear as a narrow dark line near the edge of the ring.

Uranus begins to be visible in the early morning, toward the end of the month.

Neptune crosses the meridian on the 16th at four o'clock in the morning, at an altitude of forty-seven degrees, and is therefore above the horizon the greater part of the night. It is in Pisces, quite close to a fifth-magnitude star numbered 537 in the British Association Catalogue, and marked with the Greek letter *omicron* on the Maps.

The 120th Asteroid was discovered on the 10th of April, at Marseille, by Mr. Borelly. It is far too small to be seen without the aid of a good telescope.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bould, Thomas,	Kenton,	Longton,	72	Mar. 4th, 1872.
Collier, Robert,	New Mills,	New Mills,	66	April 30th, 1872.
Lee, Hannah,	Marple,	New Mills,	65	April 13th, 1872.
Rollerson, Samuel,	Crowland,	Peterborough,	82	Jan. 25th, 1872.
Thomas, Ann,	Bosprenthis, Cornwall,	St. Ives,	72	Jan. 21st, 1872.
Whittaker, Thomas,	Disley,	New Mills,	62	April 16th, 1872.

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METHODISM AT KANDY, SOUTH CEYLON.

BY THE REV. J. NICHOLSON.

THERE is one picture in the opening day of Christian Missions upon which our minds dwell with unwearied interest; we refer to that wondrous and blessed hour of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit touched, sanctified, and used every class of mind, all varieties of feeling, and each type of nationality, in the multitude at Jerusalem. In the first pages of our "Missionary Notices" we find dwellers on distant shores, like those "men of Cyprus and Cyrene;" we have scholars of the law, as Paul and Apollos; Simon and Andrew, James and John, the fishers of Galilee; with Philemon of Colosse, and "Luke, the beloved physician."

Our Missions can rejoice still in the same universality of agency

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and success. The Lord's work is not enclosed within one small circle, nor has any nation a monopoly of triumph: throughout the world we see "Victory to Jesus Christ" inscribed upon holy examples. As the light of the morning shines with equal beauty on the hut and the mansion, so the Gospel reaches and blesses man on the heights of philosophy and in the depths of superstition. In the higher world of morals, physical laws and methods are strangely reversed. The glory of our rising sun first gilds the mountain crown, *then* descends to the fields and vales; but the radiance of Immanuel's love often visits *first* our humblest homes, and from the manger, the cottage, and the lowly dwelling, climbs onward and upward to the castle, the palace, and the throne.

Let me lead my readers to a royal city, nestling amidst a magnificent range of eastern alps. In those central highlands of Lanka, there dwells a hardy, strong-willed race of mountaineers, who for three centuries repelled the forces of Portugal, Holland, and Britain; and when, fifty-seven years ago, the English flag did wave over those hills, it was the cupidity and cruelty of Raja Singha, the native king, that unbarred the fortresses, and opened our way. We go, then, to KANDY, which is classic, sacred ground to three hundred millions of Oriental believers in Buddha. On one side are the "Tombs of the Kings," guarded by yellow-robed priests; in the centre of a beautiful lake, is a stone-built house, where royal slaves were wont to dwell; and a large green plain on the border of that lake, has long been the arena for gorgeous displays of kingly magnificence, or the rallying-point of national enthusiasm. Upon the eastern side of this esplanade, is the Maligawa, or sacred palace, the precious shrine of Buddha's Tooth, a piece of discoloured ivory, over which Singhalese Buddhists have rejoiced for fifteen centuries, and to which pilgrim-processions yet come from Burmah, Siam, India, and China. What Rome has been to the votaries of Popery, that Kandy is to those three hundred millions who look upon Buddha as the supreme ruler of gods, and the omniscient, infallible teacher. To have a successful Mission in that sacred city, is not only levelling our cannon at the ramparts of the foe, but also laying the mine which will one day demolish the ancient fortress.

Entering Kandy, the old metropolis of the mountain region of Ceylon, crowds of native people, in rich variety of Oriental costume, line the approach to the station. They gaze with wonder and terror upon that iron horse which has dragged those large carriages over their hills, and landed safely such hosts of travellers in the royal city. A correspondent of one newspaper in Ceylon, gives the following very curious reason assigned by some Singhalese on-lookers for the performance of this feat: That the railway powers had caught the

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Gini Yakka, or "Fire Devil," put him into the boiler, and by his skill the wheels were turned round.

On the east, a grand mountain five thousand feet above the level of the sea is belted with a cloud, whilst bright rays of sunlight are tipping the summit, and throwing a radiance over the base. Upon other hills, in every direction, coffee-trees are planted, and labourers gather red ripe cherries to be pulped, prepared, and sent as "the fragrant berry" to western shores. Villas are built upon many of the surrounding heights, giving their occupants the benefit of fresh morning air, and pretty peeps at the old city beneath them. In the barracks, raised above the noise and dust of Kandy, are loyal hearts, and noble men, from many happy British homes.

Once, weekly, the bazaars are filled with noisy, merry, Coolie labourers, from near and distant plantations, who come to purchase their rice and stores for family comfort and daily need. They make quite an invasion upon the trade and life of the metropolis, and are composed of strange eccentric characters. Here is the *kangany*, or leader of his band, with white flowing robe and turbaned head; near him is a man with an old brown coat of his master's, patched with at least three bright pieces of coloured cloth; and there stands another, with laughing, mischievous eyes, wearing a cast-off soldier's coat of dirty red, boasting just one lonely relic of buttons, which once did shine; in the next street you meet a Coolie wearing the remnant of a planter's morning dress, one tail of the coat wanting, under which some bare, tawny, strong legs are marching along in three-feet strides. Yonder is a multitude of women from their coffee-sorting labour; some have babies nursed upon their side, others are merry as youth and liberty can make them, but all chatter with a buzz and a din which make their secrets common public property. Each nation has its own special mode of dress. You see the Tamils, Mohammedans, Malays, and Singhalese, in those companies, and they form a picturesque, amusing sight. Come to a fresh street. Here is a native trader watching his goods, of wondrous variety and differing worth; in that long room or shop you will find rice, fruits, grain, saucepans, mirrors, knives, cups, saucers, and plates, mixed up with coats, vests, trousers, shawls, handkerchiefs, dresses, thread, cotton, laces, socks, shoes, fans, buttons, hats, caps, and spectacles; also a fine supply of earrings, noserings, and bangles with silvered chains at threepence each, and gilded ankle ornaments for sixpence per pair,—such an array of the east and west as would puzzle any head but that of this patient, obliging, and successful man of business. Here, too, is a new picture of market life, for upon the edge of that low roof there stands a cunning old crow, twisting his head knowingly, and watching his time to pounce upon the rice, or seize

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some fruit, and caw away with his triumphant theft. Wait a minute. You see in the road a company of villagers wending their way to the temple, carrying carefully in their hands some offerings. One has a green sheath containing the flower of a palm-tree, the next bears a little pot of oil, another has a bunch of plantains or bananas, and others carry bundles of rice. These are a fulfilling of that law which they observe, not knowing its origin: "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy fulness;" (Exodus xxii. 29;) "The firstfruits of thy labours, which thou hast sown in the field." (Exodus xxiii. 16.) Rise with the morning light, and hasten with us to a hill near the home of mine host; a walk of fifteen minutes brings you to the curve of a height in our central province. All beneath is shrouded in deep mist, not the least speck of land is visible in the wide survey that eminence gives you; but the sun has just peeped above the distant horizon, and in ten minutes those dense clouds quiver under his beams. Then a crown of some mountain is cleared, and soon another dark summit stands out to view. As the light becomes clearer, and the warmth more genial, mountains, hills, and heights are revealed, while columns of smoke rise up from busy homes of coffee planters, and bunches of native dwellings. After a while you see magnificent breakings in the lingering mists, and the sunlight is let down to the valleys. The stream you have heard dashing and rolling along comes to sight, and catches one radiant gleam of the rising sun, making those waters shine with beauteous lustre. Soon the power of yon orient daylight has dispersed the vapours and dissolved that gathered haze, and the last trembling film melts away in the glowing flood of an eastern sky; and now one of the finest, richest, most enchanting scenes of Lanka's beauty is unfolded before you in all its living variety and gorgeous splendour: "Behold the day, behold, it is come; the morning is gone forth." (Ezekiel vii. 10.) "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." (1 John ii. 8.)

Robert Newstead was the first Wesleyan Missionary who visited the mountain capital of Lanka; then Robert Spence Hardy planted the standard of Jesus in that centre of heathenism, but other calls of duty removed him to the coast again in nine months, and our Mission was given up in a few years. Still, in spite of the strong character inherited by Kandians, the might of superstition two thousand years old, and the dislike of noble families to conquerors, Methodism has won some of its most blessed victories in that mountain-seat of idolatry.

After our first revival at Colombo, on the sea-coast, the Lord removed some of our best workers into various parts of the island; one of the most gifted and useful was an advocate of the Supreme Court, whose way was suddenly opened to Kandy. He arrived there

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in January, 1866, with the fervent joy of our Pentecost yet fresh in his soul; and instead of sinking into cold formality, or compromising his principles, he began to search for wandering Methodists and backsliding members. His own glowing fire was well sustained by converted members of his home, and when the anniversary of their spiritual birthday arrived, on the 13th of March, all the Methodists of Kandy were invited to tea, and the repast was followed by a special service of thanksgiving in the drawing-room. No caste barrier excluded the lowly and poor from that gathering; the humblest scion of every Methodist family was welcomed there, for they were all one in Christ. At their meeting for fellowship and prayer, the Master Himself was present to bless and to save; for while Mr. Eaton declared what an omnipotent Saviour had accomplished in his heart, a current of spiritual influence ran through that room; it was not the fire which scathes and consumes the sinner, but the heavenly light which reveals our sin, and then shows the way to Jesus. On their knees, penitents sought a Saviour's power to give rest; one after another rose to testify acceptance with God, and the unspeakable bliss of that glorious night sent them forth as living witnesses that love Divine can conquer all.

Their love deepened, their zeal increased, and by the end of June there were twenty names on our Kandian Class-book. These mountain dwellers belonged to the "Nothing venture, nothing win" Society, and were courageous enough to send to the Leeds Conference their request for a Missionary, who was sent at once, on their promising to raise £150 per annum for his support. No miserable doles of a penny per week, and sixpence for the ticket, from incomes of £200 a-year, but the Scriptural rule of a tenth from every family, was their measure of giving to the Lord. In January, 1867, the Rev. George Baugh re-opened our Kandian Mission, and the succeeding five years have been seasons of marvellous success, princely liberality, and abiding spiritual power.

The power of that earliest baptism has never been lost in this Society, but with every accession to their band, the flame of loving gratitude was kindled anew. During one week of Special Services, in 1869, fifty persons obtained "the favour and the peace of God," in our preaching-room. Some of these happy ones had been born Buddhists, were taken by their mothers to idol shrines, and then went themselves to bow before the gilded images. Now they could bear testimony to a realized pardon, and sing, "My Father God!" Among the European soldiers, too, a very gracious work has been carried on. In one case, a converted man was reading his Bible, when some comrades came to him, saying in fun, "Come D—, preach to us a bit." True to his colours, he read a chapter of

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St. Luke, and pressed home upon them the parable of the Prodigal Son, till one listener was strangely moved, and soon became penitent. That night the troubled man came to his earnest friend in deep distress of soul; they both retired to a wood, and there the Father above spoke peace to the contrite sinner's heart. At the close of 1870, William Taylor, of California, visited Kandy for a week, and ninety persons found a present Saviour; among them, an ex-priest of Buddha then rested on Christ, and obtained permanent peace.

As a proof of what our Eastern converts will do when their hearts are right with God, take the following summary of contributions in Kandy Circuit during the last four years. We place the items under four divisions:—

Raised by the Members of the Society . . .	£877	6 10	Sent by English friends for the chapel . . .	£286	18 6
Raised in the island for a new chapel . . .	1,005	2 0	For general purposes . .	74	1 11

Here we have a total of £2,243 9*s.* 3*d.* in an Oriental Circuit during four years; not obtained by a sudden effort, but showing a steady adherence to "giving" as a Christian principle, the result of inner spiritual life. The membership has advanced from twenty-seven to one hundred and fourteen, and the average amount given by our Kandian Society during the above period, is £2 10*s.* per Member each year. How many Circuits are there in Britain, or the Mission-field, where similar results can be shown?

In such facts and figures we see the living power obtained from a genuine Revival, such as our fathers witnessed in the early years of Methodism. We cannot close without asking each reader to ponder this question, "When those Eastern converts have made such sacrifices for the Lord's cause, do they not deserve my aid?" The writer believes they do, and they *need* it, too. On the 29th of November last, the KANDY CHAPEL was opened, amid such rejoicings and displays of power Divine as can only be realized where constraining love has prompted to costly offerings from gladsome hearts. The Kandy chapel requires some hundreds of pounds ere all liabilities are cleared. May the reader's contribution be liberally and cheerfully given to help the right noble Missionary in his earnest and patient toil. It will delight many true Methodist souls to see a long list of donations for this purpose in the "Notices" for next month.

GONE!

Going! Gone! Going! Gone! Be quiet, old clock; why make that melancholy sound? try a more cheerful refrain: think of the bright eyes and happy faces that have glanced up at your grim old face; of the childish

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feet that have pattered around you; of joyous reunions and merry meetings. Cease your hoarse murmurings. *Going! Gone! Going! Gone! Going! Gone!* Still the same! I will leave you then, old clock, and go into the garden, and hear what the flowers say to me. Beautiful flowers! how bright and lovely ye are; *you* enjoy the sunlight, giving in return for the beams of warmth and light, sweet odours of gratitude, sending forth all around you fragrance and beauty; no gloom here. Tell me, sweet flowers, what it is you whisper so gently and low to each other. *Going! going! Gone! Going! going! Gone!* Once we bloomed, a family of varied kinds and hues; some of us have withered, drooped, and died; and we are going, going. See, our leaves are falling; we are fading, fading. Poor little flowers! be not so sad; how gently this breeze is soothing ye! how its kiss seems to woo you to happier thoughts: roughly it may rush through the great swaying trees, but it just tenderly waves your slender stems; listen to its voice, little flowers. *Going! Gone! Going! Gone!* What, you too? Old Ocean, I will seek your sandy shore, perhaps from the mighty throbs of your restless heart I may find some comfort. Tell me of gallant barques, laden with riches and plenty, manned by stalwart men, passengered by happy families seeking new countries and new fortunes, finding health and wealth beyond thy dark blue waves. Alas! the thunder of the eternal surge answers me only of empty homesteads; of weary, aching hearts longing for faces and forms lying far, far down beneath the waters; of riches and treasure hidden for ever from mortal eye in its sea-caverns; of warm, brave, true hearts still and cold, never to beat again. *Gone! gone! gone!* Each wave repeats it, and breaks and dies.

If things around me speak so powerfully of mutation, I feel I must commune with myself, and see from my own experience what is gone, and what is going. Once I was a little child; no care, no sorrow, beyond some childish disappointment; my tears quickly dried; shielded from evil by a parent's loving hand. Where are my childhood's days? Gone! Friends of my youth, father, mother, sisters, brothers, where are you? Gone! Some to distant lands, and some to heaven; those who remain are going, I am going. Where? Opportunities of serving Jesus neglected, gone! Moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, going, going, going; thank God, not all *gone* yet! Life is still left me, opportunities are still given, God's Spirit still strives. I will now, yes, now, use the moment ere it, like its fellows, is gone! Once I heard a young Minister, speaking of the necessity of immediate decision, tell of a man who fell down a precipice, but was caught half-way by a projecting ledge; his friend above hearing his cries for help, procured assistance; they lowered a rope, but it did not reach the poor, trembling, bruised man; they gently swung it to and fro; each time it came nearer and nearer, till it is within reach; the man catches it, and is safely drawn up. If he had not laid hold on it just when it came near, each repeated vibration would have sent it farther and farther away, and he must have been dashed to pieces. The voice that told us that, is hushed in death; the eye that flashed as he spoke of the peril, is quenched for ever; no more shall those pleading, entreating tones fall on our ears; the preacher is gone, but the warning still applies. I will

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then, when tempted to put off serving God and giving my heart to Him, to neglect duties, to procrastinate everlasting things, to trust to earthly and fleeting pleasures, remember what the clock, the breeze, the ocean, and my own conscience say, *Going! going! Gone! Going! going! Gone!*

E. M. HASWELL.

RAHAB.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

IN the Scriptures the *faith* of Rahab is brought distinctly under our notice, so far as regards its *operation*, "she received the spies with peace;" and its glorious *result*, she "perished not with them that believed not."

The truth, that all things belonging to humanity must have had a beginning and a source, immediately suggests inquiries respecting the *origin* of Rahab's faith. The special circumstances of her case give zest to our inquisitiveness; and we are all the more eager to discover how a woman, living in an idolatrous city, in the midst of a depraved community, and surrounded by associations least of all calculated to be the nursery-ground of any of the "fruits of the Spirit," *became possessed* of a faith which was the instrument and harbinger of so great a salvation.

In starting in pursuit of an answer to our inquiries, we receive valuable counsel and direction from St. Paul, who gives us great assistance when he tells us that "faith cometh by hearing." Turning to the shred of information which the Sacred Oracles contain respecting this woman of Jericho, we find that she herself readily admits that her faith came into her possession through the self-same channel; when, in her conversation with the spies she says: "We have heard how the LORD dried up the water of the Red Sea for you, when ye came out of Egypt."

Again, the unsatisfied spirit of inquiry demands, by what *means* such information could have reached Rahab's ears; for until the day she spake those words, no wanderer of the stock of Israel had visited the place, to declare among the people that "wonderful work of God." Here the historian is silent, and the Apostle vouchsafes no illumining ray. We are therefore fairly brought into the field of *conjecture*, and are left therein, to gather such harvest as our scrutiny may find, and our moral strength may reap.

For many years before the date of our narrative, Syria and Egypt held commercial intercourse with each other. The spices of Damascus, the balm of Gilead, and the luxurious produce of the "land flowing with milk and honey," were carried by merchantmen through the desert to Egypt, and there were bartered for works of Egyptian industry and art. To a company of these "traffickers," Joseph was sold by his brethren. The merchantmen of the day were not only the bearers of precious burdens, but also the carriers of information, and the circulators of the current news. As the city of Jericho lay almost across the line of their march, it naturally became important as an emporium.

On the approach of a commercial company, the watcher on the city wall gave the signal, and eager crowds thronged to the market-place; some to buy, some to sell, and others "to tell, or to hear some new thing." Amid a group of the latter class, we

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may observe the handsome figure and determined countenance of Rahab. The merchantmen come from Egypt, and tell of the change which has passed over that land since their previous visit. They also repeat many strange tales they have heard from the lips of men who professed to have been eye-witnesses thereof. The limpid waters of the Nile had been suddenly transmuted into blood; most loathsome vermin had infested the land; storms of devastating fury had swept through the length and breadth of the kingdom; darkness had reigned at noonday; man and beast had writhed in agony from the pain of unaccountable eruptions of the skin; a strange mortality had come and gone in a single night, leaving no family unmolested, and no home without a corpse; and, at a pre-concerted signal, those Israelitish slaves, the results of whose labours were rapidly becoming the wonder of the world, suddenly and simultaneously left their work, and marched away from the capital, whilst their inhuman taskmasters stood aghast and confounded by a movement so unprecedented. To these narratives the spell-bound men of Jericho listened with bated breath, and almost swooned away with excitement as the speakers went on to say, that the king had risen in indignation, and, gathering his army together in haste, had pursued the fugitives; that, coming upon them just in time to behold the waters of the sea divide before them to make a way for their escape, he had madly dashed into the mysterious gorge with all his host, when the yawning abyss closed upon them like the jaws of some great monster of the deep, and not a man escaped alive to tell the thrilling tale. This was all the chapmen knew, save that the people said these startling wonders were the doings of the mighty hand of Israel's God.

These stories are repeated from house to house, as days and months pass by; and many and intense are the longings of the people for the arrival of other merchantmen, who, perchance, may supplement the news. By and by, the watcher's signal comes down from the wall, "Merchantmen from Egypt;" and immediately the human tide pours itself into the market-place. The murmurs of the tumult are heard by the approaching caravan, and one general cry rises from the surging multitude,—"What news from Egypt?" The gold of Ophir, and the fine linen of the south, are neglected, and pushed rudely and impatiently aside, as the inquiry is again repeated, "What news from Egypt?" And now the stories of plague and overthrow again are told, to which are added tidings of the fugitive slaves. Having escaped without disaster from the land of their captivity, they had been heard of as wandering in the wilderness; having no natural means of subsistence, yet living, and thriving, and multiplying; having no organized army, yet carrying fire and sword against all the great cities and mighty nations by whom their progress had been opposed; having no idol in their camp, yet under the protection of a God whose power had overturned the strongholds, and destroyed the votaries of the most dreaded deities of the age. These messengers had seen the cities of Sihon and Og, (names which struck terror into the hearts of the men of Jericho,) in former journeys, in their glory, and now they had beheld them in ruins and desolation. They had not, however, had personal

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communications with the erratic conquerors.

Again there is an interval of suspense in Jericho, until the constant watcher descries the well-known cloud of dust in the horizon, and wayworn travellers draw slowly nearer to the gates of the city, where they are met by restless crowds, who demand the latest news. The fullest confirmation is given to all which has been told before, and tidings of weightier import hang upon their lips. They have seen the mighty warriors, and held converse with the elders of Israel, who have divulged the secret that Jericho is doomed; and the foe is already on its march. Well were the experiences of this solemn moment embodied by Rahab in that impassioned sentence, "As soon as we had heard these things, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more courage in any man, because of you: for the LORD your God, He is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath."

Rahab was no privileged person. In common with the rest of the inhabitants, she had heard of Israel, and Israel's God. The fear and trembling which fell upon all, were experienced by her. But how different the course of conduct prompted by the knowledge acquired. Her neighbours sullenly resolved to face the enemy, and take their chance together: she knew that where Pharaoh, and Sihon, and Og had fallen, Jericho could not possibly stand; and being determined to save herself, she must act independently of others. The hearts of the men of Jericho were hardened under the "terror of the Lord;" she was "persuaded" by it. Their faith was in sword and spear: hers was in the living God. They fortified their city, and boasted of the strength of their wall, and the prowess of their arms: she was ever on the outlook for a way of escape, by which she might "flee from the wrath to come." They gazed upon the hosts of Israel as they were encamped on the distant plain, and regarded them as their bitterest foes: she descried the spies on their approach to the city, intercepted them at the gates, and welcomed them to her house as her dearest friends. They "believed not," and "perished;" she "believed," and "perished not." Every member of the community had equal opportunities, but she alone embraced them, and "by grace" she was "saved, through faith."

TOO NEAR THE TIGER'S PAW.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

ON the evening of Christmas-day, some years ago, a considerable number of persons were inspecting a menagerie then in Huddersfield. Among the spectators was a young woman, whose attention was specially attracted by a leopard. She greatly admired the spotted and shining skin of the ferocious animal, and kept her eyes intently fixed on it as she sauntered slowly along. So completely was her mind absorbed in the terrible beauty of the leopard, that she did not observe whither she was going. Unknown to her a pair of eyes, bright and fierce as those of the leopard, were fixed on her. A tiger from his den was awaiting the moment when his paw, already thrust through the bars of the den, could reach her. That moment came. Fortunately the horrid paw only succeeded in seizing the coil of plaited hair at the back of her head, and at the same instant the young

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person's misfortune was observed by a woman standing close to her, who had the presence of mind to seize the girl firmly by the waist, and resolutely maintain her hold, pulling the screaming girl as far as possible from the den. But the tiger was not willing to lose his victim, and the hair was not artificial, and both abundant and firmly plaited. The ferocious animal roared and plunged terrifically. If he could succeed in getting hold of the girl's arm, the tiger would at least taste human blood, and she would, most likely, be grievously injured before she could possibly be rescued. So the tiger pulled inside, and the two pulled outside, and spectators shrieked and got into the way of the keepers who were hurrying to the rescue. However, before any further injury was done to the girl, or any additional aid arrived, the comb dropped from the hair, and the coil unfurled, and the tiger had nothing left but a paw-full of hair torn up by the roots, which was of no use whatever to the savage brute. The sufferer fainted from agony and terror, but soon recovered, and left the menagerie to reflect on the lesson thus taught to her on Christmas evening. She certainly meant no harm, and perceived no danger, yet she, as certainly, had gone too near to the tiger's paw.

We may from this circumstance learn to avoid suffering as far as is consistent with the performance of duty. We must manifest courage when peril confronts us in our appointed path; and fortitude when pain has been allotted to us by an all-wise Providence. But we should not feel comfortable to have a tiger pulling at our back hair, and hoping to dine on us, through our own sheer thoughtlessness. He is no true hero who is blown to atoms or burnt to a cinder, with some scores of his associates, because he chose to smoke a pipe or strike a light in the mine or powder factory. Nor is he a true hero whose neck is broken after urging his horse over some impracticable fence, because determined to win a silver cup at the steeplechase; nor is he a hero who is drowned from being seized with cramp or heart spasm having swum beyond all help, not to save life, but to excel all his acquaintances. But we may specially learn to avoid what is worse than suffering, even when that suffering is fatal. Let us keep as far as possible from whatever would lead us into sin.

Keep far from intemperance.—It will prove all the better if we can do without any liquor which can intoxicate. Even admitting that such liquor is useful as medicine, we are not sick every day; and when we are sick, something else, not so dangerous, may answer as well. Tell the doctor, "If, Sir, you can prescribe anything else that will answer the purpose, I am man enough to swallow it though it contain all the nauseous tastes to be found in the wells of Harrogate bogs." If, however, you really deem a little beer or wine indispensable, keep away from all those houses where men get gain by making others tipsy. A fly may be caught in the web of the spider, for the spider is very cunning and the fly very silly; but you have, or ought to have, more sense than a fly. There are places where drunkards are manufactured with ceaseless regularity. Do not you be caught by any of the craft employed. There may be a warm fire and bright range, and clean hearth; there may be respectable company, and even a

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little hymn-singing. But you know what a drunkard, when turned out as a finished article, is. Keep a great way from the tiger's paw.

Keep far from impurity.—Those who are virtuous, and purpose to remain so, have need to be on their guard, and to avoid every path wherein they would incur needless risk. There is so much evil around, and such continual tendency to evil within, that none are safe who saunter with heedless steps. The theatre is, in this respect, too near the tiger's paw. It is affirmed that some plays are free from anything that would contaminate. Possibly so. But where is the play-house wherein such dramas, and none others, are enacted? Managers know full well that absolute purity of thought and expression would be ruinous to them. We affirm not that all play-goers cease to be virtuous; but, assuredly, they seek delight in an atmosphere which is not always stainless. In reading, there is need for careful selection. Some hurtful writings have been far too much praised for their beauties. From some of these, if all that gratifies a depraved taste was extracted, the residue would be thought exceedingly tame. But if we admit that gifted men have been vile, and that, hence, viciousness and genius are mingled in their writings, it does not follow that it is wise to read such books. A prudent man would not study the paintings of Art-masters, whether ancient or modern, if suspended on the walls of a pest-house, where disease and death would be inhaled. Thomas Fuller somewhere says, "I would not gather flowers on the brink of hell." Have no companionship with those whose conversation is improper. In one of the many benighted neighbourhoods of London, and surrounded by much profligacy, there is a barber's shop in the window-panes of which are these four inscriptions: "Clean water," "Clean brushes," "Clean towels," "Clean talk." Never loiter where the talk is not clean. In all gatherings of pleasant kind, avoid and discourage what looks like evil, or might lead to evil. At school-treats, birthday parties, Christmas assemblies, and such occasions, behave circumspectly. It is not always sufficient to saunter heedlessly along, meaning no harm. *Keep far from the tiger's paw.*

Keep far from gambling.—It would be very difficult to exaggerate the evils which have resulted from gambling when it has become the master passion. Noblemen and peeresses have squandered their estates, merchants and bankers have reduced themselves to poverty, clerks have been induced to commit forgery, and shopmen to rob their employer's till. "The Derby," and the "St. Leger," and a hundred smaller gatherings, have their ramifications of mischief in myriads of dwellings. In some continental cities the awful results are still greater. The madness fastens on its victim as some ferocious beast of prey which will never yield its hold. Fully to come beneath its power is to forfeit more than life. Now, in dealing with a tiger the best plan is to keep as far as possible from it. It has been affirmed that a tiger has been so startled by a lady opening an umbrella in its face, that the brute hurried away: it has been said that such is the power of the human eye, that even a tiger when about to spring on a man will not dare to do so, if met by a fearless gaze: it has also been conjectured that by gorging its appetite, as when a rider sacrifices his horse,

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escape may be effected. The best method of dealing with a tiger is to keep as far off as possible. Earn as much money as you can, and put it in your purse, that you may wisely use it. But never put into your purse a penny gained by gambling in any form, and never have to open your purse to pay a penny thus lost. *Keep far from the tiger's paw.*

Keep far from all sin.—There are thieves of various kinds. Their faces differ; for some are so repulsive that we feel uneasy to meet them in a public road at mid-day, and others are so pleasing that we should be inclined to entrust them with the collecting-box at charity sermons if they were present. Their procedure differs; for some are garotters and half strangle their victims and leave them in the ditch, while others press near to them in a crowd and politely ask questions whilst taking anything valuable out of their pockets. Their attire is different; for some wear glittering yellow chains and rings, that look like gold, and certainly they have good clothes, while others are in dirty rags. But a thief is a thief. He does not intend to enrich you, but to rob you. We had better not associate with such. Sin is sin, whatever its name, garb, or reputation. We shall not be wise if we keep not at the greatest possible distance from that which would destroy us.

We need not, however, repine, or tremble, because in God's providence we are sometimes surrounded by evil, and our fidelity severely tested. Look to God, and use His grace, and we shall be safe. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD.

IV.—THE FAST AND THE VICTORY.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

THE children of Israel felt painfully for many years the effect of the victory of the Philistines on that dark day when Hophni and Phinehas were slain, and the ark was taken. The ark so disastrous to its captors was returned, but the people still groaned under the tyranny and insolence of their Philistian conquerors, and looked back regretfully on the days when the glory of the Lord shining around them was a defence which the armies of a hundred nations could not have broken through. Samuel saw them struggling toward the old faith and worship, and exhorted them to persevere in their endeavours to attain a higher national life. "If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only: and He will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines." The people obeyed the prophet. The heathen sanctuaries they had constructed with so much care and cost, became hateful in their sight; just as in a later age the abbeys and cathedrals rising like masses of petrified foliage, and rich with painted glass and carven doors, but polluted by a corrupt religion, were hateful to the people to whom bold reformers had made known the ancient truths. Art in its finest forms is but an abomination to those who see how it has been associated with, and made an instrument in, their spiritual bondage and debasement; and the Israelites, starting up from their slavery to the old Canaan-

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itish idols, made fierce havoc among their altars and images, and "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees" of the groves which had showed the impious rites of Baal and Ashtaroth. Samuel seeing in the shattered idols the proofs of a thorough reformation, gave directions for a solemn assembly at Mizpeh. Messengers were sent up the hills and through the valleys; and towns and villages and lone dwellings echoed with the trumpet peal which summoned the people to the fast. The tents and booths of an immense multitude were seen at Mizpeh. Water was poured before the Lord as an indication that they could not weep enough on account of their sins, and the people humbling themselves, and deploring their apostasy, said, "We have sinned against the Lord."

The Philistines heard of the assembly at Mizpeh, and doubting not that it foreboded evil to their ascendancy, set out to prevent by force of arms the revolt of those who had been so long submissive to them. The Israelites were alarmed when they heard of the advance of their ancient enemies, but knowing the access which their prophet had to Jehovah, confident that his prayer on their behalf would prevail, said to him, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines." Samuel offered a lamb as a sacrifice, and cried unto the Lord; a cry, doubtless, similar to that which in Joel's day was to rise from the weeping priests between the porch and the altar: "Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?"

While Samuel was sacrificing and praying, the Philistines were rushing forward to what they thought an easy prey, but they were appalled by a thunderstorm of unusual violence. "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty;" a sound which filled the Philistines with fear, but was an omen of good to the Israelites. With the dark cloud for their ensign, and the thunder for their battle-cry, they marched in firm array against their foes, and smote them until they came to Beth-car. The victory was complete, and issued in the recovery of the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel. In commemoration of an event so joyful to the nation, Samuel set up a pillar, which he called "Ebenezer;" a silent witness to the people of what God had done for them in the day of their trouble.

In the history of ancient Israel we may see a prefiguration of the history of the Christian Church. When its members allow the world to steal away their spiritual life, and are content to be well-nigh as inanimate as the swathed mummy in Egyptian coffin, they are visited with shame and disaster, and see falsehood usurping the place of the truth they have embodied in their creed, but ceased to cherish as a living power in their hearts. But let them through the influences of the reviving Spirit become conscious of their sad degeneracy; let them have a humiliating sense of their lowered position in the world; let them call on their venerable Samuels to appeal to God on their behalf; let them with tears and prayers put their cause in the hands of their Great High Priest before the throne, and there will be demonstrations of Divine power in their midst more wonderful than the

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keen flames which flashed on the Philistines' armour, or the thunder which told them that Jehovah was leading His people to the onset. The members of the Church have but to stir themselves up to take hold of God's strength, and He will make them, "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners;" and the monument of their victory will be seen, not in a pillar of stone like that which Samuel set up between Mizpeh and Shen, but in souls saved from death, enwrought into beauteous imagery by the finger of the Holy Ghost, and inscribed with "Holiness unto the Lord." God's people, though they may have fallen from the love and zeal of their primitive days, have but to unite in seeking a renewal of the ancient blessing, and there will be "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," such as when the ministry of David Stoner thrilled through the city of York, and when M'Cheyne and W. C. Burns pleaded so effectually with sinners in Dundee.

FOOD AND DRINK ACT.

We are very pleased to note that the Liverpool Corporation are about to consider the advisability of appointing a public analyst to carry out, as far as such a miserable law can be carried out, the intentions of the Food and Drink Adulteration Act. This is the third town which, during the present year, is adopting this course, and we hail it as a slow though sure test of public opinion as to the necessity of more stringent legislation on the subject. We live in hopes that our rulers may ere long begin to understand that this and other questions of sanitary reform are really of importance to the people of Great Britain—*almost* as urgent as the question of recording a vote *vivâ voce* or by a bean in a box.—*The Food Journal.*

EFFECTS OF NERVES ON DIGESTION.

Sometimes mere imagination sets the nerve apparatus to work, or stops its functions. Children looking in at a pastrycook's window occasionally experience the uncalled-for activity of their nervous system in the watering of that particular organ where they fancy the savoury-looking tarts ought to be. The subject reminds one of the peculiar kind of trial known as the rice ordeal. The accused has to chew a certain amount of rice, and his incapability of digesting it is looked upon as a proof of his guilt. Fear would naturally have the effect of keeping the mouth dry.—*Ibid.*

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I dream'd a dream of heaven.
I soar'd through space full many a league,
Nor knew the pain of flight, nor felt fatigue,
For strength Divine was given.

Relieved of every load,
Of cumbrous flesh, and cares that clog the soul,
My spirit hasten'd towards the blissful goal,
The glorious home of God.

At length it came in sight:
The towers and turrets of its mansions fair;
Such as the Saviour doth for saints prepare,
Bask'd in effulgent light.

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No sun was there, nor moon,
But glory uncreate lit up the scene.
Darkness and night in heaven had never been,
But everlasting noon.

In this unceasing day
I now stood, full of wonder and of joy,
'Mid scenes of constant bliss without alloy,
Nor subject to decay.

And now an angel fair,
In robes of white, with smiles of beaming grace,
Came forth to bid me welcome to the place,
And for my part prepare.

He brought me to a hall;
A hall of wonders, so it seem'd to me,
And so in truth at once it came to be;
My life it did recall.

I gazed with wond'ring awe;
For pictures of my own short life, to tell
Of dangers past, and some remember'd well,
On every side I saw.

O, what a sight was there!
How near to ruin had I often been!
Yet all unknown to me, and all unseen
Those dreadful dangers were!

How oft, upborne by God,
My soul did rise and stand in strength erect,
When, but for Him, it must have sunk direct
Beneath its heavy load!

O wondrous, matchless grace!
I never knew till then how great my debt,—
How many dangers did my path beset,
Through all the godly race.

O may I ne'er forget
How much I need the strength Thou dost impart,
To guide my footsteps, Lord, and keep my heart
Whate'er my path beset!

And in true love and peace
May my oft wearied soul in Thee confide,
And in Thy strong pavilion ever hide,
Till death shall give release.

Then shall my spirit soar
To Thine abode so glorious and so pure,
Where all from sin and sorrow are secure,
And praise Thee evermore.

THE PURITANS UNDER THE STUARTS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

Every victory is not an advantage to the victor. Sometimes a triumph is obtained by unlawful means, and the reaction, when it comes, may more than reverse all previous success. Pyrrhus gained a victory over the Romans; but when one of his officers came to congratulate him, Pyrrhus replied, "Another such victory and we are inevitably ruined." Victory may be obtained at too high a price.

The best subjects of any government are those who have the most goodness and godliness. The religion of the Bible leads to industry, and industry generally leads to success in trade, and thus the godly benefit the community to which they belong. True Christians are restrained by their piety from intemperance, luxury, and their attendant evils; and are, as a rule, thus kept from the prison, the poorhouse, and the infirmary. But beyond all, the godly have the friendship and blessing of the Author and Ruler of human life, Who governs individuals, families, cities, and nations throughout the world.

It is a principle of Scripture that the presence of the good in a community often becomes a public blessing, reaching even to the wicked themselves. The presence of Joseph in the house of Potiphar secured the blessing of the Lord on all he did; this Potiphar himself saw and owned. Afterwards, the abode of Joseph in the land of Egypt became a blessing to the whole nation,

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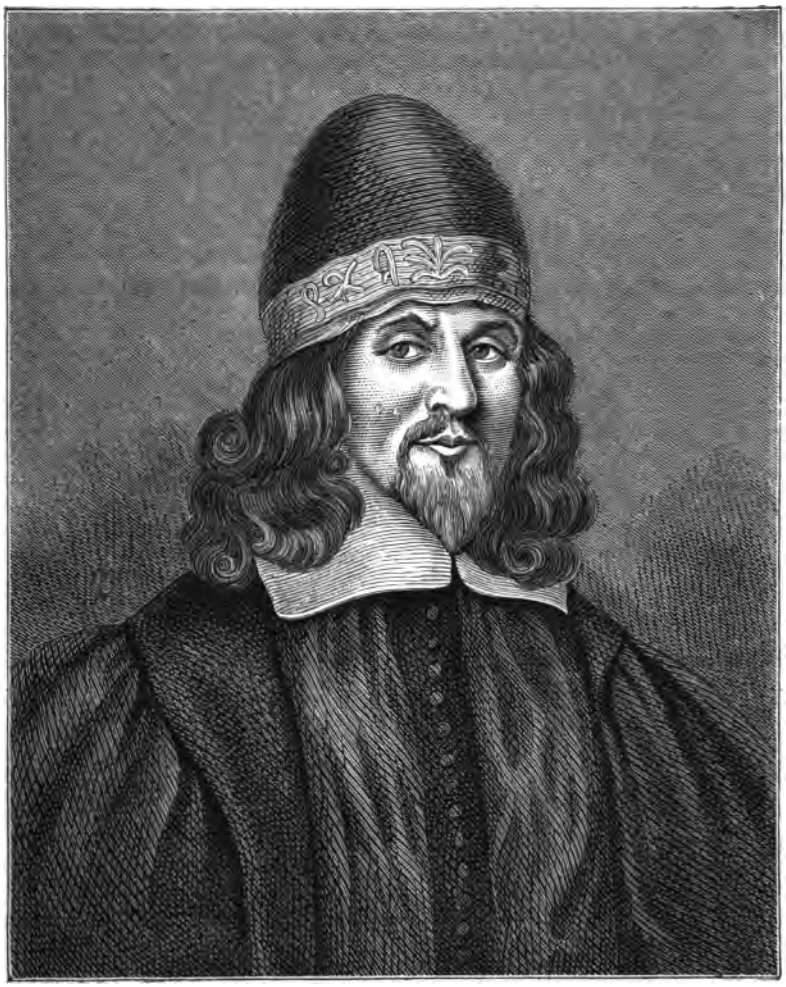

and the king and the Egyptians were sensible of it. The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom because the ark of the Lord rested there. When Samaria was besieged by the Syrians, and a dreadful famine threatened the people, the presence of Elisha secured the deliverance of the city at the critical time. When the kingdom of Israel was suffering from a severe drought, when the brooks and the rivers were dried up, and the king himself went in search of water without finding any, the presence of Elijah on the top of Carmel secured the deliverance of the nation from dreadful sufferings.

The prayers and the holy lives of the godly in a nation are often a better defence than ramparts and cannon and bayonets. Queen Mary, though at the head of affairs, and in possession of that

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mighty power which her father transmitted, is said to have dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe. The truly religious subjects belonging to any nation are the sinews of society, the bones and muscles of the body politic. Is it not bad policy, then, (to take no higher ground,) when a government deprives itself of such subjects by death or banishment? Some historians say, "the Puritans were the salvation of their country," and, "to them we owe our civil liberty." Hard, indeed, it was when they were denied religious liberty, which is man's birthright as a spiritual being, a subject of moral government, and a candidate for eternity. Divine Providence had determined the bounds of their habitation, and had cast their lot in Britain, where they were wishful to remain and serve their "generation according to the will of God." What, then, can we think of the tyrants who presumed to stand between them and the will of God? What had they done? Were they not good subjects of the State? Did they not pray, and live and labour for the welfare of the king and nation? Yet they had to leave the endearments of the land of their nativity, in which they had spent the morning of their existence; they had to brave the dangers of a passage across the Atlantic, when transit was neither so safe nor so expeditious as at the present day. And when the dangers of the voyage were past, when they sighted land, cast anchor and went ashore, where were homes to receive them? There they were, to make the best of surrounding circumstances into which they had been driven. Strangers in a strange country, seeking what their own land denied them, "*Freedom to worship God.*"

During the reign of James I. the present Authorized Version of the Scriptures was issued, in the year 1611. It has been used by the nation from that time to the present. A most precious heirloom it has been. One of the greatest and best gifts of its Divine Author as the common inheritance of the entire people, to promote their highest interests in this life, and to show them God's royal road from earth to heaven; always pleading for the rights of injured and suffering humanity, whoever may be the sufferer, or for whatever cause the punishment may be inflicted.

The reign of the Stuarts is not a bright chapter in the history of Britain. It was well for the nation that the Bible had already made such progress, and its teaching had such a hold on the public mind. Severe battles had yet to be fought by those who loved the Word of God, before that state of society obtained in this country to which the teaching of the Bible constantly tends.

There are distinctions in society which the Scriptures always acknowledge when commands and counsels are given for the regulation of human conduct in this life. But there are other times when the Bible views mankind as *standing on a level*, and addresses them as equals. Have not all the same spiritual origin and destiny? the same standing in the scale of spiritual existence? and the same great work to do whilst they are passing through this life as candidates for eternity? Is not the salvation of the human soul a personal matter between the individual and God? Can any human spirit obtain a meetness for "the inheritance of the saints in light" by proxy, or human legislation? Is not God alone man's supreme Legislator, and Ruler, and final Judge?

When James ascended the throne of England, he was not long in showing how strong were his principles of uniformity in religious matters. Soon after his accession, the Puritans sought an interview with him regarding some freedom in religion which they desired to have granted to them. When the King had heard their representative, he said, "If this be all your party have to say, I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse." And when writing to a friend in Scotland soon afterwards, he said that he had "soundly peppered off" the Puritans, that they had fled before him, and that their petitions had turned him more

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earnestly against them. How far "the Solomon of his age" kept his word, subsequent events proclaimed.

The book of Canons found an easy passage through both houses of Convocation, and was afterwards ratified by the King's letters patent under his great seal; but not being confirmed by Act of Parliament, it has repeatedly been adjudged that they bind only the clergy, the laity not being represented in Convocation. Some of those canons assume more than can be proved, and subsequent events in this country have proclaimed their fallibility. Yet whilst they were in operation, they put new hardships upon the Puritans, and could they have been effectual, the door of heaven would have been shut against them. What an inestimable blessing was the existence of the Bible at such a time! To it the people could make a final appeal on spiritual matters.

The "Book of Sports" was issued as a manifesto against the strictness of the Puritans. When Sabbath-breaking is sanctioned by law, can the downfall of a people be very distant? Does not the recent history of a neighbouring nation teach sad lessons on the fearful consequences of openly breaking the Sabbath? The book was published to meet the wishes of the Papists and High Churchmen, who objected to the strictness of the Reformed religion. It is said, "England never sunk so low in its reputation, nor was so much exposed to the scorn and ridicule of its neighbours, as during the reign of the Stuarts."

Before Charles I. came to the throne, he declared that when he was King there should be but one religion in the nation. When he was on the throne, and Laud was at the head of the Church, the prospects of the Puritans were far from being bright. The marriage of the King had no tendency to promote the interests of Protestantism, nor was Laud very indulgent to those whose religious views were not in harmony with his own.

The deadly contest which Popery has maintained with Protestantism has not been confined to any particular age or nation, but in every age it has extended to every country where Protestantism has had an existence and Popery has been allowed to show itself.

During the reign of Charles I. the great Cardinal Richelieu formed a design to extirpate the Huguenots of France, by securing all their places of strength. With this object, he laid siege to Rochelle. Richelieu, though in the Church, was a great politician, and took advantage of the English King's late match with France, and sent to borrow seven or eight ships, to be employed as the King of France might direct during the contest with the Huguenots. The ships were granted; but when the British sailors were told whither, and why, they were going, they declared they would rather be thrown overboard, or hung up on the top of the masts, than fight against their Protestant brethren. Neither the admiral nor the French officers could change the minds of the British sailors. But the King, when informed of their conduct, commanded his admiral to consign his ship into the hands of the French admiral, and put the others in the service of the French, and in case of resistance to sink the ships rather than be successfully withstood. It was thus that, after a long blockade by sea and land, the chief bulwark of the Protestant interests in France was surrendered into the hands of the Papists. This event showed how the tide of feeling was flowing in the court of this professedly Protestant land.

Measures at length became so extreme that many of the Puritans were obliged to leave their native land and go to North America, to enjoy there that religious liberty which was denied them at home.

Many of the emigrants would have been a blessing to any country as persons of religious principle, wealth, enterprise, and other resources tending to the stability and prosperity of the nation. It is said that if the persecution of the Puritans had continued twelve years longer, one-fourth of the riches of the kingdom would have passed away from

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Britain through the stream of emigration. The nation was thus losing a vast amount of wealth in money, mind, and religious character. Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," was not allowed to teach a school in his native country! The fruit of such doings at length became evident to those who were guilty of them, and a proclamation was issued forbidding all persons except soldiers, marines, merchants, and their factors, to leave the kingdom without his Majesty's license. At one time, eight ships were in the river Thames bound for New England, filled with Puritan families, amongst whom were *Oliver Cromwell* and *John Hampden*, who were detained in England by order of the King.

During the reign of Charles I. the Irish massacre took place, the design of which seems to have been the extirpation of Protestantism. No consideration held the Papists back from their wicked purpose. They broke the ties of friendship and consanguinity; and thousands, thinking they were engaged in the cause of *loyalty and religion*, devoted themselves to the slaughter of the Protestants. Nearly two hundred thousand were thus put to death, and many of them were treated in ways too cruel and inhuman to be described. At one abbey there was a consultation as to what course should be taken with the Protestants, when some were for treating them as the King of Spain did the Moors, whilst others were for destroying the whole of them, by cutting them off at once. This massacre attended an insurrection, the object of which was to place the Government in the hands of the Irish Papists, at a time when Charles I. was not in very favourable circumstances in England; and that the English court were not accessory to the insurrection is more than some historians will admit. Even Clarendon confesses that the authors of the insurrection are answerable for the calamities of the civil war, and if the insurrection had not taken place, it is probable that the sad events which afterwards befell the King and the nation would have been prevented.

The state of feeling at length became so strong that when a remonstrance touching grievances was made out and presented to those in power, Oliver Cromwell told Lord Falkland that if the remonstrance had been rejected, he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England any more. At length the unhappy civil war broke out, the consequence of carrying measures beyond their legitimate bounds. Coercion in religious matters never leads to religious triumphs, but tends naturally to bring about its own destruction. We see this truth illustrated and confirmed repeatedly during the period we are now considering. Sometimes the persecuted when in power became the persecutors, and denied to others those religious rights for which they themselves cried aloud when they were not at the helm of affairs.

Amidst all these contentions the Bible maintained its position; and whilst anti-scriptural principles clashed, and in deadly struggle mutually destroyed each other, the Bible lived through all, and at length gave that peace which it is its mission to confer.

The Puritans have been blamed by some for their great strictness, and at the time of the Restoration the evils which flowed in upon our nation like a flood, are called the reaction of Puritanism. But was it really so? Look at the Revolution in France in 1791 and afterwards; did anything like Puritanism precede it? Is it not ascribed to just an opposite cause? Is it not said that the loose living of those who professed Christianity had much to do with bringing about the fearful revolution? If Puritanism led to the sad state of society in the time of Charles the Second, what produced the Revolution during the next reign? Does not every age come into existence with all the leading features of a fallen state? And if there be not a counteracting influence in operation, will not the corrupt tree certainly bear corrupt fruit? The language of the Bible on this point is clear and decisive: "Can the Ethiopian

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change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Can human reason, or science, or philosophy, or wealth, or any other human resource, become a remedy for the radical and mighty evils which are common to fallen human nature?

When Charles was at Breda, he used language like the following: "We do also declare a liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom." Did the Puritans want more? Did they obtain that?

The Duke of York, who succeeded his brother Charles by the title of James the Second, had been bred a Papist by his mother, and was strongly in favour of Popery. He began his reign a Papist in heart and in conduct. The first Sabbath after his accession he went publicly to mass, and obliged Father Huddleston, who attended his brother in his last hours, to declare to the world that he died a *Roman Catholic*. He conceived the project of changing the established religion of his country. He went openly to mass with all the insignia of royalty, and sent an agent to Rome to make submission to the Pope, and to prepare the way for the re-admission of England into the bosom of the Roman Church.

One day, when the Spanish ambassador ventured to advise his Majesty not to place too much confidence in the Romish priests, "Is it not the custom in Spain," said the King, "for the sovereign to consult with his confessor?" "Yes," answered the ambassador; "and that is the reason our affairs succeed so very ill." The King expressed a wish to repeal the penal laws, as if to benefit the Dissenters, and issued a Declaration of general indulgence, proclaiming that nonconformity to the established religion was no longer penal. But the Dissenters saw that his chief aim was to prepare the way for the Papists, and should Romanism come in under the sanction of the Sovereign, the time would not be distant when the whole Protestant interest would be swallowed up together. The Dissenters were more willing to trust their liberty to the mercy of their Protestant brethren, than receive a legal security for it under a Popish government.

The King was still bent on accomplishing his design, but his policy turned against himself, and issued in "the glorious Revolution of 1688." Father Petre was the King's Confessor, and one of his Majesty's privy council, and he was resolved on the ruin of the Protestant Church. James intended to make him Archbishop of York, which See was then vacant, and he also contemplated procuring him a Cardinal's hat, if he could prevail with the Pope.

One of the greatest of the Puritan leaders was Thomas Goodwin. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, he lived till the twentieth year of Charles the Second, seventeen years after the ejectment of the Nonconforming clergymen. He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1613, being then in his fourteenth year; was chosen a fellow and a lecturer in 1620, being still a minor. But in 1634, "dissatisfied in his conscience with the laws of conformity," he abandoned all his preferments. Under the pressure of persecution he left England in 1639, and took refuge in Holland. On the breaking out of the civil war, he returned to England, in 1643, and was appointed by an ordinance of Parliament, pastor of a church in London, and a member of the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines. Cromwell chose him as his chaplain, and he was admitted President of Magdalen College, Oxford. On the Restoration, he resigned his Presidentship, and anticipated the Act of Uniformity, by becoming pastor of an Independent Church in London, formed principally of Oxonians who followed him from the University to the metropolis. In the great Fire of London he lost about half his library, to the value of five hundred pounds, the rest being rescued from the flames, with extreme

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personal hazard, by the celebrated Moses Lowman. His biographer remarks on this bereavement, "God struck him thus in a very sensible part; for he loved his library too well." Thomas Goodwin wrote many rich pieces of divinity, the principal of which are his Commentaries of parts of the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Book of Revelation, and those which Mr. Wesley abridged for the Christian library: "A Child of Light Walking in Darkness;" "Christ the Object and Support of Faith;" "The Return of Prayers;" and the "Trial of a Christian's Growth." He was one of the holiest men of his time. Wesley thus acutely characterizes him as a theologian: "He was a very considerable scholar, and an eminent divine; and had a very happy faculty in descanting upon Scripture, so as to bring forth surprising remarks, which yet generally tended to illustration." Even during his lifetime his writings achieved a European reputation, and were specially valued in America.

THE INDIANS OF THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

(*Concluded from page* 252.)

Among the Indians not yet Christianized, there is a bloody and unrelenting system of revenge. If on the death of a man it is supposed that his end has been brought about by an evil spirit, a sorcerer pretends to point out the individual or the family at whose instigation the mischief has been done. A near relative of the deceased is charged with the task of vengeance. He is called a "Kanaima," being possessed by the destroying spirit bearing that name. He has to separate himself from his fellow men, and to submit to many privations until he has accomplished the terrible work to which he has been designated. If the real offender cannot be found, some member of his family—man, woman, or child—must be slain. The victim is suddenly struck down, and the fangs of a poisonous serpent run through his tongue, or a virulent powder which the Kanaima carries with him thrust into his mouth, and frightful agonies ensue, which end in death. The vengeance goes beyond death, and if the victim is buried by his friends, the Kanaima will seek out the grave, and press a sharpened stick through his body that he may taste his blood. To ensure the destruction of the Kanaima, the body of the deceased is opened, and a red-hot axe put in it. If after that the Kanaima disturbs the corpse, the Indians imagine that the heat that was in the iron passes into his own body and slowly consumes him. They also fancy that the spirit of the Kanaima will sometimes possess the wild beasts of the forest, and a jaguar of unusual fierceness is called Kanaima. Such an animal will appal the bravest hunter. "This," he will say, "if it be but an ordinary wild animal, I may kill with a bullet or arrow; but what will be my fate if I assail the man-destroyer, the terrible Kanaima!"

The Indians are polygamists, and measure their greatness by the number of their wives. A Warau was seen by a Missionary in 1840 who had nine wives. He was jealous, and shot one, and cut through the arm of another with a cutlass. At length he was laid low in sickness, and they all left him. A man who has already a wife and children, will be seen bringing up a little girl, whom, when grown, he intends to take as a wife. The position of the women is low, and they are sternly and often cruelly treated. They are not the companions, but the slaves of their husbands, and their lives are a dull round of unwomanly labour; for they have to cultivate the provision-grounds, to carry heavy burdens, and to paddle the canoe.

Thus it will be seen that man, even in conditions most favourable to freedom and plenty, is miserable and vicious when without the hopes and restraints of the Gospel. Some efforts have been made to bring those wanderers into the fold of Christ. The London Missionary

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Society has a Mission station up the Berbice; but the highest praise is due to clergymen of the Church of England, who have gone with a noble heroism into danger and privation, to preach the Gospel to the Indian tribes in their wild forest home. One of these began his labours up the Pomeroon, occupying an old hut, half demolished by wood-ants, and the haunt of frogs, huge spiders, cockroaches, scorpions, centipedes, and lizards, one of which, called the "wood-slave," walks on the ceiling with back downward like a fly. For some time the Indians shunned him, but at length one who had seen the effects of Missionary labour in another part of the colony, came to him, bringing a child, which he left in his care, at the same time promising to come for instruction every week; for he said he knew without revelation from heaven it was impossible for any one to find the way to the "Great our Father." Other children and adults followed, and schools were organized, and Church ordinances instituted. New stations were established in different districts of the province, which, with their neat roofs and windows and luxuriant gardens, seemed like a gleam of millennial beauty on the rough features of the wilderness. Many Indians were drawn to these stations, and baptized in the Christian faith; nor was there wanting evidence in their lives of a new and beneficent power at work in their hearts. When there was famine in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland, the distress of the people was brought before the Indians of the Pomeroon Mission. They offered to give their cassava and other provisions for the relief of the sufferers. Being told that these gifts would spoil on the voyage, they expressed a fear that they could give nothing else, as they had but little money: one of them, however, had recently earned ten dollars, with which he was about to go to George-Town to buy clothes for himself and family. Taking one dollar, he said, "I give this for myself;" and holding up another, "I give this for my wife and eldest daughter;" he also offered to lend to those who had no money. His example stimulated the others; even poor widows looked up a small coin, and fifty-two dollars were sent from that station. Many pleasing changes were noticed in those who came under the influence of Christian teaching, and instead of glaring and grotesque paint, there was decent clothing; instead of heathen traditions, and old war-stories, the beautiful narratives of Holy Writ; and instead of the fierce spirit of Kanaima, the gentleness of brotherly love. Still, it is not uncharitable to say that more stress has been laid by the Missionaries on the ordinances of the Church,—baptism, confirmation, and the holy communion,—than on "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." An imperfect Christianity is immeasurably better than the heathenism that is "without God" and without hope "in the world;" but religion founded not on experience, but on certain externalisms, cannot stand when left to itself; thus when the Missionaries have been removed by sickness or death, the stations have fallen into decay; and the people, not taught to speak "often one to another," or to meet for social prayer, have wandered as "sheep without a shepherd."

The Wesleyans have no Mission to the Indians. The exhausting labours in connection with the Churches on the coast, have prevented evangelical excursions into the interior. It would, however, be a noble work for two or three young men of robust health, enterprizing spirit, and willingness to do and dare and suffer for Christ's sake, to bid farewell for a time to civilization, and going up the great rivers of the province, to begin their mission by preaching to the Negroes in the distant wood-cutting establishments, and gathering them into Societies, make these the base of operations among the Indians, taking a wider and yet wider sweep, until even Venezuela, and Brazil, and Surinam could hear the truth from their lips. In his youth, Mr. Wesley was ambitious to preach the Gospel to

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the Red Man, and it would be no unworthy thing to emulate him in this ambition, or to strive for a place of honour with those Apostles to the Indian tribes, Brainerd and Eliot. The greatest triumphs of Missionary enterprize in British South America have been won among the Negroes. The converted Negro is a living answer to the insinuations of brutishness which cannot be eradicated; and of freedom ill bestowed. It is true that he cannot yet vie with the genius of Britain. He cannot build up a palace of song like Tennyson, or sphere his mind among the stars like Herschel, or irradiate the canvas with hues of paradise like Turner; but he can, and often does, equal the Englishman in the things which are "lovely" and of "good report;" and if he advance in the future as he has done in the past, he will take a not unworthy part in the great movements of humanity. But though a great work has been done in the colony by the societies already named, and also by the Church of England and the Scotch Church, there are still many Negro settlements up the rivers, and on the less frequented parts of the coast, which are unvisited by the messengers of peace; in addition to which are the thousands of Portuguese, Chinese, and Hindoos who are strangers to the truth. The Hindoo immigrants are happily not uncared for; and though they cannot all be reached, many have heard the Word of Life, and some have found "the unsearchable riches."

A LINE CAST AT A VENTURE.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!"

THAT "great events from little causes spring," is a matter of universal observation. And what has been crystallized into a proverb, has also been illustrated and noted in the pursuits of the man of science and the studies of the philosopher. "Minute incidents often give birth to a new series of events by which stupendous effects are produced."

Whilst this truth is being continually evidenced in the course of passing events, it is as forcibly illustrated in the world of morals. The unwritten, but not unrecorded, histories of victory and defeat, of progress and retrogression, of allegiance and rebellion, scenes enacted within the minds of men, will furnish many apt illustrations of the strange truth, that trifling incidents have often produced such impressions and convictions as led to results of the greatest consequence; while, on the other hand, extraordinary events, startling and terrible, have made but transient impressions, and have been virtually barren of result.

A striking illustration of this seems to us to be given in the narrative of certain episodes in the life of a seaman, John C—.

At an early age John C— accompanied his father upon a whaling expedition to the South Seas. They had not been long out when Captain C—, his father, was taken ill, and it became necessary to land him at a Mission station, where he might be properly nursed and tended. Meanwhile, the ship proceeded on her cruise in charge of the mate, who intended to return shortly to take in the captain again. Many days had not elapsed, however, when, by misadventure, the vessel was wrecked, the crew, with much difficulty, managing to save themselves in the boats. At this time they were near a group of islands inhabited by cannibals, and however reluctant to venture among them, being without food and water, their necessities compelled them to land. They were not unkindly treated, but distributed among the various islands, were hospitably entertained during their stay, and ultimately all reached the Mission station in safety. But ere John C— left the friendly Fijians, his father had died; and he thus found himself, while yet a boy, deprived of his natural guardian and best friend. While staying with the Missionaries, he made many good resolutions. His escape from the wreck, from the expectation of the cruelty of the cannibal savages, and the death of his father, did

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for a time impress his mind seriously, and the providential deliverances he had experienced made him for a season deeply grateful to God.

But, by and by he joined another vessel, and as time went on he became as thoughtless and careless as his shipmates generally were; so that before long his good resolves were laid aside or forgotten, and that sense of gratitude which had promised to influence his whole life, faded away, and became a mere memory of the past.

A few years later, the ship to which he belongs is anchored off the island of St. Helena. It is a fair, bright evening; the captain and some of the crew are on shore, and those on board are lounging about the deck, or leaning over the side, gaze idly at the island lying so near.

Suddenly, without the least warning, the vessel's powder-magazine explodes, and the decks, with all thereon, are sent into the air! Some of the crew are killed outright, others are picked up fearfully scorched, maimed, and bruised. Among these survivors is John C—, with scarcely a semblance of humanity left, charred and disfigured and burnt to such a degree that life is barely retained. Borne to the hospital, a long period of suffering and compulsory idleness brings the young sailor into a more thoughtful frame of mind. Again his heart is filled with devout emotions, he thanks God earnestly for His great mercy, and makes to himself the promise to live a different life, if spared.

Full of good resolves, by and by he resumes his duties, and obtaining a berth in a homeward-bound vessel, leaves the scene of his providential escape. But as time goes on, the good resolves are forgotten, the old carelessness grows upon him, and he becomes the same heedless sailor as before.

Years have sped on, and amidst the changeful scenes and incidents of a sailor's life, John C— has encountered many a peril, yet nothing has aroused his slumbering conscience. He is now an officer on board an East Indiaman. They have made a successful outward passage, and are now homeward-bo und The steam-tug has left them but a few hours, and they are now fairly at sea, in the Bay of Bengal. The watches are set, and the captain, having seen the vessel under proper canvas, has turned in. They are under double-reefed topsails, for there is a fresh breeze and a heavy sea.

It is the morning watch, about five o'clock, and Mr. C— is in charge. Presently he goes forward to have the jib set, and finds one of the lanyards of the jib-boom back-rope has chafed through. Sending one of the men below for some line for a new rope, he himself jumps over the bow, with a watch-tackle to relieve the strain while the lanyard is replaced. Just then the vessel gives a sudden plunge owing to the newly-set sail, her bows dip into a wave, and in an instant Mr. C— is washed off. As the ship rises, he is missed, and at the same moment is seen striking out abreast of the ship.

"Man overboard! man overboard!" is the startling cry. Ropes, gratings, whatever lies at hand, is flung towards the drowning man, but all fall short of his grasp.

At the same moment the man who had been sent to fetch the line comes on deck with a few fathoms held carelessly in his hand. Hearing the cry, he rushes aft, and catching sight of Mr. C— as he is swept past the vessel's quarter, he throws the line *at a venture*, and the end falls across the outstretched arms of the despairing man.

"He has it! he has it! Hold on! hold on!" are the cries. A breathless minute passes as they haul up the line, —for it is little more than a thread, and the powerful waves, like huge monsters, are clutching at their prey. But, thank God! it holds; and in a short time poor C— is dragged over the taffrail, thoroughly exhausted and almost insensible.

In the quiet of his own berth he is left to recover from his exhaustion; and there, for the first time in his life,

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eventful as it has been, John C— experiences a due sense of his sinfulness.

"What was he, that God should deal so marvellously with him?" And as he recalled that drowning struggle, when, as if revealed by a lightning flash, his whole life passed before his thought, he bowed himself in an agony before his merciful, but so oft offended God.

O, how terrible seems that death from which he has been so marvellously saved! No boat could have lived in that sea, and though a stout swimmer, he well knew that he could not long have held out among those strangling waves.

As he thus reflected, and recognized the hand of God in his deliverance, his long stubborn heart seemed to melt within him as he bowed his head in prayer; praying that as he had been so mercifully saved "from death unto life," so he might, by God's grace, be "saved to life eternal."

This event proved to be the turning-point in John C—'s career. His was a "repentance unto life;" and, as years passed by, he endeavoured by precept and example to lead others to that throne of grace where he had found the peace "which passeth all understanding."

J. J. B.

SAGE SPIRITUAL COUNSELS FROM THE LETTERS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

To a Friend who had *praised him extravagantly*.—"To give way to unmeasured commendation shows an ill-regulated mind. It is more needful to guard against vanity in words than in dress; let language be simple, and not frizzed out."

Private Prayer.—"The secret of secrets in prayer is to follow the leadings of your heart in all simplicity. I told you that if, while meditating on any point, God led you to special affections, you should quit all formal points, and follow His leading. But do not indulge yourself in any attempts to find out whether you are praying well; the best prayer or meditation is that which so fixes our mind on God that we do not think of ourselves, or of what we do. If we want to reach God, we must approach Him in all simplicity, without artifice or self-consciousness, seeking only to love and know Him. True love deals but sparingly in systems and methods."

Detachment from the World.—"We must strive to let our affections be so wholly and solely united to God, that nothing may cling to us as of ourselves. Joseph was very happy in wearing his robe so loosely, that when sin seized and would have held him by it, he left it behind him and fled."

The Rest of entire Devotedness to God.—"He who is God's only is never sorrowful, save when he has displeased God; and then his sorrow turns to a deep, but gentle, calm humility and submission, from out which he rises up with true loving confidence, free from all vexation and disturbance. God will fill your vessel with precious balms, if He sees it empty of this world's perfumes."

Excitability.—"Beware of being disturbed because you cannot all at once conquer the excitability of your temper and its many moods. Be content to advance patiently, by slow degrees, till He gives you feet to run, or rather wings to fly. Accept willingly yet awhile your position as a mere embryo: you will soon be full-grown. Cast yourself in loving abasement before God and men..Accustom yourself to speak quietly, to walk quietly, to do everything quietly and gently, and you will see that in three or four years all this eagerness and hurry will be quite overcome. You must make a habit of doing things quietly..I know very well that you will break it many times a day, and that your impetuous temperament will burst forth often; but never mind so long as it is not deliberate, or with the consent of your will, and that so soon as you become conscious of your excitement you strive to still it."

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To a Delicate and Suffering Lady.—"A delicate frame oppressed by discomfort and pain, cannot but hinder the soul from being as lively and vigorous, as ready for exertion, as it would be at another time. Still, all this does not really counteract the true life of the superior nature; its acts are as acceptable to God as they would be were you in the most cheerful, easy condition; rather more so, being made with greater effort and struggle to yourself: but of course they are not so acceptable to her who makes them, because of that very effort and struggle. We must not be unjust, or exact more than is possible of ourselves. When we are weighed down with ill health or bodily weakness, we must only require the soul to make acts of submission and acceptance of its weariness, uniting our will to God's good pleasure; while as to external acts, we must do the best we can, and be satisfied often to perform such things *against the grain*, languidly and wearily."

Perfumes of Paradise.—"Those who seek a heavenly country, while yet on the broad ocean of life, inhale the sweet odours of Paradise, which cheer and encourage them in their voyage thither, but they must ever keep to windward, lest it fail."

Acquainted with grief.—"Make friends with your trials, as though you were always to live together; and you will see that when you cease to take thought for your own deliverance, God will take thought of it for you; and when you cease to help yourself eagerly, He will help you."

The daily cross.—"Embrace heartily those crosses which our Lord Himself has put into your arms; do not stop to consider whether they are made of precious scented woods: all the better as crosses if they be common and unsavoury. These thoughts are ever with me; I am perpetually singing this song. In truth it is the Song of the Lamb; somewhat sad, perhaps, but lovely, and full of harmony."

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.—"Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, even if your whole world seem upset. Whatever happens, abide steadfast in a determination to cling simply to God; if you find that you have wandered forth from this shelter, recall your heart quietly and simply. Let God be the boundary of your horizon. Let your will be so closely bound to His that nothing can come between. May Jesus Christ fulfil all His holy will in us, for us, and by us."

Raptures.—"True sanctity consists in a capacity for the enjoyment of God. When you see a person go into raptures and ecstasies in prayer, who at the same time knows no ecstasy in his life,—I mean whose life is not lifted up and raised to God by renunciation of worldly desires, and the natural inclination and will, who is devoid of interior gentleness, simplicity, and humility, above all, of continual charity,—you may be sure that all his raptures are very questionable and dangerous; they are raptures which may excite the wonder of others, but which will never sanctify those who experience them. What gain is there to a soul in being rapt and ravished in prayer, if his ordinary life and conversation are wrapped up in low earthly things? Surely to live above oneself in prayer, and yet to be very low in life and action; to be angelic in meditation and earthly in conversation, is to swear both by God and Baal. Blessed, indeed, are they who live a supernatural ecstatic life, raised altogether above themselves, although they have never been carried away with any raptures in prayer. There is many a saint in Paradise who never tasted any rapture or ecstasy in contemplation; many who never knew any greater privilege in prayer than that of devotion and fervour: but there was never yet a saint whose life was devoid of those *active* raptures which consist in victory over sin and natural disposition." *

* "A Selection from the Spiritual Letters of St. Francis De Sales." Rivingtons. 1871.

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THE GREAT PREACHER OF THE LAST AGE.

ACTING upon their (the Methodists) system of a wide itinerancy, their great preachers have not remained sufficiently long in the county to be closely identified with its religious progress, if they had, there would have been many whom I should delight to honour by giving some account of their labours. It is, however, pleasant to say that one of their most eminent ministers was born and educated, and called to the ministry, in Manchester, and that he ever loved his native town. JABEZ BUNTING was *the* preacher of his time. He was much else than a preacher; and in saying he was the preacher of his time I wish not to be misunderstood. He seemed to possess every qualification of a great preacher. I cannot think of any in which he was deficient. Among the Methodists, as well as among other Christians, there were contemporary with him more eloquent preachers, more intellectual preachers, more logical preachers, more instructive preachers, and I know not how many more kinds of preachers, who excelled Dr. Bunting in their especial gifts; but several of these were as remarkable for the deficiency of some qualifications as for the abundance of others. I know not any of them who excelled to the same extent in all the qualifications of a good preacher. He was not like some of his contemporaries, the preacher of a class. All classes heard him gladly; for all could appreciate the simplicity or the refinement of his preaching. For the ignorant or for the educated, for the novice or for the experienced, for the worried tradesman or for the leisurely scholar, more acceptable preachers might possibly be found, but as Jabez Bunting was not the preacher to any exclusively, but to all in an eminent degree, I delight to honour him as the great preacher of his time.*

*"Lancashire, its Puritanism and Nonconformity." By Robert Halley, D.D.

REST IN HEAVEN.

AMID the toil of mortal life,
With all its care and danger,
Like healing balm, it soothes the breast,
To know that we shall find a rest,
A rest in heaven for ever.

How sweet it is at times, to know,
When we are toss'd and driven,
If stormy winds, with angry strife,
Beset us on the sea of life,
'Tis all repose in heaven!

If bitter pangs of earthly woe,
And foes, we must encounter;
Ere long, we shall enjoy above,
A fulness of celestial love
And peace in heaven for ever.

Our old companions are at rest,
At home in countless number;
For ever free from grief and pain,
In melody of sweetest strain,
They sing in heaven for ever.

Though in the gloomy vale of tears
We often weep together,
Our God will wipe our tears ere long,
Our lamentation into song
He'll change, in heaven, for ever.

That beauteous land, I long to see,
This is my heart's endeavour;
My God, my Father, give Thine hand,
And bring me to that happy land,
To praise Thy name for ever.

Translated from the Welsh, by
ISAAC JENKINS.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

SOME happy souls there are on whom
God's sun is ever shining;
To whom no cloud can ever come
Without a silver lining.

No pain or sorrow passing by
But some rich blessing leaveth;
In all things they the good descry,
And none their faith deceiveth.

Above their heads the livelong day
Glad songs are ever ringing,
And ever on their sunlit way
Are buds and blossoms springing.

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O, happy hearts, fear no dismay,
Safe in the Father's keeping!
But from thy life's full gladness pray
His pity on the weeping.

JEAN.

STAR-DUST.

TREATMENT OF BRUTE CREATURES.—I EVER did think (says Judge Hale) that there was a justice due from man even to these sensible creatures, that he should take them sparingly and for necessity, not for luxury. I have been apt to think that if there were any more liberal use of creatures for delight and variety, it should be of fruits, or such other delicacies as might be had without loss of life. But however it be, this very consideration hath made me very sparing and careful, not vainly, superfluously, or unnecessarily, or prodigally, to take away the life of God's creatures for feasting and excess. And the very same consideration hath always gone along with me in reference to the labours of His creatures. I have ever thought that there was a certain degree of justice due from man to the creatures, as from man to man; and that an excessive, immoderate, and unseasonable use of the creatures' labour, is an injustice for which he must give an account. To deny domestical creatures their convenient food; to exact that labour from them which they are not able to perform; to use extremity of cruelty towards them,—is a breach of that trust under which the dominion of the creatures is committed to us, and a breach of that justice which is due from men to them. And therefore I have always esteemed it as a part of my duty, and it hath been always my practice, to be merciful to beasts; and upon the same account I have ever esteemed it a breach of trust, and have accordingly declined any cruelty to any of God's creatures; and as much as I might prevented it in others, as a tyranny, inconsistent with the trust and stewardship that God has committed to me.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

ANNIE BECK.

ANNIE BECK, the subject of this memoir, was born in Ravenstonedale, Westmoreland. Her first religious impressions were produced under the preaching of Mr. Finney, the celebrated Revivalist. Acting upon her convictions, she joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in Ravenstonedale. Under a sermon preached by Mr. Dawson, on "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," she was enabled to enter into the full "liberty of the children of God." From that time to her death she went on her way rejoicing. She felt her imperfections, she mourned over her sinfulness in the sight of God; but through Christ, she cried for pardon, and through Christ she knew she was reconciled to God. This gave her peace, and in this peace she rejoiced with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Her Christian character was marked by devoutness and sincerity, and her outward life was irreproachable. During the illness which terminated in her dissolution, she often repeated,—

> "Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress:
> 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
> With joy shall I lift up my head."

She suffered much, but when spoken to about her sufferings, she said: "One hour in heaven will make up for all my sufferings here."

It soon became evident to her friends that the sickness was "unto death." To all who saw her, she testified that she was resting solely on the merits of Jesus. To the last her faith was firm and strong. As she felt that "the time of" her "departure was at hand," she said, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus is coming; I see Him!" Her mother said, "Do you see Him?" She replied, "I

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see Him by the eye of faith. I see Him!" and then she broke out,—

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Her mother said, "Annie, you will soon be in the river." After a pause she said, "My feet are in the river now. There is Jesus standing on the other side, and angels with white wings. If this be dying, no one *need* fear. It is good to be here. Don't *you* feel it?"

All thought she had gone home, when suddenly she said, "I've won the day. I'm landed. It's only a little dark river; you need none of you fear it." Her last words were, "Glory! glory! glory!" and then she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her life was short, but the lamp burned very brightly, and guided her home. She died at the early age of twenty-one.

GEORGE H. SHAPTO.

Kirkby-Stephen.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Want of Methodism at the Present Time. By FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. Here we have a deeply-pondered and impassioned appeal from the heart of an earnest Methodist minister to the heart of universal Methodism. We can scarcely conceive of a publication more timely or more telling, if read in the spirit in which it is written. We hope that it will be circulated and *distributed* by tens of thousands; and we are quite sure that, if laid to heart, and acted upon by the whole body of Methodists, its results will be vast and blessed.

Romance without Fiction; or, Sketches from the Portfolio of an Old Missionary. By HENRY BLEBY. Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872. Mr. Bleby writes with almost dramatic power; and placed as he was amongst scenes which could move sometimes to laughter, oftener to tears, his sketches have not only spirit and beauty, but are drawn with a vivid earnestness that cannot fail to renew our interest in the work of God. As a specimen of the style of narration, we subjoin an extract:—

A negress begged a Bible from Mr. Bleby, that she might learn to read. He gave her a large-print Bible, "as she left the room, I heard her exclaim with emotion, as she hugged her treasure to her bosom, 'Me rich, for true.' Her time," says Mr. Bleby, "it appeared, had been no more at her own disposal after I went away, than it had been before. She had never been able to go to the Sunday-school, and none in the house of her bondage would afford her the slightest aid, but rather scoffed at the desire she expressed to learn to read her Bible. Nor could she find any time to go to those who would cheerfully have given her the instruction she desired. But where there is a will there is a way; and Betsey was bent upon finding it. First of all, after getting the Bible, she went with the first coin she could call her own to a store where they sold books for children, and requested to be supplied with a book 'for learn for read.' She had only one fi'penny,—a coin that amounted to threepence in English money. The fi'penny was invested in a small primer, and the seller pointed out to Betsey where she was to commence. Betsey on her way home at once began the process of study she intended to pursue. She could of herself make nothing of the strange-looking things called letters, which she was told must first be learned. She cast her eyes around, and discovering some person in the street that she thought could give her the desired information, she went up to him, and dropping a respectful curtsey,

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pointed to A, and said, 'Please, Massa, tell me what dat 'tan' for.' Having received the information, she pondered it well until the letter became quite familiar to her eye, and she was sure she would know it again wherever she met with it. She then proceeded to the next, and mastered that in a similar way. And so Betsey went on, always placing the book in her bosom whenever she went out into the streets, and appealing to any one she met who was likely to aid her, with, 'Please, what dat 'tan' for?'

"The alphabet, both large and small, was soon mastered, and then Betsey went on to the more formidable task of putting the letters together in words; laying the public under contribution in this as she had done before, and seldom meeting with a rebuff. Shrewd and intelligent, and anxious to learn, she soon began to understand the power of the letters, and began to spell out chapters in her treasured Bible. Thus it was that when I returned to the neighbourhood after the lapse of somewhat less than three years, Betsey could read her Bible with perfect fluency, and found it to be a source of inexpressible comfort and profit."

She proved it by reading to "Minister" himself out of the very Bible, which with no small satisfaction, she brought to him for the purpose.

After the abolition of slavery, she was made a Class-leader, and was very useful among the young. We need scarcely be informed that she was greatly respected by all who knew her.

That amongst such a people scenes both of humour and pathos awaited the Missionary's pen, we need no further proof. At any rate, they abound in the work before us.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For September, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Aug.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	5 6	6 55	5 47m	7 23a	2 15m	3 19m	0 38m
Sept.							
7	5 22	6 32	4 20	7 3	2 12	2 51	11 54a
17	5 38	6 9	3 56	6 42	2 9	2 24	11 14
27	5 54	5 46	4 40	6 23	2 5	1 55	10 35

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3d, New Moon .... 0h. 54m. morn. | 17th, Full Moon ..... 5h. 5m. morn.
10th, First Quarter .... 2h. 3m. after. | 24th, Last Quarter .... 1h. 22m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 15th ..... 4h. morn., Perigee; distance 225,166 miles.
„ 27th ..... 2h. morn., Apogee; „ 251,586 „
Mean distance for the month..... 238,376 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 1st ..... 92,462,240 miles.
October 1st ..... 91,711,460 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 750,780 „

The immense expenditure of heat which is going on at the surface of the Sun, and which, according to Sir John Herschel, is equivalent to what would be generated by the consumption of five tons of coal every hour upon every

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square yard of that surface, has long since raised a question of far greater moment to our world than the probable duration of our coal supplies,—What compensates for such a waste of energy? Chemical combustion, such as takes place in an ordinary fire or candle, would require a constant inpour from a store of fuel the magnitude and extent of which are inconceivable. As soon as it was ascertained that heat and motion or work are convertible, or rather that heat is only "a mode of motion," the idea suggested itself that showers of meteors falling on the Sun, would by impact with the surface generate heat sufficient to keep up the supply, on the same principle that heat is generated by the impact of a rifle-ball against the target. Another source has been seriously discussed, and has been reduced to figures by Mr. Maxwell Hall, in a recent number of the Astronomical Society Notices. He begins with the established fact that the fall of one pound at the surface of the earth, through a height of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, would generate heat sufficient to raise the temperature of one pound of water through one degree of Fahrenheit; or that a fall of one pound through a height of one thousand three hundred and ninety feet generates sufficient heat to raise one pound of water through one degree Centigrade. A contraction in the dimensions of the Sun would be equivalent to the fall of an enormous mass through a calculable height, and the heat generated would be in proportion to the force of attraction, which, at the surface of the Sun, is more than twenty-seven times greater than at the surface of the earth. Following out this line of thought by a process which presents no difficulty to those who are familiar with analytical investigations, Mr. Hall shows that a contraction of one hundred and twenty-nine feet per annum in the Sun's radius, would make up for the loss of heat caused by radiation from the surface. A little consideration will show that ages must elapse before such a diminution could be detected by actual measurement. At the distance of the Sun from us, an angle of one second subtends an arc of four hundred and forty-four miles. A diminution in the radius to this extent at the rate of one hundred and twenty-nine feet per annum, would require, in round numbers, eighteen thousand years; and a diminution of the Sun's diameter to the extent of two seconds, could with difficulty be detected by our best instruments.

The Sun enters Libra on the 22d, at 5h. 53m. in the afternoon, and the Autumn quarter commences.

Mercury is now west of the Sun. About noon on the 8th, its apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. It will be in ascending node on the morning of the 13th. On the night of the 15th, it attains its greatest western elongation, eighteen degrees; and rises nearly two hours before the Sun, so that it may be readily seen with the naked eye. On the 17th, it will be in perihelion; and on the 28th, at its greatest distance northward from the plane of the Earth's orbit.

Venus sets about half an hour after the Sun throughout the month, and can only be seen by the aid of a telescope. It is nearly full.

Mars will be very near Jupiter on the afternoon of the 21st. At midnight on the 28th, it will be within four degrees of the Moon.

The proximity of *Jupiter* to *Mars* will be a pleasing feature in the morning sky. At the beginning of the month Mars will be to the west, and at the end, to the east of Jupiter and quite close to Regulus.

Saturn may be seen in the evenings low in the south-west. It will be stationary on the 18th, after which the apparent motion is direct. The extreme length of the outer ring is thirty-nine seconds, the breadth sixteen.

Uranus is visible in the mornings.

Neptune may be seen through the greater part of the night; it is now in Pisces.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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PHILIP MELANCTHON.

Philip Melancthon, one of the principal instruments employed by Providence in the work of the Reformation, was a native of Germany. He was born at Bretten, a small town in the Palatinate of the Rhine, in the year 1497. Though naturally of a weak constitution, he was nevertheless supported during a course of sixty-three years, the greater part of which was spent in labour and sorrow. And, notwithstanding the most formidable opposition of the enemies of the Reformation, he had the felicity to behold the great work finally accomplished, and at length established on that basis on which it has continued to the present day.

The father of Melancthon was an engineer in the army of the Elector Palatine. He was a man of probity and ingenuity, and as he was much addicted to silence, was probably a man of reflection. His military engagements prevented him from paying a proper attention

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to the education of his son; Providence, however, inclined the maternal grandfather of Melancthon to patronize his early youth.

Melancthon informs us, that when he was learning the Latin language, (he must then have been a mere child,) his master obliged him frequently to exemplify the various rules of Analysis and Construction through twenty or thirty lines of Virgil. This he was constrained to do in the minutest manner, as he would not suffer him to pass over a single letter. "Whenever I made any mistakes," says Melancthon, "he would sometimes give me a few strokes; yet with a proper degree of moderation. In this way he made me an accurate grammarian. He was certainly a very excellent man; he loved me as his own son, and I indeed, loved him as a father, and I hope that we shall meet again in eternal life. I repeat it, I loved him most sincerely, notwithstanding he used some severity towards me; which, however, properly speaking, was not severity, but rather a kind of paternal chastisement, admonishing me of the importance of diligence and application." He learned Greek of the civilian George Simlerus, an excellent classical scholar.

His proficiency must have been rapid, for we find him at twelve years of age a student in the University of Heidelberg. The course of lectures in such seminaries, was not at that time very profound, nor calculated either to mature the judgment or enlarge the mind. Our young Philip soon discovered its imperfection, and therefore could not rest satisfied with it. He had recourse to some expedients to supply its defects. He diligently applied himself, during the leisure afforded him from attending on the public lectures, to the reading of the noble writers of Greece and Rome. He began with the poets, adding as he judged it most advantageous, some of the historians, and afterwards the philosophers.

The air of Heidelberg not agreeing with his constitution, he removed to Tübingen. Here he studied the civil law, attended lectures in medicine, and having made considerable proficiency in the liberal arts and sciences, the languages, and philosophy, was admitted, in 1513, to a Master's degree.

In this university, having now attained to his seventeenth year, he began to give lectures, as a public tutor, on Virgil and Terence, the latter of which occasioned him some labour. So low was the state of literature at this period, that the text of that poet had been actually printed in the manner of a prose writer, and of course the versification had been wholly destroyed. Melancthon first pointed out to the students the diversified measure employed by Terence, and then proceeded with great labour and perseverance to restore the whole text to its metrical arrangement. He afterwards delivered lectures on select parts of Cicero, and also on the first six books of Livy.

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We must not, however, suppose that while the powers of his intellect were thus expanding, and his mind was incessantly engaged in the ardent pursuit of useful knowledge, that his soul was wholly unconcerned about eternal things, which is, alas! too often the case with eminent scholars. It appears, however, that the mind of the studious Melancthon had early been visited with the dew of heaven. It was his constant practice, when a boy, to carry a Bible about with him, which he read with the utmost eagerness wherever he came. This practice must have prepared his mind for the reception of those important doctrines which Providence was about to revive in the world. He informs us also that before he left the University of Tübingen, he was often exceedingly shocked at the gross and abominable manner in which a professor of divinity there was accustomed to represent the absurd doctrine of transubstantiation to the students, and often expressed his astonishment at the egregious folly and stupidity of the man.

It soon appeared to be the design of Providence that Melancthon should move in a higher sphere, accordingly in 1518, he received an honourable invitation from Frederic, Elector of Saxony, to undertake the office of Greek Professor in the University of Wittenberg.

Persons of discernment had, by this time, begun to entertain considerable expectations of Melancthon, and there seems to have been a kind of general presage of his future eminence. Luther, who had attended his inaugural oration, was astonished at the ability with which he entered upon his professorship; and writing shortly after to his friend Langus, thus expresses himself: "Melancthon with respect to his age, is a boy, and a stripling; but if you consider the depth of his learning, and his almost universal knowledge of all writers, he must be considered as one of ourselves." Œcolampadius, afterwards an eminent Divine of the Reformation, writes thus to Erasmus in the spring of 1517: "I hear frequently from Philip Melancthon. In all his letters he perpetually makes mention of you, and continually entreats me to recommend him to your acquaintance. He is certainly worthy of the affection of the great Erasmus, and will doubtless, himself, in time, become another Erasmus. And who, if any of our nation can, may even surpass Erasmus, in eloquence, genius, learning, and the amiable virtues of his life." Erasmus in reply says: "I think very highly of Melancthon, and indeed, entertain the greatest expectations concerning that young man. May our Lord grant that he may long survive us!" We find Erasmus writing thus to Melancthon himself in May, 1519: "Do not suppose, dear Sir, that I am so inconstant a friend, as that for every trifle, I should cease to be a friend; or that I am so little accustomed to censure or animadversion, as to be much affected by the judgment of this or the

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other person: and certainly, I do not object to the position, that the judgment of learned men should be free and impartial, provided that it be just and well founded. But I hope you will assure yourself that I very sincerely love Melancthon, and that I cherish his very promising genius, with no common affection." He adds at the close of the letter, "Farewell, most learned Melancthon, exert all your powers that you may not only equal but even surpass the high expectations which all Germany has entertained of your genius and piety. Take care also to moderate your laborious studies, for I hear that your constitution is by no means healthy or vigorous."

Melancthon's unexpected introduction to Wittenberg was manifestly providential. Luther had just begun his opposition to the Church of Rome in this very place. Melancthon in this important juncture was therefore seasonably brought to his assistance; for which he became eminently qualified, as much by the meekness of his wisdom, as the greatness of his talents. He soon entered into all the views of that great Reformer, was animated by the same ardent zeal for the truth, and willingly shared with him in all the dangers and sorrows to which the revival of pure religion unavoidably exposed them. After the death of Luther, indeed, the burden of the Reformation rested mainly upon him till the close of his life.

We owe much to the Reformers for their labours in reviving useful knowledge, and in restoring sound learning. Melancthon, in particular, has a just claim to our gratitude in this respect.

Some instances of the early pregnancy of his genius have been already given. These, Erasmus informs us, were accompanied with a modest, unassuming deportment. Melancthon was soon qualified to render some important services to learning and science. He began with separating the gold from the dross, and set himself accurately to discriminate between the light and specious parts of learning, and those which are solid and truly valuable. He then proceeded to remove the hindrances which were thrown in the way of improvement. He resolved to make a vigorous attempt at reforming the sciences themselves. These were, at that time, in a disordered state, encumbered with many idle appendages, and delivered in a barren, dry, and irregular manner. Melancthon determined to reduce them to order, to reject what was superfluous, to supply what was defective, and to form them into regular, easy, and useful systems. He entered upon this work in 1518, and continued gradually to advance in it during the space of several years, improving the intervals allowed him from the more important labours of the Reformation.

In 1520 Melancthon delivered a course of Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. These were published, without his knowledge, some time after, by the zeal of Luther, who judged it necessary for the general good to sacrifice the laws of private friendship.

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Melancthon delivered three or four lectures every day, which were attended by crowded audiences. Besides which, he wrote and published a variety of works, and maintained an extensive correspondence with the most eminent men of the age. We find, from his letters, that he was a very early student, as he sometimes writes before the dawn of day.

Of his earlier works, none was more deservedly regarded than his first attempt to form a system of Divinity from the pure fountain of Divine Truth. He judged it a matter of great importance to mankind to be furnished with a clear, concise, and comprehensive view of the doctrines contained in the Bible. The Church of Rome had deserted the Scriptures, and substituted the opinions of fallible men, instead of the supreme authority of God. Melancthon, by uniting perspicuity with simplicity and brevity, endeavoured to place the Scripture doctrine in a clear and strong light. This work was published under the modest title of "Theological Common Places." It soon became very popular, and was translated into different languages, and passing through various editions, underwent several alterations.

Frederic the Elector of Saxony, who had hitherto, under God, been the chief protector of the German Reformers, was succeeded by his good brother, the Elector John. This Prince determined, as soon as possible, to carry the Reformation into effect throughout Saxony. In 1527, therefore, by the advice of Luther, Melancthon, in conjunction with some other men of gravity and wisdom, was appointed to visit and reform the churches throughout that extensive Electorate. Melancthon found this work attended with labour and difficulty, and it exposed him to no small danger and enmity from some unchristian and disingenuous persons. Laws were drawn up for the constitution and government of the different churches; the method of public worship was settled; regulations were made concerning the ministers, and proper pastors were appointed over every congregation.

Nothing could be more favourable to the reformed religion than the decisions of the Diet at Spires in 1526. After much stormy debate, it was at length decreed, that the Emperor should be requested to summon a general Council as soon as possible; and that in the mean time, the members of the Empire should be at liberty to make what regulations respecting religion they might judge expedient, provided they were able to give an account of their conduct to God and the Emperor. Charles was so much embarrassed with the affairs of France, Spain, and Italy, that it was impossible for him to interfere. On the other hand, Pope Clement VII., the perfidious and intriguing successor of Adrian VI., entered into a league with France and Venice against the Emperor. This perfidy so incensed Charles, that he instantly made war upon the Pope. Rome was besieged,

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and the Pontiff was insulted and taken prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo.

Several German Princes, whom the fear of persecution had hitherto prevented from taking a decisive part, now openly renounced the Church of Rome, and introduced the same form of worship, and the same system of doctrine among their people, that the Elector of Saxony had done. On every hand the Reformers were now engaged in forwarding the work, and in adding vigour and firmness to the cause in which they were engaged.

Their prospects continued bright and auspicious for some time, when they were suddenly clouded by the assembling of another Diet at Spires in 1529. In it the powers granted by the last general Assembly, so favourable to the Reformers, were all revoked; every change that had been introduced into the different States of the Empire with respect to doctrine, discipline, and worship, was declared unlawful, as well as everything of the like kind that might yet take place before the determination of the next general Council should be fully made known. The Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and other supporters of the reformed religion, opposed this with all their might, considering it as iniquitous and intolerable. Finding, however, that their remonstrances were disregarded by Ferdinand the Emperor's brother, as Charles was now at Barcelona, and well knowing that the design of the Catholics was to blast the Reformation which began to flourish in Germany, they instantly determined to enter a solemn protest against this decree, and appealed to the Emperor and the next general Council. Six princes of the Empire joined in this protest, in which they were seconded by twelve of the Imperial cities. Hence the honourable denomination of Protestants has since been given to all who renounce the dominion of the Church of Rome.

In order to give unity and strength to the Protestants, a Conference took place at Marburg, by means of the Landgrave of Hesse, with a view to reconcile the German and Swiss reformers. The issue of which, however, was little more than an engagement for mutual forbearance, and the omission of all polemical writings. To this wise and salutary measure they all subscribed their names.

Melancthon, who was present on this occasion, lamented the effects of this unhappy difference. Through the whole of his life he was an enemy to controversy; and when the dispute first broke out between Luther and Zuinglius, he complained to Camerarius that it was conducted in such a manner, "that their minds were plunged into intricate and obscure researches, and unhallowed strifes, which hurried them away like a whirlwind from an attention to those doctrines which were necessary for the peace and salvation of man-

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kind. I commit the whole," says he, "to Christ, that in His adorable wisdom He would manifest His concern for His own glory. And I still confidently hope that He will reveal the truth to us in this matter."

(*To be concluded.*)

CONJECTURAL DETAILS OF SCRIPTURE OUTLINES.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

CHAPTER I.—TUBAL-CAIN AND JUBAL.

"And Lamech took unto him two wives: the name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah. And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle. And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-cain, an instructer of every artificer in brass and iron." (Genesis iv. 19—22.)

MANY of the narratives and biographies of Scripture are very brief; the history of a whole family, as in the present instance, being frequently compressed into a few short sentences. It is to be deplored that there are many persons who read the Sacred Oracles without searching them; and to such, these concise records afford but little interest or profit. To the young more especially, these remarks may be applied; and also in some degree to many of our country congregations. Detail is necessary to make many parts of God's Word attractive and instructive to them. This detail must be the product, to some extent, of conjecture, based upon certain simple fundamental principles, and acquired by systematic and persistent inquiry. Whilst conjecture, properly directed, may be safely and advantageously employed upon many of the narrative portions of Holy Writ, a very distinct and definite line of demarcation should be drawn between it and its dangerous rival—*speculation*, on law and doctrine; so that, whilst the one is being judiciously used, the other may be studiously avoided.

Judging from his own experience as a Sunday-school teacher and Local-preacher, the writer holds the firm conviction that if some such plan were more generally adopted by his fellow-labourers, the results would be —a better command of the attention of their hearers; a greater facility for bringing out important practical lessons, and help to a more forcible application of the truth to the heart and the life.

Lest we should be misunderstood, we purpose giving several examples of the process of inquiry by which we may, through conjecture, obtain the requisite details from which to teach our lessons more pointedly and conclusively, and bring out of the treasury "things new," as well as "old." Some of these examples, as for instance the one in the present chapter, will find their more appropriate place in the school-class; whilst others may appear more specially suited to the pulpit; but all we trust will clearly indicate the proper sphere in which conjecture is designed to move. But if we can induce a more careful and pains-taking study of some of the more neglected portions of the Bible, on the part of any of our readers, our labours will have received their full reward.

In the few words in which the "times" of Lamech are delineated,

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we have the earliest direct allusion to the march of civilization; and on the face of the narrative we read unmistakably the adage so frequently heard from the lips of the men of the present generation,—"Iron, the civilizer!" In connection with the development of industry and art, we find the eldest son of Zillah, and the second son of Adah, in obvious union; and in their history we come into contact with several well-established truths; as,—1. Discoveries and inventions are usually the offspring of Providential circumstances: 2. Men who go about their duties with "their eyes open" seldom fail to make discoveries: and, 3. Men who are in the forefront of the "battle of life," struggling for their bread, are in that field which has yielded the largest contributions to the great harvest of discovery that, during the lapse of ages, has been gathered into the storehouse of the world.

Tubal-cain was a blacksmith, carrying on his business in some strange recess, perchance as primitive and quaint as the well-known Berkshire cave of Wayland Smith. His young half-brother, Jubal, must needs learn a trade, and chose to be the blacksmith's apprentice rather than the shepherd's boy. In his new employment there was much to interest and astonish him. Being of an inquiring mind, a new idea once evolved, was not allowed to slip from his memory, but was cherished, nurtured, and developed. We have the picture before us of the two brothers at work in the smithy. Jubal holds the bar of iron in the furnace, whilst Tubal-cain exerts his strength on the rude bellows which he has constructed. Then the metal is lifted out, and laid upon the rocky anvil, and hammered by the master-smith. As this process is repeated day by day, the fact impresses itself on Jubal's mind, that, although laid on the same anvil, and struck with the same hammer, different pieces of metal produce different sounds. The spirit of inquiry is awakened, and experiments are tried. He lays his pieces in order, and strikes them one by one. The mind of the discoverer is thoroughly roused, and thirsts for a fuller and more intimate acquaintance with the powers and principles which have begun to unfold themselves before his toilsome and persevering investigation. Experiments result in discovery, and discovery leads on to development, until the loose pieces of rough metal are displaced by the framework holding the consecutively arranged bars of highly-tempered brass; and finally, the blacksmith's apprentice becomes "the father of such as handle the harp."

His brother and employer, Tubal-cain, is not idle all this time. He, too, makes discoveries, and appropriates their principles. The rude bellows, to which we have already alluded, ranked among the marks of advancement and success resulting from keen observation and intense application. Perchance, in blowing away the dust from some more delicate and important piece of work which lay near to his fire, he observed that the action of his breath fanned the embers into a flame, and produced a greater amount of heat. One of the disadvantages under which he had long laboured was an inability to make a fire sufficiently hot to reduce some of his metals to a state of malleable ductility. Now he has made a step towards serviceable discovery. Bending over the fire, he blows and blows until exhausted, and before

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he can recover sufficient strength to resume the effort, the blaze has died away, and the additional heat has departed. The success of the operation depends on the play of the breath upon the fire being steadily kept up much longer than the capabilities of his lungs can make provision for. Outward appliances must be resorted to, and soon the clumsy wind-box is hoisted in the smithy. But still there are difficulties in the way of complete success. The first result of the artificially-raised wind was the scattering of the fire abroad over the smithy floor. Some means for concentrating the force of the wind must be adopted, and a pipe was accordingly attached to the wind-box. This addition proved a remedy for the evil, and in order to bring the new invention as near perfection as possible, many pipes of different lengths and diameters were tried.

All this time Jubal was not idle. Whilst his hands were busily employed in rendering assistance to his brother, his eyes and ears were open, and his mind ready to catch the first scintillation of Nature's unknown and manifold treasures. He noticed that the wind on leaving the wind-box produced a sound, and that on being forced through pipes of different lengths the sound varied. This variation of tone must be inquired into, and the result was a discovery that the laws of sound, whether produced by the stroke of a hammer on a piece of metal, or by the passage of wind through a tube, were the same; that the quality of the tone depended on the length of the metal or the pipe; and that the sound was the effect of a resisting force in the substance acted upon, afterwards known as vibration.

Thus, step by step, the blacksmith's boy became "the father of such as handle the harp," and then "the father of such as handle the organ."

ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath."—Proverbs xv. 24.

THAT is a wonderful path round the Great Orme's-Head. Those of us who can neither spare time nor afford money for Continental tours, and dare not attempt to climb any of those Alpine peaks which are so lofty and perilous as seldom or never yet to have been reached, may find satisfaction in having made the circuit of the Great Orme. While there is no real danger to persons of moderate nerve, there is just so much of the semblance of danger in a few places as furnishes ground for self-respect in having ventured on the journey and completed it. So, already, since Llandudno rose out of the obscurity of ages, thousands of pedestrians have been gratified by accomplishing the six miles' journey, and secured a vigorous appetite, if no other real advantage. Had we, however, been shipwrecked at the foot of those precipitous cliffs, and found ourselves, at low water, cast among the rocks, weary, feeble, wounded, benumbed, and in danger of perishing by the advancing tide, with what different feelings should we have looked upward towards that narrow path which, like a slender thread encircling the mountain, we could, here and there, dimly discern! Here we must miserably perish, and that speedily, unless rescue arrive. No friendly sail is in sight. Though

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thousands knew of our extreme peril; none of them could bring a boat to our help amid those furious billows which roll in on the rocks. Who can point out some path, by us undiscerned, along which we may ascend so as to reach a place of safety? The fires of happy homes are blazing at no great distance, but we must perish unless there be such a path discovered. If such a way be pointed out, we may in a little time be far from danger, and speaking, joyously and thankfully, of our wretchedness and terror as circumstances of the past. Eager would be our cries and up-gazing as we perceived the waves advancing nearer and nearer with awful noise, like ravenous beasts of prey leaping and roaring for food.

The peril indicated in this Divinely-inspired proverb is extreme. There is certainly reference to more than the mere separation of soul and body, when the body is consigned to the grave and the soul enters the unseen world. That solemn event comes to all. Even "the wise" have no exemption therefrom. The evil here spoken of is the entering the unseen world beneath the frown of the righteous and Almighty Judge. This implies the destruction of all our hopes and the forfeiture of all our comforts. What peace can there be to those who are judicially condemned by the Most High? To that peril, infinitely greater than the loss of property, health, friends, and reputation, we are exposed.

Nothing but Divine Wisdom can enable us to escape such peril.—No mere vigour of intellect will here avail. Some who have been thus favoured, yet neglected the attainment of true wisdom, have been as those who held a brighter torch than their fellows; and had, therefore, a much larger following, yet were walking themselves, and leading others, towards certain ruin; as though the shipwrecked whom we have spoken of should be guided by one who had possessed himself of a blazing torch into some cave where for a brief period the advancing tide was not seen, but from which escape was impossible. No mere taste for the beautiful will avail. Hither and thither, so long as the awful and advancing waves permitted, might the thoughtless follow those whose song was most charming, or sit entranced during brief minutes, so precious that they ought otherwise to have been used. No early advantages will avail. To have had the opportunity in childhood of becoming familiar with the path of safety so greatly needed, will not now avail; nor to remember that on board the sunken vessel was a guide-book which contained the requisite information. The lost directory will profit as little as the misleading torch.

Divine Wisdom, if duly received, will avail.—The preservation of good Obadiah from surrounding pollution was very remarkable. For snow to remain a week unsullied amid the thousand furnaces of our Midland iron district, or any such neighbourhood, would be strange, but it was far more wondrous that Obadiah should be kept holy in the polluted court where Ahab and Jezebel presided. The secret of such preservation is revealed to us as we read the words of the godly man addressed to the prophet Elijah, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." Obadiah had obtained Heavenly wisdom at the right time of life, and had continued to seek after additional supplies, and to use what he received. So he was kept

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in the way of life, even while governor of the wicked king's house.

It is not unlikely that there was a time when Obadiah occupied a subordinate situation in the palace, and when onlookers were ready to conclude that this servant of Jehovah was marring very favourable prospects. These would be ready to say, "All the worse for Obadiah, and all the better for us, his rivals, that he has those scruples, and holds them so pertinaciously. There is no knowing how high the man might climb, and to what extent he would keep us down, if he had the sense to do and say what the king and queen wish. He has evidently an aptitude for business, and he likes work better than we do. But it is all right, for he will never climb over our heads. He is overweighted with scrupulosity which he calls religion." Had all this come true, Obadiah would have been the gainer, as he would have escaped ruin. Somehow he came to the top after all, and kept there, despite the efforts of his enemies. He gained for both worlds. "He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction; but he that refuseth reproof erreth." (Proverbs x. 17.)

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF GOD'S THOUGHTS.

(Psalm cxxxix. 17.)

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

THIS is one of David's suggestive and truly interesting Psalms. It contains the most graphic, as well as the fullest, description of the Divine Omnipresence within the compass of Revelation. And in the text we have another of his beautiful touches. But what gives value and interest to such words as these is, that they flowed out of David's experience, and were the spontaneous out-gushings of his own heart. The Psalms of David are true to life, and portray, in a most striking manner, religious experience in all ages. They are thoroughly representative. There is in them an element of adaptation which suits itself to every circumstance of human life. They are intensely spiritual, and are peculiarly appropriate for devotional purposes. They chime in with the deepest feelings of the human heart. And so we must regard David as a poet of the highest order. If Shakespeare is to be esteemed as such for his correct delineations of human nature, much more David, who sang in a nobler strain than Shakespeare ever knew. On the wings of Divine inspiration he soared aloft, and sang sublimely concerning the handywork of God in nature, His benevolent action in Providence, and His glory in redemption. These were the themes upon which he dilated with exuberance of joy. Jehovah breathed His thoughts upon his soul, which bore a preciousness along with them such as no earthly object ever could. In times of wearied loneliness and grief, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

Here we have a clear indication of the *personality* of God. He is a Person—not to be confounded with the universe as the pantheists affirm. Thought peculiarly distinguishes personality and intelligence. And hence the comforting doctrine suggested by the text: God is a Person—a Being—Who can think, and can communicate His thoughts to me.

The best thoughts of God have been expended upon man. The creation of man was a thought worthy of the Deity. But we have heard of another sphere and another work in which the Divine thought was more fully elaborated, and the

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Divine love more strongly tested. Now God's thoughts are thoughts of *love*. True, there were other thoughts, —on the fall of man; but love was highest,—love prevailed. When there was "no eye to pity, and no arm to save," it was Love's eye that pitied, and Love's strong arm which brought salvation. The whole work of redemption was but an elaboration of the Divine thought respecting man, —a development of the eternal purpose of Jehovah. And in the life and death of Jesus Christ we see this thought worked out into word and action,—into fact and life. See it in His incarnation,—born in a stable and cradled in a manger; see it in His words of sympathy and His miracles of mercy; see it in the garden of Gethsemane, and in the malefactor's tree of crucifixion; and see it still, and hear it still, for God's highest thought to-day in relation to His people is a thought of love.

God's thoughts are also thoughts of *truth*. Men and things wear a false appearance. The poet never penned a truer line than,—

"And things are not what they seem."

Men often studiously hide the truth from us. They make promises they are unable to fulfil. But we find no such deception in the conduct of God towards us. "He is not a man that He should lie." Truth had been supplanted by error and by ignorance; but Christ came forth from the Father as the Incarnate Truth of God, revealing it to the human gaze in all its beauty. Jesus Christ said, "I am the Truth." Truth is one chief element of the Gospel of God; and the great design of that Gospel is, to bring men "unto the knowledge of the truth." God is true in His promises. They cannot falter; they cannot fail.

Once more. God's thoughts are "thoughts of *peace*." The thoughts of men are often thoughts of war. Around us we may soon discover those whose feelings are anything but friendly; and especially if we live the Christian life, we shall find hate-breathing souls who would manifest no sorrow at our distress, but rejoice at our degradation, and mock at our despair! What unutterable relief to the child of God when he can turn from a chilling world to a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother"! Amid the raging storms of human life, amid the upheavings of the spiritual elements of the soul, it is the good man's privilege to realize somewhat of this Divine peace; for, said the Master, "in Me ye have peace." And if in life, surely in death also, will this peace be ours; yea, even beyond death, in the tranquillity of heaven, will it be ours in its blessedness, ours in fulness, ours in perpetuity.

The Psalmist makes an affirmation respecting these thoughts: they were *precious* unto him. They are so, First, in their *own nature*, by virtue of their intrinsic excellence. They are God-originated. They bear the stamp of Deity. They breathe the purity of heaven. They resemble His character. Just as our own thoughts, embodied in words, reveal our character to others; so do the exalted thoughts of God, when expressed in words, reveal His character unto men. God's thoughts disclose His heart, and show the intense yearnings of His paternal bosom towards man, whom He loves with an everlasting love. What a sublime satisfaction to remember that, whether others are thinking kindly of us or no, the Divine thoughts are ever-working together for our good! Precious thoughts of

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God! May they ever think kindly of us! We shall be led to regard these thoughts as precious, if *we compare them with those of others.* How must all human thoughts, however kindly they may be, suffer by comparison with the Divine thoughts of God! No other thoughts are so precious. Christ is our Brother, and His heart yearns and pants towards us with all the intensity of Omnipotence. "As the heavens are higher than the earth," said God, "so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts." Moreover, we shall regard them precious if we consider their *comprehensiveness.* Allowing that there is much that is noble in the history of human thought, comparing man with man, or man with angel; yet how immeasurably inferior are his highest soarings than the towering thoughts of the Divine Mind. They have a comprehensiveness which is infinite. And herein lies the consoling influence of this reflection: God's thoughts are omnipresent and omniscient. They do not judge unrighteous judgment concerning us, as human thoughts often do. The Lord our God knows all about us, all the "ills which flesh is heir to;" and it is cheering to remember that He will think kindly of us, and make all things work together for our good. In life, in death, "how precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A REFERENCE BIBLE.

II.

My aim in these papers has been to foster, in a certain class of readers, more careful habits of Bible-reading, and if they have children under their care, of Bible-teaching also. All I can possibly do in these narrow limits, is to offer a few general hints for them to follow out at their leisure. Just as it is, not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong; so it is not what we merely skim over in our reading that makes us wise or learned, but only that which we so reflect on and so make use of that it becomes a part of ourselves. Let us now briefly glance at—

The Dates in the Margin.—We need not wonder if systems of Bible chronology drawn up by very able men differ in many points from each other, for (setting aside other reasons) many leading passages which bear on the subject are not at all clear, and may be explained in more ways than one. For this and other reasons, Dr. Usher's system (which is the one followed in our Reference Bibles) is not without uncertainties and defects, and yet, even at the present day, it must not be despised. Dr. Angus remarks that "on the whole, the (rival) longer chronology is not established, and without accepting all the reckonings of Usher, we may safely deem his as probable as any opposite system." It is a consoling fact that whatever uncertainty there may be as regards the earlier periods of Old-Testament chronology, this is not the case as regards its closing ones. "From the date of Solomon's Temple downwards, there are no serious discrepancies between competent authorities, except in relation to Assyria."*

The ancient scribes have made more mistakes in copying the numbers of the Old Testament than in

* Dr. Angus's "Bible Handbook."

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anything else.* Such errors sometimes affect its dates or make them contradict each other, and here those who have no good Biblical works to consult, must be guided by the following simple rule. When two Bible dates and numbers disagree, we must prefer the one which seems the more free from exaggeration, the more likely in itself, or the better supported by parallel passages. Very often, however, any disagreement between Bible dates is only seeming, and arises from the fact that the sacred writers often adopt different modes of reckoning, when describing the same or like events. Only in the light of this fact can we reconcile the various passages which speak of the duration of Israel's sojourn in Egypt, and their affliction by the Egyptians. Comparing Exodus xii. 40, with Galatians iii. 17, we find that the sojourn in Egypt there spoken of, (one of "four hundred and thirty years,") began at the same time with the call of Abraham. Moses does not say that the four hundred and thirty years were in one unbroken series; still, to many of us his mode of reckoning seems a strange one, because we are accustomed to think that the "sojourn" only began in Jacob's time. The truth is, both passages seem to take for granted that, from Abraham's time onward, the Israelites were very much in Egypt, and while there is nothing in the Bible to forbid this idea, there are some statements which indirectly favour it. First of all there is the fact that Abraham, soon after he was called, went down into that country. Again, there is the fact that the patriarchs were wealthy herdsmen in that part of Palestine which lay near Egypt; is it at all unlikely that they went there every year to sell the surplus of their flocks and buy what they stood in need of? These matters take up far more time in the East than they do here,* and hence the yearly visit might generally deserve the name of a "sojourn." With some diffidence, I may venture to place the matter in another light. It is quite possible that in those remote times the border of Egypt may have stretched much further northward than it afterwards did, and included some of the pasture-grounds of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; so that while keeping sheep, they may at the same time have "sojourned in Egypt." In Genesis xv. 13, we have another mode of reckoning: "Thy seed. . they shall afflict four hundred years." The reckoning starts from the birth of Isaac, a round number being used instead of the exact one. From the moment there was a chosen seed to afflict, the stranger would begin to afflict them.†

Marginal Notes and Comments are of various kinds, but I have space only to notice those which relate to the names of persons or places. Among us, the former class of names seldom have any meaning; but with our ancestors and with the

* Drs. A. Clarke and L. Alexander.

* Even in this day, we read of a Bussorah merchant staying nearly two months at Aleppo in order to sell his wool, "Leisure Hour," Sept., 1854. Business and travelling arrangements may, very likely, have imposed still greater delays in Abraham's day.

† Dr. Angus's "Bible Handbook," and the "Commentary, Critical and Explanatory," vol. i. In Exodus xii. 40, the Septuagint reads, "the sojourning of the children of Israel and their fathers which they sojourned in the land of Canaan and in the land of Egypt."

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ancient Hebrews the case was widely different. Very often Bible names of persons describe some quality or circumstance connected with them, and the knowledge of this fact often gives great interest to the study of Bible History. When first we come across any new name in our Bibles, it is interesting to turn to the translation of it in the Margin, and see how far that person's life and character corresponded with his or her name. The names of places also deserve careful attention.

The different kinds of Marginal References.—Whether in reading or in daily life, it is not always those things which at first sight please us most, that are the most valuable; we often find it just the reverse. Long columns of marginal references may, for instance, have a very dry look, and yet they are useful in very many ways. By their aid, one passage bears out or completes the statements of another, difficulties are cleared up, and serious mistakes prevented. Indeed, we may go so far as to say that a thorough knowledge of parallel texts, whether in the margin or not, serves many of the purposes of a good commentary; and yet it may to a large extent be gained by the steady application of persons of no learning. In difficult or important cases, if we would get the full benefit of the marginal references, we must be content to look out, not only the first set of references with which we start, but any second, third, or even fourth set which may turn up during our search. This may seem a great deal of trouble, but we must remember that, in this just as in other matters, a single thing well done is worth three or four things carelessly done.

"What kind of references are the most valuable?" That depends on the purpose we want them for; but a near approach to a general rule will be found in the following remarks by one who has carefully studied the subject:—"All things being equal, the most valuable class of references will be those taken from the same book or from another book by the same author: he may naturally be expected to shed more light than any one else on his own peculiar habits of thought and expression. Next in value are texts from a book or books written in or about the same age." The Rev. A. Maclaren, in a valuable series of papers in "Sunday at Home,"* has compared the Psalms of David with the history of his eventful career in the Books of Samuel and Chronicles. Both the Psalms and the history become more instructive, through the light they cast on each other, when we compare some chapter in the history with a Psalm which David wrote on the same occasion. Dr. Paley, again, in his "Horæ Paulinæ," has shown how much light may be gained by comparing the account given by St. Paul in the Acts, with the statements in his own Epistles.

M.

* Volume for 1871.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

He finds, though faces fade in gloom,
Though death dews chill his brow,
Though sombre shadows shroud the room,
The promise precious now;
He murmurs it with lips grown white,—"At eventide there shall be light!"

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"A light upon my soul shall break
More sweet than that surprise
Which shall illume when I awake
My wonder-laden eyes;
A light that shall eclipse the noon of summer splendour seen in June!

"Behold the Saviour died a death
Of mortal anguish on the tree,
That I might draw ecstatic breath
Throughout a vast eternity!
For this was spilt the blood of Christ, the blood at which my soul was priced!

"As rivers haste to greet the sea,
So I, upon my dying bed,
Have great desire with Christ to be,
Where faith in sight is perfected.
Behold the rapture of the place is seeing Jesus face to face!

"The stream of death before my feet
Flows on with mournful sound,
And yet my joy, exceeding sweet,
In this doth more abound,
That ONE is ever at my side Whose wounds reveal the Crucified!

"The rough dark waves I dread no more
For Christ is near, and it is well;
Already from the further shore
Across the waters faintly swell
The strains of some rejoicing hymn, from countless choral cherubim!"

The while he spake a sudden change
Did work a marvel in his face,
A rapt expression, sweet and strange,
Reign'd on the still lips like a grace,
As though he heard, where angels dwell, the words which are "unspeakable!"

J. R. EASTWOOD.

TREES, AND THEIR TENANTS.

IV.—THE OAK.

NOBODY can question the fact that the oak may claim to be the most celebrated British tree. We have trees more beautiful, perhaps, and even, in the opinion of some, more useful; but not one species with so memorable a history as the sturdy oak. A typical tree, it may be thought, significant of some of the qualities of the natives of the sea-girt land it once adorned more profusely than at present. There is possibly truth in the old nautical song which, after asserting that our vessels were of oak, added, that "hearts of oak were our men."

But leaving our own country out of the question, there are those who claim for the oak the foremost rank amongst the trees wherever it occurs, and it has been styled the—

"Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak."

The poet Cowper observes, that if any excuse, or the shadow of one, could be made for our ancestors, who either directly worshipped this tree, or held it

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Cowper's Oak, at Yardley.

in reverence because it was supposed to be associated with the god of thunder: the excuse is in its grandeur, its slow growth, and the centuries during which it will flourish. When vast forests covered nearly the whole of Britain, before the Christian era commenced, the Druids raised in the oaken shade their mighty cairns, probably so named from *kern*, an acorn. (Or, it may be we should rather say that they had them raised by their deluded followers; for it would appear that the Druids, like many other false priests, laid burdens upon others which they would not handle themselves.) Some of the stones remain, though the trees which were once their companions in the solitudes of ancient Britain have long since disappeared. Yet it is almost certain that we have oaks still surviving, which are the immediate descendants of those flourishing in Druidical times. On what was once Dartmoor Forest was held many a muster, not only of a sacred, but also of a civic character, for trials were held under an oak, the judge resting against the tree, the jury in a circle about him, and in the centre of the ring the accuser and the accused. Of the Dartmoor oaks few now remain, and they are but stunted specimens, of no very considerable age; matted above with brambles and thorns, and beneath their picturesque trunks a thick covering of moss and lichens.

The mistletoe suggests itself to our minds when we speak of the Druids in connection with the oak, for this famous plant was sought by the British priests and their attendants with various mystic ceremonies. As the plant is not very

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common on the oak, and yet they only valued the oak-growing mistletoe, to encourage its increase on the sacred tree, they planted apple-trees about their oaks, as thus the mistletoe might be likely to transfer itself from the former, on which it is more frequent, to the more venerable tree. The Druids, amongst other privileges, claimed that of having a perpetual fire burning, which had a peculiar sanctity, so that once a year, at the word of command, all fires belonging to the people were put out, and then re-lighted from the flames preserved by priestly hands. And in this, so some antiquarians tell us, lay the germ of a custom current for many years in country places, that of burning what was called the yule log at Christmas. The fire was kindled, and then the log thrown on which had been laid by from the preceding year. Then a new log of oak was put upon the fire, and when this had been partially consumed, it was laid aside for the Christmas following. To neglect this, was deemed a most injudicious act, exposing the household to misfortune.

Venerated as was the oak, our forefathers did not hesitate to use it for many purposes. They made baskets of its twigs, while the wood was formed into weapons and vessels, and notably into ships. And so proficient were the Britons in the art of ship-building, that their vessels proved in conflict to be superior in strength to the Roman galleys. In the fens, rude canoes have been found, hollowed out of the trunks of oak trees, pointing back to an era still more remote. Corn was scarce in the early centuries of England's known history, and men did not hesitate to eat acorns, as well as to give them to their domestic animals. It was noted as an aggravation of the calamity in the great famine year A.D. 1016, that the oaks yielded scarcely an acorn. The weather may have been the cause of this, or the prolific increase of some insect devourer of the fruit of the oak. Unfortunately, in the Norman times no one thought of studying entomology. Both Saxons and Normans were accustomed to compute the value of a wood by the number of hogs it would fatten; and amongst the laws for the protection of the oak was one of a rather singular nature, by which it was enacted that a person who destroyed an oak tree of sufficient size to overshadow thirty hogs should be fined sixty shillings! It is to be remarked, and this suggests some sad reflections, that the advance of civilization did not make many of our laws more merciful, but just the reverse. During the eighteenth century, even, through the value set upon the oak for shipping, a death penalty followed conviction for cutting down or injuring oaks or saplings.

Of oaken wood are made some of the most interesting relics to be seen in our cathedrals and ancestral mansions. An old coronation chair at Westminster has been traced back at least five hundred and fifty years. But when we join to this the years during which it had previously existed as part of the tree, it appears as a venerable object indeed. Oak wood can, however, withstand time, the elements, and the attacks of insects for astonishing periods. An instance occurred some years ago, when the stakes were removed which had been driven into the Thames, at Oatlands, in Surrey, by the ancient Britons to prevent the Romans from crossing the stream. Though these must have been resting in the bed of the river for well nigh two thousand years, they were only partially decayed. And at Greenstead, in Essex, an old church still exists, formed of wood, as a temporary resting-place for the corpse of one of the Saxon Kings. The body of the church is composed of the trunks of small oak-trees, split down the centre, and driven in side by side, and this has not only escaped wind and weather, but fire, and the destroying hand of man.

A lengthy catalogue it would be, and not generally interesting, in which should be recorded all the individual oaks which have been famous, either on account of their size, or the histories connected with them. Personal pre-

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dilections might tempt the writer to place at the head of the list those oaks at Yardley, in Northamptonshire, so closely associated with the Bard of Olney. The one to which he addressed that fine poem, "Yardley Oak," (and from which we shall not quote, for it will be doing a kindness to the reader to send him to his "Cowper," that he may peruse it in its entirety,) was not far from his favourite woods, Killick and Dinglederry. A visitor of a few years ago describes it as being quite in decay, and with a hollow into which persons can enter by a large aperture. The trunk is huge and misshapen, and leans sufficiently to allow of any one's walking up to the point where the branches diverged. And yet, though the crust of the tree, which seemed sound, was but a few inches thick, it had still living boughs. Selcey Forest, not very distant, had many fine oaks, and one was standing there a short time since which was conjectured to be one of the oldest in England.

Without neglecting other objects of interest at Woburn Abbey, many a tourist has sought out, and stood long beside, the famous Abbot's Oak, upon which Roger Hobbs and others, who, with him, refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the King over the Church, were hanged by order of Henry VIII., in 1537. Let us quote a part of the verses, written by a modern poet and inscribed at the place:—

"Old memorial of the mitred monk,
Thou liv'st to flourish in a brighter day,
And seem'st to smile that pure and potent vows
Are breath'd where superstition reign'd; thy trunk
Its glad green garland wears, though in decay,
And years hang heavy on thy time-stain'd boughs."

The "great oak" in Earl Cowper's park at Panshanger merits notice, not so much for its age, as for its size and beauty; it is not more, probably, than three hundred years old. Winfarthing Oak is also noteworthy, the branches extending, as it is said, to a sufficient extent to shelter two thousand men. Greendale Oak, Notts, is of good age, and has a roadway cut through the trunk; the arch is ten feet high, and six feet wide. Near this, but now only a fragment, was a tree called the "Seven Sisters," because seven trunks sprang from one stool. And so we might proceed in our enumeration, taking in the departed, as well as those now living, such as the Boscobel Oak, the Herne Oak, the Fairlop Oak, King Rufus's Oak, etc.

Hosts of insects are either attracted to the oak, or are placed upon it by their parents while in an unconscious state, in order that at the first dawn of life they may find food appropriate for them. The largest British beetle, called the Stag, from its formidable-looking horns, flies about these trees at night, seeking the sweetish sap which sometimes exudes from the wood, or else depositing its eggs upon the bark, into which the young grubs burrow, and thence make their way into the trunk or roots, living in this state for several years. They are whitish and fleshy, and some would have us believe that they represent the creature which the Romans called *Cossus*, and regarded as a choice morsel. A queer taste, indeed, yet not much worse than eating snails. In Sweden the beetle is called the Oak-Ox. When we find one of these in the daytime, we can hardly imagine, from its languid movements, that it can fly rapidly at the dusk, keeping up well unless it strikes against some object, when it has trouble to get fairly off again.

High up, sometimes twenty feet or more from the ground, amongst the oaks, we find two butterflies careering in the sunshine of July and August. Both occur chiefly in the south, the smaller being much the more common. This is called the Purple Hairstreak, from the hue diffused more or less over its wings, and though fond of resting upon the leaves on the high branches, it occasionally descends to sip honey from the blossoms in the fields and hedges. The caterpillar, a luggish, slug-like

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creature, feeds upon the oak, but it is not easy to find. The lordly Purple Emperor, the much-coveted prize of the diligent insect-hunter, if larger, and therefore more visible, is still stronger-winged, and less inclined to come within reach, though occasionally snared by some substance of a sweet nature. The caterpillar, however, seems generally to prefer the sallow. A singularly formed creature is it, too, with a pair of horns upon its head. The large caterpillar of the Oak Egger Moth occasionally frequents the tree which gives part of its name. This is large, and thickly clothed with hairs. When full-grown it weaves a compact, egg-like cocoon, and the richly-tinted brown moth, which appears in August, flies briskly by day, unlike many of its relatives that prefer the hours of evening or night. The Lappet caterpillar also feeds on oak-leaves; this has, as its special adornment, "lappets" of a fleshy nature, which drop amongst the hairs on the sides of its body. The moth produced from it sometimes sits with folded wings among the leaves, and so nearly resembles a faded leaf, that many would pass it unnoticed. This power of simulation or disguise is given to many insects, and is doubtless designed to save them from birds or other enemies. So does the Footman Moth, a smaller species, appear much the colour of the oak-leaf on which it reposes. The caterpillars of the species mostly regale themselves on the lichens which clothe the oldest branches of the tree. Another strange tenant of the oak is the caterpillar called the "Sprawler," from the peculiar way it has of throwing itself about when alarmed.

Others among the dwellers upon the oak roll up the leaves on which they feed, making thus a habitation of their provender. This is the method pursued by the caterpillar of the very abundant Green Oak Moth, a host of which may be dislodged in the summer by shaking the boughs. In some years, the oaks in particular districts are nearly denuded by these insects. The delicate moth known as the Green Silver Lines, is frequently taken among dwarf oaks.

A multitude of insects which are oak-lovers must be passed by, but at least a passing notice is claimed by those familiar objects, variously called oak-apples, and oak-spangles, of which few oaks are destitute. These are the homes (often to be found untenanted) of tiny grubs, which become small winged insects. One kind, as all readers are aware, produces galls, of great value.

J. R. S. Clifford.

ENGLAND'S WORKING WOMEN.

It is a far too common error in the present day, that nearly all women earning the daily necessaries of life by the labour of their brains or hands, are looked upon with a degree of contempt by the more favoured. A girl who trifles away her mornings at home, doing some intricate, useless fancy-work—too often destined never to be finished—while her tired, overtasked mother superintends the preparations for dinner, and attends to all household comforts; who grandly orders the fagged little drudge of a servant to find and fetch the gloves mislaid by herself, and then strolls out on the fashionable esplanade to talk vapid, sentimental nonsense with some exquisitely-dressed dandy; who dotes on languishing songs, and weeps over the trials and sorrows of some fictitious heroine, but turns sick at the thought of honest toil,—she receives the world's approbation, and takes a far higher position in the social scale than the girl who, knowing that her father has toiled for his home and children until his overtasked brain and hands refuse to do any longer the amount of labour necessary to keep them in honest independence, goes out bravely into the world, and taking her place amongst the workers, determines to lighten their load.

Behind many a counter there stand women who yearn for home work and

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home ties, yet resolutely stifle that yearning for the sake of those dear to them; and perchance at the last day, stamped with the Divine patent of heaven's nobility, they shall stand higher than their fellow-creatures who now slightingly pass them by. Do they think it a small matter for a girl to leave a happy home, and, mingling with strangers day after day, take her place behind a counter from morning until night, waiting on fastidious customers, who inspect goods, often merely to relieve the tediousness of the day, because nothing of more importance claims their time or attention? Is it nothing that they are obliged perhaps to take the rudeness and incivility of the tradesman's haughty, purse-proud wife, who forgets that a true lady is always courteous and civil, even to her inferiors? Is it a trivial thing that she is often far away from all she holds dear, and hears the world speak slightingly of herself and her fellow-assistants?

We do not attempt to deny that amongst the shop-assistants of the present day, there are giddy, senseless, heartless girls; but in all grades of society the same levity and lightness will be found to a certain degree. Is it therefore just and charitable for the sake of a few to cast blame upon the many? The time will come when the work of a woman's hands shall honour her.

Then again, how often we hear the words, "only a governess," spoken in tones of contempt. And who shall tell the agony of heart patiently endured by girls who, delicately nurtured and well educated, are obliged through sad reverses to seek a livelihood by turning their education to account, often receiving for invaluable services a paltry sum? But, by the world, these girls are not honoured for their struggle after independence, or pitied for their misfortunes. Shall it always be so? Must talent and worth be hunted away from the refined social circle, to make way for money? Shall not England's workers become her nobles, and her approving laurels be given to the worthiest, not the wealthiest? How many would prefer the seclusion of home and its joys, to the rude, unequal strife with a pitiless world; but they know their work is their bread; so repressing all longings, and looking for strength from their Heavenly Master, they go resolutely forward until the strife is ended, and they receive the blessed commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and enter into the joy of their Lord.

Not only do the working women lose comfort and happiness by the present state of affairs, but their influence is in a great measure lost, and society itself suffers. Where do we get our Sunday-school teachers, District and Sick visitors, our Tract distributors? Do they come mainly from luxurious homes? Is the greater part of the work done by our fashionable young ladies? Do they not rally strongly from the shops of our towns? with a kindly word of sympathy and warning, carrying out the Divine injunction, rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and weeping with them that weep; soothing the sufferings of the sick, with a woman's gentle hand and ready tact; smoothing the weary one's pillow and lulling him to rest; gladdening and lighting the path of the dying, through the dark valley, with God's holy promises, until they become the sunshine of the habitation of the poor. As Sunday-school teachers they are entitled to our respect and esteem. Who but girls with their hearts rightly influenced, would, after the labour and confinement of the week, devote their Sabbath, their day of rest, to the training and instruction of unruly children? Let each worker be welcomed in society on her own merits and abilities.

One word to the workers. Work on bravely and staunchly till the future shall brighten for you, and instead of being despised by society, you shall be counted one of its brightest and loveliest ornaments. For the day is not far distant when your own works shall praise you "in the gates." The world

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shall yield you the respect and honour which are your right, and you shall reap from your fellow-men the golden opinions which you have gloriously won by your worth and work.

MARY B.

HOW BRITAIN ROSE TO GREATNESS.

BY THE REV. E. BAYLIS.

THE year 1848 will always be memorable in the history of Europe. It was said that the work of an age was done in that year. It was a time that tested theories and principles that had made nations and held them together for ages. A political earthquake shook the whole continent of Europe. The shaking was so violent and severe, that thrones and monarchs fell to rise no more. Amongst the nations so affected was France, whose King took refuge in our own favoured land, where he spent the remainder of his eventful life. The fallen kingdom was succeeded by a Republic, and one prominent leader in that movement was Lamartine. The watchwords of the poet, historian, and statesman, and those who laboured with him to give France another form of government, were, "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."

Two years after the Revolution, in 1850, Lamartine visited England. He had been amidst the dangers and turmoil which attended the convulsion of his own nation. He knew how wide and mighty was the national tempest which had passed over the face of Europe. He knew our nation had stood amidst the storm like a mighty rock in the sea, whilst other States had been like wrecked vessels whose cargoes were strewn on the shore. When he had been in Britain for a while, he expressed his thoughts and feelings in appropriate language. He said he was astonished at the greatness of London, with a population so vast, and with such signs of prosperity on every hand. He knew the insecurity to life and property in his own country, "but," said he, "if I had my home in England, I should not tremble for the safety of my abode." He then went on to speak of his own country, France, as "trembling, swooning, perishing, after having tried monarchy, republicanism, legitimacy, illegitimacy, empire, inquisition, police, sabre, and eloquence;" and when he had poured forth the feelings of his heart in such language, he concluded by exclaiming, "O THAT SHE WOULD TRY RELIGION TOO!"

Another testimony equally important is from the man who was Louis Philippe's great minister at the time of his fall. When he, too, had taken refuge in our country, he was conversing one day with a distinguished nobleman on passing events; he said it was his belief that "the religion of the English people had saved this country from revolution" when other nations felt its effects so fearfully. We thus have two very important testimonies as to the superiority of religion to all other powers to bless and save a nation amidst dangers which test its strength and threaten its existence.

The Bible, free and full in the language and in the hands of the British people, gave them a higher source of morals, and thus became the means of their elevation and advancement.—Now a youth who goes to a school in which the Bible is taught, would be ashamed of opinions which once the very statesmen of his country held sacred.

The Bible taught the unity of God.—It fought with polytheism till it drove it from our land, and the idolatry which was the religion of our forefathers over all Britain is now dead and buried by the consent of the British people. Instead of the absurdities and debasing tendencies of polytheism, we have, in the character of the God of the Bible, and as the basis of true religion, everything which is calculated to instruct, command, elevate, ennoble, purify, bless, and save all who come under its influence; and in proportion as they do so, His natural attributes and His moral perfections, when studied and understood

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so far as we are capable, have a direct tendency to impress and command us in favour of the religion of the Bible. His eternity, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and absolute fulness; His self-existence, unoriginated, independent, and perfect; His glorious holiness, infinite rectitude, and boundless love; His Personal excellencies and His relative claims,—all present Him to our view as the loveliest of all beings throughout the universe, claiming the supremacy of our hearts and the loyalty of our lives.

What an idea does astronomy give us of the omnipresence of the Deity, as filling all space! "The planetary system has its bounds, but space has none. If the great globe on which we dwell were to become annihilated, there are worlds where the, to us, awful event would be unknown; and there are others where it would be nothing more than the disappearance of a little star which had ceased to twinkle." "If the whole planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it would exceed, by many millions of times, the magnitude of this world, and yet only appear a small lucid point from the nearest of the fixed stars." "The suns and systems in space are so numerous, that the best telescope can take in eighty millions." "The universe at large would suffer as little, in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf."* We thus have brought before us a surface so wide that it can hardly be compressed into a definite idea. Yet what astronomer can measure the—

> "Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
> Where stars revolve their little rounds!"

Amidst the dead silence of this dumb world, the Bible comes to help us.

Let us look at some of the characters formed in Britain by the teaching and religion of the Bible. The Bible is the great elevator of society. It awakens genius wherever it finds it sleeping; it liberates mind wherever it finds it trammelled; it arouses to action the mightiest faculties, capacities, and powers of man; it lays the foundation of man's character deep and wide, it raises upon it a corresponding structure, and it brings on the stage of human life characters the greatest, the purest, the noblest, the loveliest, and the mightiest the world ever saw.

Look at some of the British philanthropists. — Could Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and others have laboured so much for the liberation of the slaves in the West-Indian colonies without the influence of the Bible? Could or would our nation have given £20,000,000 for the same purpose without the teaching of the Bible? Could Howard and Mrs. Fry have travelled so much to improve prison discipline, if they had not learned their lessons of duty from the teaching of the Bible?

Then look at the mighty men whose names are a power. Look at Sir I. Newton as a philosopher, Sir M. Hale as a judge, Sir W. Jones as a linguist, John Locke as a metaphysician, Bishop Butler as a logician, Richard Watson as a theologian, and the Wesleys and Whitefield as philanthropists of the highest kind and in the best sense of the word. These and a host of others—all men of renown—were lovers of the Bible, and made it the rule of their opinions and conduct.

The Bible has improved our penal code. —When the late T. F. Buxton became a member of the British Senate, two hundred and thirty crimes were punishable with death. The Bible has taught the British people to treat human life as a sacred thing, and not to take it away in a hasty manner or for a small offence.

The Bible has given us our happy homes. —What religion in this world makes homes like those produced by the religion of the Bible? Where the Bible is unknown, it is a common thing for woman to be downtrodden and deprived of her rights. When foreigners visit our land for a while, and afterwards return to

* Chalmers on Astronomy.

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their own country, they say, "England is a paradise for women."

The Bible has given us the Sabbath and the Gospel of human salvation. — The operations of nature suggested the divisions of time into days, and months, and years, as we now have them. But what led to the division of time into weeks? Can any one who denies the Divine origin of the Sabbath tell? Yet we have such a division, and we owe it to the Bible and the religion it makes known. The Christian Sabbath, the Christian Gospel, and the Christian Sacraments, form an unbroken chain which reaches from the Apostles to us of this age without a "missing link."

The indirect influence, too, which the Gospel exerts is very important. It has a restraining power over those who are not converted by it, and the public opinion which the Bible has thus created and maintained in Britain in favour of morality and religion is beyond calculation in its benefits to us as a community. What would Britain have been long ago without it?

The commanding truths of the Bible, read and preached, in which *all classes* have an equal interest, have become the grand means in the hand of Divine Providence of raising our nation from a state of subjection to a foreign power, to that high place amongst the nations of the globe which Britain occupies at the present time. No other consideration will account for it. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake!"

THE LUDICROUS IN NATURE RECONCILABLE WITH GOD'S MAJESTY, AND EVIL WITH HIS LOVE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "WILD FLOWERS."

WHILE the prevailing aspects of nature are solemnly grand or tenderly beautiful, and therefore in harmony with our conceptions of the Infinite Mind, there are elements which have a humorous effect. Especially in the animal kingdom there is much to excite the sense of the ludicrous. The expression of certain birds and animals is as provocative of laughter as a clever caricature; and it is this very comicality which makes them cherished as household pets, by persons who would pass by the noble and the graceful with indifference. And we must confess that looking at some irresistibly funny skye-terrier, with his eyes of blinking wonderment, and his general appearance of lazy self-satisfaction; some grave household cat, with her air of philosophic, patient investigation; the kitten, with its freaks and frolics and endless pursuit of its tail, a question has arisen which we dare scarcely encourage for its seeming irreverence.

Yet one who looks "from nature up to nature's God," and studies the natural world the better to know its Author, will be impressed with different attributes of the Divine character corresponding to the scene on which he is gazing, or the branch of science which he is investigating. Thus the lightning's flash and the thunder's peal, and scenery savage, weird, and Sinaitic, will affect even the conscience, and persuade of "the terror of the Lord." The glorious expanse of ocean, the starry heavens eloquent of infinity, the majestic mountains, the undulating sweep of hill and wold away in many a beauty-line,—all these speak of His protectiveness, faithfulness, and bounty: the rainbow's "silent song," the plash and play of rills and waterfalls, all remind us that "God is great and good."

And the more intently His works are "sought out" by "them that have pleasure therein," the more is the devout mind affected by a sense of the Divine wisdom and providential care. All this is in harmony with our idea of the Infinite and Eternal One, "Who sitteth upon the circle of the earth." But this apparent freakishness and comicality in nature, what are we to make of it?

Minds the most perceptive of beauty in its subtler forms, most keenly alive to its expressiveness, are often seduced

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into pantheistic notions; hence perhaps it is that this fatal element is discernible in the poems of Matthew Arnold. He speaks of Heine as *an embodiment of one of his Maker's bitter moods.* But mood in its very essence implies change, or modification. How then can we attribute moods to One "with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"? On this rash hypothesis, the wit, the buffoon, and the jester might pronounce themselves the work of lighter moments; but the subject will not bear elaboration.

An old lady friend of ours once exclaimed on our presenting her with a flower, "Thank you, it is beautiful. It seems to me that the mountains, trees, rocks, and heavens are the work of God's hands; but the flowers are the work of His fingers!" Yes, and there is a higher work still, neither wrought by delicate, lightening finger-touch, nor moulded by the Palms in Whose "hollow" are the waters, and in Whose poise "the isles are a very little thing;" for the Lord God having framed man out of the dust of the earth, "*breathed* into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Without this inbreathing of the Deity, the form before Him lay a beautiful and inert shape. It was emphatically, a thing. After that inspiration of the Almighty, creation's lord arose. Lord by the sovereignty of the inspiration of an immortal soul, of a Divine ethereal spark, whose light might be obscured, but could never be extinguished. Having been blown from the altar of an eternal Was, on, on must it burn through an infinite To Be. Amid all its wanderings must its individuality remain; self-consuming, yet unconsumed. Many waters may overwhelm it, but they cannot quench. Hence every mind of man is an emanation of the Eternal Mind. Every power, talent, perception we possess, has an origin Divine.

Will the babe that slumbers on its mother's bosom, all unconscious of the nature of the spirit now at peace within it, be a poet? He may enslave men with the silver chain of words, or overawe them with the loftiness of thought, but he will never rival the poetry which God spake through those who penned the Inspired Volume. Will he be an artist? He may dye his canvas with the most glorious landscapes, or make it live with the fairest conceptions of which the human brain is capable; but the delicate tinting of the butterfly's wing, the symmetry and perfectness of the least of the works of the Almighty Artist, will be to him unapproachable. Will he be a mathematician? Then will he find that this science has its origin with Him Who appoints the stars their places, and keeps the ocean within bounds: and so of any other science.

But what of the sense of humour? Considering that this faculty in varying degrees has an existence in most human minds, giving to one his love of fun, to another his keen sense of the ludicrous, to a third his piercing wit; and again observing the amusing expressions which occur in the animal kingdom, is it either irreverent or airily speculative to assume that this faculty of humour also has a Divine source, and that God has communicated it to mankind, on the same principle as flowers to the grass of the field, and rainbow dyes to the wings of insects and birds? "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." For his sake has the earth been accursed. He has to conquer its thorns and its thistles, and in the sweat of his brow to earn his daily bread. He has to contend against human antagonisms and a number of disappointments, the sum of which is beyond calculation. The wonder is how much poor, afflicted humanity can bear; how far the spirit may submit to pressure, and its spring not be broken. It is all of God that it is so. He has imparted to the frail bark the buoyancy which shall enable it to mount above the adverse billows snowy crested, and He has given to the reed its power to rise again upright from the stormy blast. A lively wit, or playful imagination, though capable of perversion to low ends, is an element of this buoyancy, is a sweetener

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of the bitter cup of life. There is "a time to laugh," as well as "a time to weep;" and the appreciation of the funny and the ludicrous serves to chase away the gloom of many an anxious moment. Therefore would we fain claim humour as one of the many gifts of God; having its elder brothers, needing to submit that reason be lord over it, and yet in itself pure and beautiful, a reflex of an unrevealed or but partially-revealed trait in the yet dimly known and understood.

And if thus it be, we may find that while hope even expires on the threshold of the Great Hereafter, humour enters in, or abides for ever, a play on the happy, holy lips, a spray on the blue ethereal fountain, a shaking out of the wings of those who excel in wisdom, or who are great in love.

With reference to the existence of ugliness here, as a vehicle of symbolism, the author of an article in "Good Words" has started an original train of thought, which we long to see continued, and we shall look forward with eagerness to the promised remarks on the expression of animals.

He who sees the world all beauty, inclines to pantheism; he who sees it all sin and suffering, to scepticism; and these are extremes which meet. It may be as tolerable for a man to deny his Creator, as, recognizing Him, to—

"Love God and foam-bells dancing down the stream,
With a most equal love."

Nature, then, with its glory and its symbols, its varied aspects and its changes, is a revelation of God, imperfect and incomplete, but still a revelation. Its million tongues all proclaim the existence of God, and because of the infinity of the Divine manifestations, the human heart, unassisted by the light of a better revelation, has made to itself "lords many and gods many;" has assigned oreads to the woods, naiads to the streams, thunder-gods to the mountain, and gracious beings garlanded with corn-ears, or laughing ones shaking with their laughter the clusters of ripe grapes gathering round their flushed temples, to the valley and the dale. Bewildering and disheartening must be, and has been, the study of God through nature, without the aid of a better revelation. But with this aid it is well. It is as well to study Him in the minute as in the vast; perhaps to study Him in the vast and not in the minute is not well.

A shepherd boy on the plains of Bethlehem, with the kindlings of a poet's soul within him, was wont, while his snowy flock were peacefully sleeping around him, to turn his eye to the blue Syrian sky above. He watched the several constellations as majestically they took their place for their grand silent march through the circuit of the heavens; and what was his thought? "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

The same grand, silent march has its earnest watchers now; and from lips sorrowful and overawed does the same question come.

It once happened to us to lose our way in a busy manufacturing town, and to become entangled in a labyrinth of noisome alleys and pestilential courts and byways. We shall not soon forget it: the nauseous air, the squalid, wretched hovels, the leering, wicked old men, miserable, degraded women, and noisy, fighting children. Such a confusion and commotion! such a sense of life: but life festering and seething. The struggle resembled that of the animalculæ in a drop of dirty ditch-water. We had read and heard of such things, we thought we had seen them, but the existence of wretchedness and evil had never before been brought home to us with the same positiveness. It was a relief when we found ourselves in the open street, respectable shops on either side of us, and respectable people crying their wares. Why, the very scavenger seemed a respectable person, a complete aristocrat, after those whom we had seen and heard.

And what had we seen and heard? Nothing in comparison with what exists

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in larger and more populous towns, and amid different circumstances on the sunny isles of southern seas. Fairy isles,—

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The idea was oppressive and bewildering. If this was the present of these people, what had been their past? what would be their future? Were these our brothers and sisters by right of the same common humanity? Were they indeed children of the Great Father, precious to Him and cared for by Him? Human goats rather than sheep, would the Good Shepherd be found bringing them on His shoulders rejoicing, as in the Catacombs He is represented, bearing not the lamb, but the kid? There seemed little to encourage the hope. For a season faith staggered. Could the God who permitted evil and sorrow like to this be indeed a God of love?

A week or two after, in the beautiful month of June, we sat one morning on one of the cliffs overlooking Douglas Bay. Fleecy clouds flecked the blue sky overhead, wreaths of foam the sapphire plain below, the setting for many a glistering emerald; sails in the distance shone like burnished silver, the winds played round our temples with the odours of the sea, and the sea broke in music at our feet. What was then the burden of the sea's great diapason? what the swell of the winds? what the under-song of insects? It was, *God is Love*. Ay, but not many weeks ago we had been tempted to doubt this, and the picture we had seen then was as real as the picture presented to us now. But nature teaches us one lesson, and humanity rises up with eager voice to teach us another.

Nature answers with a voice which strikes all other voices into silence:

"I obey the will of my Creator: man resists it. Whence arises my beauty, my sublimity, my peace? Even from that Divine Will with which all my forces and elements are harmonious. Ocean stays its proud waves when its Creator's voice is heard. Stormy winds fulfil His word. Thunders and lightnings purify the air they trouble. Streams find their level. Beasts obey the instincts He implanted, and are governed by His laws. The sun knoweth His appointed times. Planets keep their centre. Man only is a rebel, it is he makes all the discord. Had the material universe his power to disobey, were it to break through the laws its Creator has imposed, willing not that gravitation should bind and pain forewarn, dire would be the ruin. Systems would explode, solitary planets rush off into endless space. There would be no more beauty, there would be no more joy."

Here, then, is the origin of misery: want of harmony with that Divine Will which is absolute in heaven, as it is defied and distrusted on the earth. The secret, too, of many of our own heart-sorrows lies at the root of our lack of submission. We have need every day and every hour to pray, "Thy will be done," as we have reason to believe that when it is, the kingdom will come. All this brings us back to the tale of—

> "Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden."

The little stream of sorrow began in the violation of God's command, has gone on increasing in its volume, widening in its flow, strengthening in its impetus, as the family of man has increased; and we, looking athwart its dreary expanse now, are baffled and overwhelmed.

(*To be concluded.*)

RUSSIAN MONASTERIES.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his interesting work on Russia, gives the following lively account of Russian Monasteries:—

"'A desert dotted with cloisters,' would be no untrue description of the country stretching southward from the Polar Sea to the Tartar Steppes. In New Russia, on the steppes of the Lower Volga, and in the wastes of Siberia, it

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would not be true. But Great Russia is a paradise of monks. In the vast regions stretching from Kem to Belgorod, an eagle's flight from north to south of a thousand miles, a similiar flight from west to east of seven hundred miles, the land is everywhere bright with cloisters, musical with monastic bells.

Nothing on this earth's surface can be drearier than a Russian forest, unless it be a Russian plain. The forest is a growth of stunted birch and pine; the trees of one height and girth, the fringe of black shoots unvaried save by some break of bog, some length of colourless lake. The plain is a stretch of moor, without a well, without a tree, without a town, for perhaps a hundred leagues; on which the grass, if grass such herbage can be called, is brown; while the village, if such a scatter of cabins can be called by a name so tender and so picturesque, is nothing but log and mud. A traveller's eye would weary and his heart would sicken at the long succession of such lines, were it not that here and there, in the opening of some forest glen, on the ridge of some formless plain, the radiant cross and sparkling towers of a convent spring towards heaven; a convent with its fringe of verdure, its white façade, its clustering domes. The plains of Moscow are alive with light and colour; while the smaller convents on river brink and in misty wood, being railed and painted, look like works of art. One of my sweetest recollections in a long, dull journey, is that of our descent into the valley of Seyci, when we sighted the great Monastery, lying in a watery dell amidst groves of trees, with the rays of a setting sun upon her shining domes—a happy valley and a consecrated home, not to speak of such trifles as the clean cell which a pilgrim finds within her walls.

The old cities, Novgorod, Moscow, etc., are much richer in monastic institutions than their rivals of a later time. For leagues above and leagues below the ancient capital of Russia, the river, on the banks of which it stands, is bright with these old mansions of the Church. Novgorod enriched her suburbs with the splendid convents of St. George, St. Cyril, and St. Antony of Rome. Moscow lies swathed in a belt and mantle of monastic houses, the belfries and domes of which lighten the wonderful panorama seen from the Sparrow Hills. Pshoff has her glorious convent of the Catacombs. Within the walls, these cloisters are no less splendid than the promise from without. Their altars and chapels are always fine, the refectories neat and roomy, the sacristies rich in crosses and priestly robes. Many fine pictures—fine of their school—adorn the screen and the royal gates. Nearly all possess portraits of the Mother and Child, encased in gold, and some have lamps and croziers worth their weight in sterling coin. The greater part of what is visible of Russian wealth appears to hang around these shrines.

These old monasteries spring from the social life around them. They were centres of learning, industry, and art. A convent was a school, and in those schools a special excellence was sought and won. This stamp has never been effaced, and many of the convents still aspire to excellence in some special craft.

In the belfry of the old cathedral of St. Sophia, at Novgorod, you are shown a chamber which was formerly used as a treasure-room by the citizens; in fact, as their place of safety and their tower of strength. You enter as if through a series of dark and difficult passages, barred by no less than twelve iron doors, each door to be unfastened by lock and bar, secured in the catches by separate lock and key. In this strong place the burghers kept, in times of peril, their silver plate, their costly icons, (images,) and their robes of pearl. A robber would not, and a boyar dared not, force the sanctuary of God. Each convent was in this respect a smaller St. Sophia, and every man who laid up gold and jewels in such a bank could sleep in peace.

"You must understand," said the antiquary of Novgorod, as we paddled

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in our boat down the Volkhov, "that in ancient times a convent was a home—a family house. A man who made money by trade was minded in his old age to retire from the city and end his days in peace."

The monks have great advantages on their side. If liberal thought and science are against them, usage and repute are in their favour. All the high places are in their gift, all the chief forces are in their hands. The women are with them, and the ignorant rustics are mostly with them. Monks have always attracted the sex from which they fly, and every city in the empire has some story of a favourite Father followed by a female crowd. The monks have not only got possession of the spiritual power, but they hold in their hands nearly all the sources of that spiritual power. They have the convents, catacombs, and shrines. They guard the bones of the saints, and are themselves the stuff of which the saints are made. In the golden book of the Russian Church there is not one instance of a canonized parish priest.

"WHAT THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW, THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

When we shall rest beyond earth's tears,
Beyond its darkness, and its strife,
And read the *wherefore* of the cross
Laid on each suffering, struggling life;—

When we shall see with cloudless eyes,
In the full noon of heaven's pure light,
The meaning of our weary search,
'Mid sin and death, for life and right,

Methinks that we shall praise our God
The most for what we doubt Him now:
Seeing the holiest crown of heaven
Is resting on a thorn-scarr'd brow,—
The brow of Christ, Who stoop'd to death,
Who bent in agonizing prayer,
That in His brethren's pain and need
The Great High Priest of God might share.

Therefore we pray that He would guide
Our footsteps through earth's pathway dim:
So that at last, whate'er betide,
Our spirits may be found with Him.

With Him in Whom are life and light,
Peace, holiness, and love Divine.
O, sorrowing, suffering Son of God,
Make Thou our lives akin to Thine!

STAR-DUST.

Backbiting.—The pious John Newton says: "I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of an absent gentleman, when a person seasonably observed that, though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known anybody convinced of error by what was said behind his back. This was about thirteen years ago; and it has been on my mind as a useful hint ever since. 'Keep thy tongue from evil.'" (Psalm xxxiv. 13.)

The Shepherd's Voice; or "It is I."—A lady walking on some downs, the morning after a terrific thunderstorm, met a shepherd. She asked him what his sheep had done during the storm. "Ah!" he replied, "I folded them as usual in the evening; but, when the storm came on, I thought of the poor things, and went out to look after them. When I got a little distance from the fold, I saw them jumping about in the greatest alarm; but the moment they heard my voice they were quite quiet." Just so, storm and tempest may break over the believer; but only let him hear the Chief Shepherd's voice saying, "It is I," and there is a great calm.

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A Happy Death.—Jessy Oick was about thirty years of age, and died of dysentery. Her two children had died of the same disease—one before her, and the other after her. She died at early morn, having conversed much during the night. At sunrise she wished to know how the sun and sky appeared. After the return of some who had gone outside the house to ascertain, she was told that the sun looked beautiful, and the sky illumined with the splendour of his appearance, where he was breaking forth. "Now," said she, "that is a picture of my spirit filled for heaven by the salvation of Christ. My soul will thus shine in eternity." Soon after she "was not, for God took her."

An old Negro Preacher's explanation.—A negro preacher thus addressed his audience:—"Brethren," he said in his broken way, "what eber de good God tell me to do, in dis blessed Book,"—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-read Bible,—"dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it that I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God—jumpin' at it 'longs to me." "All God's biddings are enablings," says an early Christian writer.—*Illustrations of Truth.*

True Riches.—No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Profession and Possession.—As it is not putting on a gown that makes a scholar, but the inward habits of the mind; so it is not putting on an outward cloak of profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the heart.—*John Mason.*

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JAMES PLUMB.

At Westley, a quiet little village in Cambridgeshire, on Monday, November 27th, 1871, there passed away from this scene of conflict a truly noble and sanctified spirit,—James Plumb, Local-preacher and Class-leader. He was born at Westley, in the year 1804. Not favoured with a godly parentage, he was yet early the subject of religious impressions, and at the age of ten or twelve was accustomed to wander into fields or lanes to pour out his soul to God, asking for grace to walk before the Lord in newness of life. For some years he attended the Established Church; but not finding what he so much wanted there, he went to a religious service conducted in a cottage at Dullingham, by the late Rev. F. A. West. The text was, "Let it alone this year also." The arrow of conviction went to his heart, and before he left the house he could rejoice in God as his reconciled Father. He at once joined himself to the Church, and felt very happy in the society of those that loved God. He early conceived a high regard for the Ministers of Christ, and rejoiced to be able to converse with them for his own edification. Like all who have found the Saviour, he was anxious for the salvation of his friends and neighbours, and soon began to call sinners to repentance. About the year 1824 his name appeared on the Local-preachers' plan, and for forty-six years he ministered the Word of Life to congregations around as occasion served. He was very laborious in this matter, sometimes walking thirty miles and preaching three times on the Sabbath. He felt the importance of self-culture. Not favoured with a liberal education, he endeavoured to make up for that defect. He read closely, and having a retentive memory, his mind was soon stored with useful knowledge. He prepared for

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the pulpit with great care, and his sermons showed a keen insight into the meaning of Holy Scripture. His ministrations were very acceptable, and many will be the stars in the "crown of his rejoicing at the day of the Lord Jesus." As a Leader he was eminently successful.

Strongly attached to the polity of Wesleyan-Methodism, he stood by it not only in the calm, but also in the storm. In his private life Mr. Plumb exemplified fully the Christian character. Like Abraham, he "commanded his household after him." His children revered him; and his exertions for their spiritual welfare were amply rewarded, as he lived to see them all walking in the same path to heaven. He cherished a broad and catholic spirit, loving "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." By all around he was regarded as a God-fearing man. He seemed to wish for a sudden change, and would often repeat the verse,—

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

In this he was gratified. On the Sunday preceding his death, he did not feel well, and stayed at home, most of the day being occupied in reading the Obituaries of the Ministers who had died the preceding year. On the following morning he rose as usual, but feeling unwell he determined not to leave home. A short time after he had a fit. Recovering consciousness, he said, "I am going to die." His daughter, who had just arrived, said, "We cannot spare you, father." He replied, "The summons has come." On being asked if he had any fear, his triumphant reply was, "No, not any," and immediately after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

G. SANDERSON.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR OCTOBER, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Sept.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	5 54	5 46	4 40m	6 23a	2 5m	1 55m	10 35a
Oct.							
7	6 11	5 24	5 43	6 5	2 1	1 27	9 57
			Sets.				
17	6 28	5 2	5 9a	5 50	1 57	0 57	9 19
27	6 45	4 42	4 55	5 40	1 52	0 26	8 42

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, New Moon .... 3h. 31m. after. | 16th, Full Moon ..... 3h. 35m. after.
9th, First Quarter .. 9h. 4m. after. | 24th, Last Quarter .... 8h. 54m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 12th ..... 7h. after., Perigee; distance 228,454 miles.
„ 24th ..... 9h. after., Apogee; „ 251,250 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 239,852 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 1st ..... 91,711,460 miles.
November 1st ..... 90,923,370 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 788,090 „

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Mercury is now in the remote part of its orbit, and will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 13th. On the 21st, at 6h. 30m. in the afternoon, it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit, going southward. On the evening of the 31st, it will be in that point of its orbit farthest from the Sun.

Venus sets in the evening twilight, and is, besides, comparatively far from the Earth, so that it will scarcely be seen with the naked eye during the month. In a telescope, the form is nearly round. It will be very close to the brightest star in Libra on the 12th, and on the same day will be in its descending node. As a guide to its position it may be noticed, that on the evening of the 3d it will be a little eastward of the Moon, and on the evening of the 4th about as far to the west.

In the beginning of the month, *Mars* will be close to *Regulus*; the planet being about one degree south of the fixed star. The decidedly reddish tinge of the planet contrasts remarkably with the white of the star. The one sends us the reflected light of our common Sun; the other, though far away, gives us a glimpse of its own glory, faint, from the immeasurable distance, yet quite sufficient to enable us to speculate, with some degree of confidence, on what that glory must appear when viewed from bodies in its immediate neighbourhood, if such bodies exist. On the 27th this planet will be near the Moon.

Jupiter will be very near *Regulus* toward the end of the month. The distance on the 29th will be only the third of a degree. Referring the planet to the fixed star, its eastward progress, though slow, can be easily perceived with the naked eye night after night. The more rapid progress of Mars will be much more easily discerned. The apparent diameter of Jupiter increases during the month from thirty-three to thirty-six seconds. The eclipses of its satellites are more systematically observed since the Astronomer Royal has called attention to the fact that the Tables require revision. Any one who has a fairly good telescope, and the means of obtaining Greenwich time, can render important service in this useful work. According to the Nautical Almanac, disappearances of the first satellite may be witnessed at Greenwich on the morning of the 9th, at 3h. 16m. 59s.; 16th, at 5h. 10m. 21s.; and 25th, at 1h. 31m. 55s.: the second will disappear on the morning of the 21st, at 4h. 28m. 59s.; a reappearance of the third may be witnessed on the 8th, at 3h. 51m. 22s., and of the fourth on the 19th, at 5h. 2m. 7s. in the morning.

Saturn is visible in the evenings, low in the south-west. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 7th; at ten o'clock on the evening of that day lines drawn from the Earth to the Sun and Saturn would be at right angles.

Uranus rises in the early part of the month soon after midnight, at eleven o'clock, towards the close. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 28th.

Neptune will be in opposition on the evening of the 17th; and as the declination is eight degrees north, the meridian altitude is more than forty-six degrees. On the 14th, it will be on the meridian at mean midnight.

Recent spectroscopic observations indicate that the Sun is at present surrounded by large quantities of incandescent magnesium vapour. It is misleading to assert that such an exhibition is unusual, for our acquaintance with the vapours which surround this body extends over only a very few years. We can only say that the magnesium lines are now to be seen all round the disc, whereas in the few previous years of our brief experience they only occurred in limited patches. It may be found hereafter that the character of the burning vapour in the Sun sensibly influences the seasons on our globe.

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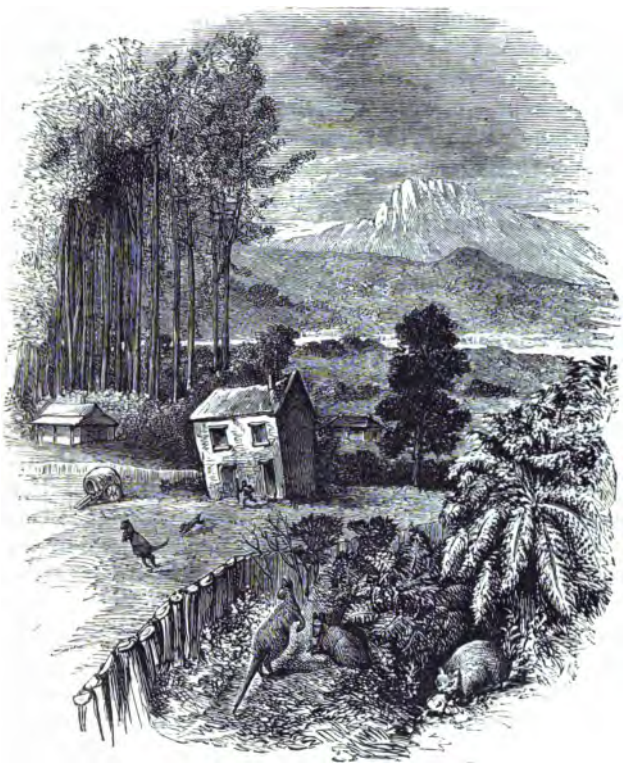

Pioneer Settler's Hut in Van Diemen's Land.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND IN DAYS OF YORE.

Van Diemen's Land was discovered in 1633, but was not occupied by the English till 1804, when the want of prisons in New-South Wales, and the insolence and intemperance of the free population there, rendered necessary the establishment of an additional settlement, which should relieve the older colony and disperse the prisoners. Colonized in the first instance as a place of exile for the most felonious of felons, its name was long associated almost exclusively with the idea of bondage and crime. For many years the only Europeans in the land were the convicts, the military, and the Government officials; and long after emigration was permitted, the originally free settlers were a very small minority. Nearly all the shepherds and stock-keepers; the farm and domestic servants, both male and female; most of the constables, overseers, and Government clerks; and some of the tutors in private families and writers for the colonial press, either were or had been prisoners of the Crown. As a matter of course, the early

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settlers and their children were compelled to associate with convicts and to breathe the same tainted moral atmosphere. In some instances the bond and the free were familiar friends, and lived together on terms of apparent equality; in others, there was the cruel exercise of a petty tyranny which brutalized the man who exercised it and irritated his victim till he was driven to desperation and ruin. It should also be borne in mind that Ministers of religion, places of worship, and Day and Sunday schools, were, especially in the interior, all but unknown. The Sabbath was generally unobserved, and in many instances the day on which it ought to have been kept was mistaken for some other day of the week. No wonder that the colony became a proverb of reproach and shame. Society was corrupted, throughout all its relationships, to its very core. The testimony of the historians of those days is most humiliating, and were it not that their veracity and sources of information were unquestionable, their statements might well be regarded as outside the bounds of truthfulness. Every facility was afforded for obtaining strong drink, till the vice of drunkenness became all but universal. At one time the Government paid its debts in rum, which passed from hand to hand as an equivalent for cash, the standard value being one pound per bottle. Every three months the constables, who were most of them emancipated convicts, or prisoners holding "tickets-of-leave," received in part payment for their services, a supply of spirits, at the rate of a quart each per week. One consequence of this was that those of them who were not drunkards themselves, became retailers of strong drink. The custom was to send a conveyance through the country laden with rum, tea, sugar, tobacco, and other articles, to be exchanged for property; until in 1819 an order was issued by the Government against this kind of traffic by prisoners, stock-keepers, or shepherds, as the authorities had sagely discovered the arrangement to be detrimental to good order and promotive of sheep and cattle stealing.

One of the colonial newspapers affirmed that "half of those who died in the colony perished directly or indirectly through drunkenness." Another authority says that under one of the early Governors "the whole colony was drunk together for weeks;" a statement which ought probably to be taken with some abatement, but which was nevertheless a sad approach to truth. The hangman is said to have drunk himself to death at a time when his official services were in such great demand that he could ill be spared. The amiable and excellent clergyman of New Norfolk was wont to say, that for a number of years he never read the burial-service over any one who died a natural death, all whom he was called to inter having died through accident, violence, or intemperance.

The licentiousness of the place, as attested by the same authorities,

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was on a par with its drunkenness. "No impediment existed to the formation of unhallowed associations." The Government officials, most of whom were unmarried men, almost wholly lived in a state of open, shameless sin, "not one in ten of the law administrators was living with a wife." Through all classes of the community the same "unbridled licentiousness" is said to have "prevailed." On the arrival of Governor Arthur, an order was issued commanding all officers, on pain of dismissal from the public service, to be united in matrimony to those with whom they had been publicly living in shame; an order against which the parties concerned "blustered" and "memorialized," denouncing the "tyranny" which interfered with their "domestic arrangements." The Governor, however, was inflexible, and the result was that "many mistresses became wives." If such was the state of morals among the upper classes, what was it likely to be where every other person you met, whether man or woman, was, or had been a convict? The late Rev. Benjamin Carvosso, in one of his earliest communications from Hobart-Town to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, says, "If there ever was a place carried captive and lying in the bonds of iniquity, surely we may safely affirm it of most of the colonists of this island." The late Rev. William Horton wrote, "Almost every tongue has learned to swear, and among the lower orders, every hand to steal: blasphemy, adultery, and drunkenness prevail to an awful extent, among both rich and poor, male and female, bond and free."

Such was the moral condition of Van Diemen's Land when Methodism found its way there. It was introduced in 1820, by Corporal Waddy and two of his pious comrades, who had been converted to God in New-South Wales, through the instrumentality of our Missionaries. There was then but one Protestant Minister in the colony, and he an infirm man, whose duties were confined almost exclusively to Hobart-Town, so that those who lived away from the seat of Government had no means of religious instruction, and some of them had not attended Divine worship for twenty years. In the midst of this spiritual darkness and moral destitution and gloom, the three devout soldiers commenced meetings for Christian fellowship and united prayer. These were soon followed by services conducted in a small and obscure room, to which the neighbours were invited, and where they sang hymns, read and expounded the Scriptures, offered a word of exhortation to those who joined them, and poured out their hearts to God in prayer and praise. Then came the establishment of a Sunday-school, and arrangements for the erection of a small place of public worship. All this raised a terrible storm of opposition. The little band was charged with intending to turn the place upside down, and there was a fearful uproar. Stones, sticks,

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rotten eggs, and other arguments of a similar kind, were applied with great vigour, and terrible threats were uttered as to what should happen in the event of their not ceasing to trouble the people. But God was with His servants; the wrath of man was made to praise Him; and in a short time the number of the disciples had increased to twelve, among whom were some who had been notoriously wicked. While the infant Church was thus engaged in Hobart-Town making special supplication that God would send some one to their help, the Wesleyan-Missionary Committee were arranging to send a Missionary to the place, and in the following year the Rev. William Horton arrived. Entering upon his duties among a people thus prepared of the Lord, Mr. Horton was privileged to see the Word of God grow mightily and prevail. The congregation and Society increased, the Sunday-school, the only institution of the kind in the country, was supplied with suitable books, sinners were converted, the Church was edified, and ere long precious fruit was safely garnered.

Some account of these "first-fruits," collected from statements published in the early Notices, may not be uninteresting. The "first" of these was Mary Down, a native of Ireland, brought up in the profession of Roman Catholicism. Before her conversion her drunkenness was almost without parallel. She frequently sold her clothes and household furniture to procure spirits. When intoxicated she was a perfect fury, especially to her husband and her family. So enormous were her excesses that scarcely a week passed without her being brought before the police magistrate on some charge or other. When she was at the height of her mad career, application was made to her husband for the use, at a small weekly rental, of a carpenter's shop, which he had then in the course of erection, in which to conduct religious services on the Sunday and on week evenings, and the applicants were led to believe that their wish would be met; but Mary, when informed of the arrangements in progress, stoutly refused, and vociferously maintained that she would have no Methodist meetings near her dwelling. The obsequious husband had to inform the corporal and his friends that they could not have the use of the building. That night a terrible thunderstorm passed over Hobart-Town, and Mary's frail house and the frailer shed rocked to and fro as if they would fall; as each successive flash of lightning illumined her room, in which her husband calmly slept, she became greatly alarmed, believing that the storm was sent as a judgment upon her for refusing to allow her husband's shop to be used as a place of prayer, and awaking him in great terror, she is said to have called aloud, "O Charles! Charles! the Methodists shall have the skilling," (the name by which such wooden buildings were known in those days). Early the next morning the welcome intelli-

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gence was conveyed to the parties concerned, and Charles Down's "skilling" or shop was the first, and for a length of time the only, Wesleyan place of worship in Van Diemen's Land.

Attracted by curiosity, Mary before long was found at the door listening to the singing, and when once there, she lingered to hear what was said, and as the little band told of God's dealings with them, and exhorted each other with purpose of heart to cleave unto the Lord, Mary was conscience-smitten. What she heard found a way to her heart. She verily thought that of all the transgressors of God's just and holy laws in that pre-eminently wicked place, she was the most vile. In bitterness of spirit she cried aloud for mercy, pleading as the only ground of her hope the sacrificial and infinitely meritorious death of our adorable Lord. Those whom she had before persecuted, now rejoiced over her, and prayed for her. Ere long, she was enabled to trust in the Atonement for present salvation, and, assured of her pardon, was filled with joy and peace. Those whom she before so thoroughly despised and hated, she now loved and delighted to meet in the means of grace. All who knew her wondered at the strange change; over her tongue and temper she had, by the grace of God, absolute control. From the day of her conversion to that of her death, she was entirely delivered from her propensity to drink. For several weeks before her death, the Missionary who visited her always found her full of joy and hope, and, after a comparatively brief affliction, which she bore as a Christian, she died triumphing in the God of her salvation. Her husband also, a freed convict, embraced the truth, became a pattern of honesty, integrity, and godliness, and died soon after his wife. Just before he expired, he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" The proper name of these early converts, the first ripe fruit gathered by Methodism in Van Diemen's Land, was not, however, Down, but Cranmer. Down was a name which Cranmer assumed when he was detected in crime. He was a branch of the family of the celebrated Archbishop of that name.

Since their conversion, a glorious company have been washed and sanctified, and made happy, and are now before the throne, the fruit of Missionary toil in that part of the world; and there has been for many years past a large and flourishing Church, which has sent forth agents, converted and trained within its borders, to the adjacent colonies, especially to Victoria and South Australia, and our Mission-stations in the South-Seas, where they are eminently successful in turning men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

No person who now visits Van Diemen's Land, (the name of which was some years ago changed to Tasmania,) can form an adequate idea of what that country was in early days. The various churches have a

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greater number of attendants on public worship, of Church-members, and of scholars in their Day and Sunday schools, than are to be found in most English communities with the same population. In no part of the world is the Sabbath more religiously observed, or is there more of outward decorum. Charitable, benevolent, and religious institutions are sustained by a zeal and liberality which are at least equal to what is found among persons in a corresponding position in this country. Socially, morally, and religiously, Tasmania will compare favourably with any country in the world. "*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*"

W. B.

PHILIP MELANCTHON.

(*Concluded from p.* 295.)

CHARLES having first imprisoned the Ambassadors which were dispatched by the Princes to acquaint him with their protest, shortly after sent word that he intended to come into Germany, to assemble all the States of the Empire at Augsburg, in order to terminate the differences respecting religion. The Diet of Augsburg, so celebrated for the confession of faith which was there first presented to the world by the Protestants, was opened June 25th, 1530.

The hopes of the Reformers, under God, chiefly centred in that excellent prince, John, Elector of Saxony. Every attempt was made to shake his steadfastness; and flatteries and menaces were employed to bring him over to the Catholic interests; but as he acted from principle and conviction, those attempts served only to reflect shame and dishonour upon his enemies. The Elector, on the other hand, did everything in his power to give life and strength to the Protestant cause; and he charged those Divines who attended the Diet at his request, faithfully to direct all their attention to the honour of God, without regarding his person, his interests, or his dominions. The Reformers, on their part, were forward to manifest their zeal and steadfastness on this important occasion. "Will your Highness," said they, in an affectionate interview with the Elector, "stand by and assist us, or leave us to maintain the cause of God before the Emperor?" "My friends," replied he, with a noble elevation, "God forbid! I also, with you, will confess my LORD CHRIST."

Melancthon was now acting at the head of the Protestant Divines, and he had the chief direction of everything that related to religion. It was first concluded that it would be a wise and salutary measure to present to the Diet a clear and distinct account of the doctrines and principles of the Reformation, which at that time were but ill understood, and had often been shamefully misrepresented.

Melancthon was, therefore, requested by the Princes to undertake

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this work, which, from the place were it was presented, has ever since been known by the name of the "Augsburg Confession." The work itself consists of twenty-eight chapters, and is divided into two parts; the first, which is by far the largest, contains a general view of the doctrines and principles which were maintained by the Reformers; these are followed, in the second, by a demonstration of the errors and abuses complained of by the Protestants, and which obliged them to dissent from the Church of Rome. It is allowed on all hands that Melancthon has represented the sentiments of the Reformers with great elegance, perspicuity, and strength.

After some opposition, the Protestants obtained permission to present to the Diet this general view of their principles. In consequence of which, on the fifth day of the Session, Christian Bayer, Chancellor of Saxony, was appointed to read the Confession of Augsburg before the Emperor and the assembled Princes. A copy of this Confession, signed by the Elector of Saxony, four Princes of the Empire, and two Imperial Cities, was delivered to the Emperor.

The Catholics, who had reason to fear the effects of this measure, employed one Faber to draw up a refutation of the Protestant Confession. It soon appeared that the support of a worldly system, and not the pure Gospel of the Son of God, was the great object of most in the Assembly; and the Emperor, swayed by the Catholics, insisted on implicit submission to the doctrines contained in Faber's reply, and forbad the Protestants to publish any further writings.

The Protestants, assured of the validity of their cause from reason and Scripture, offered to demonstrate the sophistry and insufficiency of the arguments employed by Faber, and with that view requested to have a copy of his reply. This reasonable request was refused by the Emperor. Melancthon was therefore obliged to answer the arguments employed by his antagonist from mere recollection, and he published an excellent confutation of the Catholic reply, under the title of "An Apology for the Confession of Augsburg."

There were three ways of bringing these religious differences to a conclusion: The first and most rational, was, by granting liberty of conscience to those who could not submit to the Church of Rome; the second was by compulsion and the sword, which doubtless would have produced many confessors and martyrs; the third, was proposed by the moderate men, who were desirous that both parties by relinquishing something of their respective claims should endeavour to come to an accommodation. The adherents of the Church of Rome were for compulsion and the sword, but in this they were withstood by the Emperor; the last method therefore was adopted, and various Conferences were instituted.

It required, however, but little penetration to foresee what would be

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the final issue. Melancthon was in great distress of mind; without were fightings, within were fears. Luther, who knew his situation, wrote in the most animating manner to encourage him in the present warfare. "In private conflicts, you are strong and I am weak; but in public, I am stronger than you. You despise your own life, but tremble for the cause of God. I have no fear with regard to this. The threatenings of the enemy I value not a rush. If we fall, Christ, the Lord and Ruler of the world, falleth with us; and I had rather fall with Christ than rēign with Cæsar."

Various Conferences were held between men of eminence on both sides, and every attempt was made to reconcile the contending parties but in vain.

After this religious warfare had continued for some time with little hope of success, the stronger party began to think of compulsion by the secular power. As soon as the Emperor had heard the Articles of the Augsburg Confession, he openly declared, notwithstanding the part that he acted, that he wished that this doctrine might be taught throughout the world. Eckius confessed publicly that the Protestants could not be confuted out of Scripture, and the Elector of Mentz, having by accident met with a Bible, continued to read it for some hours, till at length being interrupted by one of his Counsellors, who exclaimed, "What doth your Highness with that Book?" The Archbishop honestly replied, "I know not what this Book is, but sure I am all that is written therein is quite against us!"

The Diet, however, was wonderfully over-ruled by the providence of God for the furtherance of the Gospel; for by the Emperor's special command, the "Confession of Augsburg" was sent to all Kings, Princes, States, and universities in Europe; so that a more effectual method for the sudden and wide diffusion of the truth can scarce be conceived.

A severe edict was notwithstanding issued, on November 29th, in the absence of the Elector of Saxony, and the Landgrave of Hesse, the two great supporters of the Reformation, in which all the changes introduced into the Protestant dominions were severely censured; and an imperial order was subjoined, in which all the Princes and States which had thrown off the Papal yoke, were commanded instantly to submit to the Church of Rome, under pain of the Emperor's high displeasure.

No sooner were the Elector of Saxony and the other Protestant Princes and States informed of this, than they assembled to deliberate, first at Smalcald, and afterwards at Frankfort, on the measures proper for their mutual defence. A solemn league was formed against the dangers which now threatened them.

Hitherto the Reformers had been wonderfully preserved from the power of their enemies, but in 1534 some of their brethren were

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called to suffer martyrdom in France. Under the protection of the Queen of Navarre, many had been encouraged to propagate the Truth in various places, till at length it reached Paris, and was embraced by some of the Doctors of the Sorbonne. Francis I., however, who was blindly devoted to the See of Rome, was so irritated by some papers that had been published against the Mass, that he ordered a great procession, in which he assisted himself, carrying a torch in his hand, with three of his children, and commanded eight of the Protestants to be burnt alive in four of the principal parts of the city. Strange however as it may seem, the following year, this very man sent a pressing invitation to Philip Melancthon to come into his kingdom, in order to calm the minds of his subjects with respect to their religious differences, and to point out some method for the restoration of peace amongst them. Melancthon, who entertained some hope that a check might be given to the persecuting spirit amongst the men in power, would have gone into France, but finding that obstacles were thrown in his way, he considered it as an intimation of the will of Providence, and submitted. About the same time, Henry VIII., disgusted with the conduct of the See of Rome respecting the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, having thrown off the Pope's supremacy, sent likewise a pressing invitation to Melancthon to come over to England. But Melancthon respectfully declined; for he began to discover that passion and caprice were the motives from which Henry too often acted. "I had much rather," said he, writing to one of his friends, "unite in the warfare of those who are sincerely endeavouring with all their might to promote the peace and harmony of the Church of Christ at large."

But our space will not allow us to trace further the career of this truly great man.—On the 8th of March, 1560, he was taken ill of an intermitting fever, which consumed the little strength he had left. He insensibly fell asleep in Jesus, expiring without a sigh or a groan, April 19th, 1560, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD.

V.—THE LAME PRINCE CHARGED WITH TREASON.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

MEPHIBOSHETH would have but a dim remembrance of his father and grandfather, for they fell on Gilboa when he was only five years old. The tidings of the disaster went through the land with almost telegraphic speed, and caused a panic in the royal residences. There seems to have been a fear that there would be a general extermination of the house of Saul, and Mephibosheth was snatched up by his nurse and borne away from the home that was no more to be guarded and gladdened by the presence of Jonathan. In her haste she stumbled, and the

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child seated on her shoulder, or held to her side, was thrown on the hard ground. His feet were injured by the fall, and he whose father had sped to the battle with the swiftness of the eagle and the strength of the lion, was henceforth a helpless cripple. Years passed away, the names of Saul and Jonathan had been obscured by the greater name of Jesse's brave and gifted son. But though David was seated on the throne of Israel, prosperous at home and victorious abroad, he did not forget the friend who had been so true to him in the old days, and he asked, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" No one about the court was able to answer his inquiry, but Ziba, an old servant of the house of Saul, was brought to him, and on being questioned, told of the lame Mephibosheth. He was at that time sheltered in the house of Machir, in Lo-debar, a town or hamlet on the eastern side of the Jordan. He was sent for, and as David looked on him and saw how low the pride and glory of his early and faithful friend had fallen, he must have found it difficult to keep down the feeling he had embodied in immortal song. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan .... How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" David spake kindly to Mephibosheth, restored to him the land which Saul had held as his own private property, and told him that he was to sit daily at the royal table.

From that time Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, and could Jonathan have seen his son borne gently day by day to a seat of honour beneath the cedarn rafters of the king's palace, he would have rejoiced that the old vow had been so faithfully performed: "And Jonathan said to David, go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever." Nor was David's kindness to Mephibosheth without advantage to himself. When he was driven from his throne by the revolt of Absalom, and compelled to seek refuge on the eastern side of the river, Machir, probably influenced by his generous care of the poor cripple, whose meek spirit and quiet ways were so pleasantly remembered in Lo-debar, united with Nahash and Barzillai in making munificent provision for him and his attendants. Kindness awakens kindness, good deeds beget good deeds; "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

When David, after the first hurry of his flight from Jerusalem, looked round on his faithful retainers, he saw that one face was missing; where was Mephibosheth? If David suspected him of selfish and treasonable intentions in staying behind, the suspicion was soon confirmed by Ziba. He appears to have hastened to Mephibosheth's farm, and having laden two asses with bread, and raisins, and melons, and a leathern bottle filled with wine, met the sorrowful fugitives just as they were beginning the descent of Olivet on their way to the Jordan. David greeted him with, "What meanest thou by these?" Ziba told him that the asses were for his household, and the bread and fruits and wine for the people who were with him. David then asked about Mephibosheth. Ziba said, "Behold, he abideth at Jerusalem: for he said, To day shall the house of Israel restore me the kingdom of my

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father." The King accepted Ziba's story, and with a haste that can only be excused by the agitated state of his mind, made over to him the whole of Mephibosheth's possessions, thus rewarding the apparently loyal love and kind thoughtfulness of the one, and punishing the assumed unfaithfulness of the other.

The death of Absalom and the defeat of his party, left David free to return to Jerusalem: Ziba, with his fifteen sons and twenty servants, going before him in his march to the city. As he was going up to his palace he was met by a wretched-looking figure with matted beard, and soiled garments, and ragged bandages on his feet. It was Mephibosheth, who had not had his beard trimmed or his clothes changed or his feet dressed from the day on which the King went away from the city. David asked him why he did not go with him. He explained this seeming want of loyalty as having been caused by Ziba: "My lord, O king, my servant deceived me: for thy servant said, I will saddle me an ass, that I may ride thereon, and go to the king; because thy servant is lame." The truth appears to have been with Mephibosheth, and it is not unlikely that the very ass on which he had intended riding with David's company was taken by Ziba to further his own ends, and was one of those which had been laden with provisions for the King and his followers. It is scarcely probable that Mephibosheth could have the shadow of a hope that he would profit by the tumult in the city. The revolt was not in the interest of Saul's family, and Mephibosheth must have known that even if David was not restored or Absalom raised to the throne, there was no likelihood of his being placed on it. In a time when strength and valour, the stalwart limb and the lion-like heart, were looked upon as necessary qualifications for the kingly office, it was altogether out of question that the people would put the crown on the head of a man who was unable even to walk. Had Mephibosheth possessed the daring foot and the strong arm of the warrior who went down into a pit and slew a lion there in the time of snow; had he even been able to make up for the lack of physical prowess by a genius like that of Ahithophel, he might have indulged in ambitious dreams, but with his bodily infirmities and feeble, unadventurous mind there was no chance whatever of his becoming king, nor can we think that even in his secret heart he aspired to a position so difficult and dangerous; he was too much depressed by a sense of his own insignificance for that; he called himself a dead dog, and wondered that one whose father's house were all dead men should have a place at the King's table; and he would have been disposed to shrink from the responsibilities and honours of a crown, even if they had been freely offered to him. David neither denied nor expressed himself as satisfied with Mephibosheth's explanation, and not willing utterly to revoke his grant to Ziba, said, "Thou and Ziba divide the land." Mephibosheth had still sufficient left to supply his wants; he had his son Micha to comfort him, and in his quiet home in Jerusalem he could sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

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LIFE-PARTNERSHIP.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

NEAR Lyons, that French town which has long been justly famous for the skill and taste of its silk manufacturers, the impetuous Rhone and the sluggish Saône unite, and henceforth flow in one channel. In many parts of its previous course the Rhone rushes down a considerable declivity. Hence it hurries along like a war-horse when charging the foe. The Saône differs from the river with which it thus eventually unites. It moves with gentle pace, and wanders hither and thither among the pastures and vineyards of sunny France, as though caring not whither its path might lead if only it be allowed for ever to remain in the beautiful country from which it sprung. But the rushing Rhone and the sauntering Saône alike arrive in the vicinity of the town where the loom is taught to give forth patterns of endless variety, but all beautiful in design and colour. Nigh that town the two rivers enter the same channel. For a time, however, their waters appear determined not to mingle. Though both are now journeying to the same sea, their distinctness is maintained. The Rhone hurries along the left bank, as though wishful, in the least possible time, to reach the vast expanse of waters beyond, and to add additional acres to the myriads it has already formed on the south coast of France. The Saône proceeds leisurely, as though affirming, in low accents, but determined, its resolution that it will not be hurried. It never has been; and, in a whisper as energetic as its gentle character permits, it seems to say that it never will be hurried. Beauteous France is pleasant as any sea in the world. So the Saône quietly glides along the right bank, and wonders at the needless flurry and ungenteel appearance of its associate. But the two rivers flow in the same channel, and are destined to do so until they arrive at their destination. So in a short time, though they are yet to be distinguished, the Saône moves faster than its wont, while the Rhone proceeds at a quieter pace. When the water in that one channel is about to enter the Mediterranean, no one could point which part had originally belonged to the river which formerly appeared working itself into frenzy, and which to that which seemed to be falling asleep on its journey.

Persons who are united in marriage have, in many instances, manifested dispositions exceedingly diverse. In some instances, but they are generally unhappy ones, they become still more diverse, if not absolutely contrasts in character. In such cases there has usually been little affection, or the affection has been short-lived. In many instances where there is moral excellence in both, and the diversity is in matters not essential to real worth, each supplies the deficiencies of the other, until those deficiencies are, at least in part, obliterated. As a rule, however, if husband and wife really love each other, and are long spared to dwell together, they come in a great degree to resemble each other. This process of assimilation more frequently takes place because the partnership contracted on the wedding-day is for life. A youth who thoroughly esteems the master to whom he has been bound for seven years, is likely to contract some of the master's ways of speaking and acting. But those persons who become husband and wife are to

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dwell together so long as they both do live. Hence if the young man and maiden are spared until they become old, there will be time for mutual influence. This may prove one of the greatest blessings conferred on them or otherwise; but if they love each other, and continue to do so, the influence will be potent. Until the wedding-day, the man may, with impetuous ardour, be pressing along to worldly affluence or distinction: he will henceforth be largely affected by the views and conduct of the wife he loves. The maiden, previous to her marriage, may have, during a few years, endeavoured to live a life of prayer and holy activity. She will find it hard work to do this if her husband, whom she regards with deep affection, remain dead to God and heedless of heaven. Either partner may struggle for a time, and it is just possible, may retain a distinctness of aim and conduct, without ceasing to love aright. But this latter is not likely. Such potent influence being common to the marriage state, all persons should be cautious in entering into this *partnership for life*.

Those who intend to marry had better lay aside all expectation of discovering anything like absolute perfection. That which, during the days of courtship, seems faultless excellence, is not rare. But those who are wishful in due time to form a contract of the sort we speak of, had better cherish no anticipation of meeting with a partner who will always seem angelic. Could such a partner be found, the bargain would be unequal; as we dare not affirm ourselves to be raised above human frailty. Were it possible for one truly angelic to lose her temper, she would certainly be in danger of doing so to find that she had been induced to link herself for life with an imperfect being. Besides, we know full well that no such perfection exists on earth. As we have just said, we certainly should not find it inside our own dwelling, and it would be equally impossible to discover it outside. We must require real worth, not absolute perfection. If we can secure real worth, with a capability of growth, we shall do well. Those who are in search of a life partner, ought to be certain that there shall be excellence in themselves, and then they may fairly look for it in the other contracting party. Such worth comprises many particulars. To avoid indefiniteness in language, we must fix on one of the parties to make the inquiries, though with reference to both. Let it be the lady who thoughtfully asks, concerning her professed adorer,—

Are his purposes unselfish?—Of course she will not require that he shall have entirely lost sight of his own comfort and welfare. He may not have entirely divested himself of self-love, and ought neither to profess to have done so, nor really attempt any such impracticable achievement. But is he free from selfishness? Is he really aiming at our mutual advantage, or merely seeking his own gratification, or ease, or advancement, regardless of what becomes of me? In the Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Raffles we read of the disappointment of a man whose purposes were evidently selfish. He had paid attention to a young lady who had money of her own, and whose father was a man of property. The young lady was pleased with those attentions, and the flattering words addressed to her, but the father had more discernment of character, and therefore disapproved of the proposed union. The suitor was

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wicked enough, and the young lady was foolish enough, to arrange for an elopement. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes they stood together. He had provided a horse accustomed, according to the fashion of the times before Macadam, to carry double. They mounted and proceeded on their flight. For a little time both were chiefly engaged in meditation. He was at heart a selfish scoundrel, and cared not any longer to employ terms of endearment. She had not altogether been without suspicions, her father's remonstrances had found entrance a little way into her heart, and she was now pained by the coldness of her companion. She resolved to apply a test to his love. She broke the silence by saying, "Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." Somehow the man was not in a pleasant mood, and he gruffly replied, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." A pang of regret passed through the young lady's heart. She restrained herself, however, for a short time, and then suddenly exclaimed, "O dear, what shall we do? I have left my money in my chamber." "Then," said he, sternly, "we must go back and fetch it." They speedily reached the house, the ladder was again placed, and the lady mounted. In a little time the man called to her in a subdued tone, "Are you coming?" Looking out of the window, she said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She then shut down the window, and left him to return on his double-saddled horse alone. That was to her a fortunate deliverance. There are, however, fortune-hunting men, and women also, seeking to gain without giving. Such are to be found in the upper, lower, and middle classes of society. All prudent people must be on their guard.

Is he free from vicious propensities?—Any sailor who finds it imperative on him to swim from his ship to the shore which is at a considerable distance, and who also perceives that there is a considerable swell and heavy breakers, and suspects that there are some strong currents in a wrong direction, will act wisely to fasten around him the best life-buoy that he can procure. He who when about to spring into the water, in such circumstances, should bind to his neck a lump of pig-iron because that metal formed part of the cargo, and this lump happened to be the first thing that came to hand, would act like a lunatic, and his fate would be sealed. He might be a good swimmer, the best swimmer, if you please, that ever broke a biscuit or was drenched with salt water, but he will go down. He may battle with the waves for a short time, but, poor fellow! how can he hold out? There are, at the present hour, myriads of brave-hearted women who are struggling to keep their heads above water in the ocean of life, washing, scrubbing, charing, mending, toiling on in all sorts of ways, for nine hours a day, *twice told*, in order to get bread for themselves and for their children, while the father of those children, the husband to whom she gave hand and heart long years ago, is wasting his time, ruining his health, and squandering his abridged wages in the tavern. Alas, there are not a few hard-working and sober men who are cursed with a tipsy wife! Ye who are yet unmarried, ascertain fully that there is no leaning towards this terrible evil in your proposed partner. You may be strong and

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willing, but how can you keep afloat with a such a burden?

Has he control over his temper?—We must not expect or require that all persons should be of that unimpassioned sort who look with languid eye alike on the evil and the good; or who, at the most, feebly commend the latter or faintly suggest a hint of rebuke against the former. It is well that all people are not so constituted. A well-regulated indignation against rogues, tyrants, hypocrites, and all manner of evil-doers, is exceedingly beneficial, especially when accompanied by a wise and loving approval of everything that is worthy. There are those who are never excited if allowed to move along their own selected path, by anything that occurs on the right hand or their left. They seem affected by a sort of mental and moral colour-blindness, so that though they can find their way to the dining-room and chamber, they do not see much difference between black and white, or between crimson and snow. Had there been no other sort of people in the world, negroes would yet have been toiling as slaves in the West Indies, infants would still have been driven up sooty flues in England, and no efforts would now be making to arrest the doings of those who for guilty gain foster the intemperance of our loved country.

Temper, however, ought to be suitably controlled. It should be but one manifestation of charity. In the married life its subjection to the law of love is essential. Whilst such subjection is in the process of completion, there must be mutual forbearance. The happy peacefulness of a home was accounted for by the statement made by the wife, that ever since she and her husband were married they had kept two *bears* in the house! namely, *Bear* and *Forbear*. Now possibly the young man may not have either of these fully grown. But has he two young and growing *bears* of his own? Have you? If you are not prepared, in this respect, for housekeeping, you will act wisely to wait until you become so. You may be happy without either piano or sofa, but certainly not without the "two bears."

Does he possess true religion?—It is assumed of course that you are in the enjoyment of this inestimable treasure. Otherwise, if he has the great gift, we can only hope that he will have nothing to say to you concerning marriage until you secure it. But, on the supposition that you have been so blessed, it is of unspeakable importance that you should be fully satisfied that he also is walking in the way to heaven. Of course it is possible that, having done your utmost, you may be deceived. But do your utmost. Have the satisfaction, if such should be your unfortunate lot, of being able to appeal to the Lord that you were not willingly led wrong. That you should act aright in this, is essential to your real and endless blessedness. If you wilfully, or heedlessly, marry an unconverted man, it is probable that at the close of life you will be without religion. This is apparent, first, because you certainly have but scanty grace now, or you would be spending no time in considering the overtures of one who loves not Jesus; secondly, however little you have now, you will have less when you have decided to disobey Christ, by marrying one who is not "in the Lord;" and thirdly, you will enter into an atmosphere altogether unfavourable to the maintenance of the life Divine.

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In the island of Java there is a place called *Guevo Upas*, or "Poisoned Valley." It is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty or thirty-five feet in depth. A number of men who visited it succeeded in getting near the bottom without any fatal results; but a dog which they fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust quite to the bottom, lost all power of motion in fourteen seconds, and died in about eighteen minutes. Another dog who went to his companion, fell down in ten seconds, and lived only seven minutes. The men observed a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. Bones of all kinds strewed the fatal place. The visitors hastened away lest they also should fall victims. Those who marry, or even pay addresses to, or receive attentions from, those who love not the Saviour, enter an atmosphere inimical to spiritual life, and generally fatal thereto.

We are taught in Holy Scripture:—"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." If Divine direction is needed at all times, it is specially so when a partner for life is to be chosen. "A prudent wife is from the Lord." (Prov. xix. 14.) Seek counsel, in this and all things, from the All-Wise God.

DAVID,

AND THE WATER FROM THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

"O THAT brave hands would bear me drink
From Bethlehem's plenteous well,
In youth beside its crystal brink
It was my bliss to dwell;
O then as pleasant haunt I knew
That cistern in the rock,
For oft from its cool depths I drew
Clear water for my flock;
And still I hear the silvery splash
While shepherds round it wait,
And O for drink, from the shady brink,
Of the well by Bethlehem's gate!"

So spake old Jesse's famous son,
But, lo, with heathen taunt,
Philistine bands for camp had won
His dear Judæan haunt.
What arm could break that line of swords
And reach the fountain's brim?
Three mighty men caught up his words,
And nerved with love for him,
Rush'd past the banner'd tents of Gath,
And down the well's damp stair,
Then hastening back, on their perilous track,
The dripping pitcher bare.

O proudly did they bear their prize
To their brave chieftain's hold,
And thankful tears were in his eyes
For deed so high and bold!
But water won as by their blood,
Was not for lips of man,
And as an offering meet for God,
The limpid treasure ran;
For David from the warriors took
The trophy from the well,
And on the ground, with a psalm-like sound,
The sacred water fell.

J. M.

TREES, AND THEIR TENANTS.

V.—THE ELM.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

To the dweller in or near London, the elm is one of the most familiar of trees, and persons without much botanical knowledge generally contrive to distinguish it from the others sometimes found in its company; though I have found some confusing it with the hornbeam, which is to be seen mingling its boughs with the elm in the hedges. The best people may make errors of this sort. We read in Cowper's "Task," about some *elms* he greatly admired, which

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"screened the herdsman's solitary hut;" but the poet's friend, Throckmorton, proved to him afterwards that the trees in question were *poplars*. It is rather singular that a later poet, as meditative, and also in a degree pensive, yet not enriched with Cowper's quiet humour, and belonging to a different school of poetry—the illustrious Wordsworth, should also tell of a hut which had lofty elms as its screen, long the dwelling of a lonely woman. He also describes one who used to visit the spot, as raising his eyes to the trees, and saying to a friend beside him, in the height of a summer's day:—

" 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.
At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour, when all things which are not at rest
Are cheerful,..
Why should we thus, with an untoward mind
And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,
And feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts!"

Though we may admire the sentiment of these lines, it is not difficult to prove that they only give us half the truth. The "religion of nature" may soothe the philosophic mind, and impart some semblance of peace, but it affords no firm basis for the immortal soul to rest upon, conscious that it cannot say, what could be uttered by the smallest pebble or plant, had such objects a voice,—that it has not transgressed against its God! The Christian, while admiring the material works of the Creator, will exclaim, in the words of the bard of Olney, already referred to,—

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"Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
Thy words, more clearly than Thy works, display,
That while Thy *truths* my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble Thee, and call Thee mine."

Our great poet Milton, the bard of Paradise, had a liking for the elm, and he tells us how pleasant and invigorating he found it to quit the hum of London, and her crowded streets, (if he thought it bustling in his day, what would he say to it now?) and resort for contemplation to the shady parks and woods around the city, where thick shades of elm shut out the sun. A great many of these have now fallen by the axe, and in some instances the ground, formerly quiet woodland, now bears a thick crop of houses, and exhibits paved ways instead of grassy paths. And again does Milton speak of the elm in his "L'Allegro,"—

"Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row *elms*, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

But, if we are to credit antiquarians, a poet much more venerable, and whose lot was cast in a Pagan land, has an allusion to the elm. This tree is thought to be the one named by Homer, in Book xxi. of his "Iliad," where he describes a tree as affording a bridge to the half-drowned Achilles, when the river Xanthus formed a rapid torrent.

The too-prevalent custom of lopping off the lower branches of the elm does not tend to improve the appearance of solitary trees, which, as we view them from a distance, have a singular aspect, especially if they are posted on some rising ground. It must be admitted that even when seen to most advantage, the elm has a sombre look in summer, produced by its dark-green foliage, but towards autumn it has a lighter appearance, the leaves being then tinted with yellow. This tree is amongst those which rise to a considerable height, and a pert elm, planted perhaps at the same time as an oak standing beside it, will frequently rise far above the monarch of the woods, though not attaining the solid proportions of the oak. Some elms have reached the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and seventy or eighty feet is not at all unusual. There are some elms of good age in Britain, and, were it true, as some say, that the Crusaders brought the elm with them from Palestine, specimens have been cut down, which, from the number of rings which could be counted in the wood, showed that their date of birth must be almost as far back as that period of history. The Wych or Scotch elm is most certainly a native of Britain, if its relative the common elm, called by botanists *Ulmus campestris*, is not. And in the northern part of our isle, where, in some localities, trees are scarce, they have reason to delight in their elms; in some cases connected with history or romance, as, for instance, the famed "Trysting Tree" of Tiviotdale.

Superstitions have connected themselves with this Scotch elm, (*Ulmus montana*,) because it also bears the name of the Wych elm. Possibly it was supposed to furnish the traditional wooden horse on which persons addicted to witchcraft were said to transport themselves through the regions of the air. But in fact the names "wych" and "witch" have no real association, and many think that the elm was called "wych" from an old Saxon term, which is sometimes applied to an enclosure of any sort. The elm of both species is found very serviceable for the formation of hedges, and these trees are to be seen in greatest number about the habitations of man, or the ground he cultivates. The Wych elm has larger leaves, and branches which are rather inclined to droop; the trunk also is frequently adorned (or disfigured?) with excrescences or wens, which, when removed and polished, furnish some very elegant cabinet-work. The timber of the elm stands moisture far better than many other woods, and hence it has been used for water-pipes, mill-wheels, and in ship-building, for the keels of vessels of great

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magnitude. The wood of the Scotch elm is specially tough.

In former times, according to Evelyn, farmers used to feed pigs and cattle with the leaves of the elm, and preserve them in sacks, in a dried condition, if the winter appeared likely to be a bad one for obtaining fodder. Modern folks, however, do not make this use of the elm, so far as I am aware; indeed, on the other hand, I have heard it stated that horses and cows should not be allowed to browse on the branches.

The by-passer will often notice an elm which has lost large slices of its bark, and on the exposed wood he will also see a number of round holes, some open, and some filled up with fine dust. If the month be June, he may probably find a good many small beetles, at rest, or crawling slowly about. These insignificant fellows are representatives of a species called the Elm-destroying Scolytus. The parent beetles have strong jaws, and each female bores a gallery in the wood to receive her eggs; dying at last in the cell she has formed. Do we wish to know what has become of her progeny? If we take up a piece of the bark, and look at the inner surface, we discover that it is mapped over in a curious manner, with meandering lines, each of which may be traced to a common starting-point. This spot was where the little grubs were hatched from the eggs; and these creatures (worm-like, and not at all resembling their parents in this stage of their existence) continue to feed through autumn, winter, and spring, to come forth in summer as perfect beetles. Not only popular, but scientific belief, attributed to the Scolytus the death of many elms, and even of long avenues of the tree; and with seeming reason. But now it is thought that the huge caterpillar of the Goat moth, of which mention has been made, is the secret cause of the damage sustained, and that the beetle only finishes off the work of destruction.

Upon the leaves of the elm, much more common in some seasons than in others, we find those sluggish creatures called Aphides, better known in gardens as the "green" or "black blight." These insects are most of them wingless, and it is a curious fact that the effect of their attacks upon the leaves is to make them turn colour, and curl up, thus giving a shelter to the enemy, which thus escapes some of its foes. For surely this Aphis is one of the most helpless of insects, furnished with a long sucker, it is true, yet this is only available to draw the sap from the plant or tree on which the little group is resting and feeding, since Aphides love to be together, and certainly live most amicably; each individual, as it makes its escape from the egg-shell, duly taking its place behind its brethren, that are advancing in a party along some leaf or twig.

Though not so many caterpillars undergo their transformations on the elm as on some other trees, it has several notable species peculiar to itself, and amongst these is that of the Black Hairstreak Butterfly. The perfect insect, though small, is a rapid flier, but it may be taken when settled on blossoms, having a great liking for those of the bramble. The eggs are laid in the summer on the elm-twigs, and they do not hatch until the following year. The young caterpillar is rarely found; as it grows larger, it is occasionally beaten into a net or umbrella by the insect-hunter in those counties where it occurs. This is one of the singular caterpillars quite woodlouse-shaped in appearance, there being a series of ridges down the back which overlap each other, and at those times when it is reposing, the head and legs are hidden from view. Very much larger, though also a singular object, is the caterpillar of the moth known as the Lime Hawk, though more frequently to be discovered feeding upon the elm. This has seven stripes of yellow on its green skin, which is roughened like "shagreen," and the tail bears a conspicuous horn. This is an autumn feeder, the moth flying forth in the June following; a beautiful creature with a rich bar of dark green, and a border of the same hue, disposed upon the upper wings of olive-brown. A pretty "Looper

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caterpillar," not uncommon on the elm in some English counties, is that of the Clouded Magpie, the moth being a near relative of that too abundant species which is the parent of the caterpillars, cream-coloured, orange, and black, which prey freely on our gooseberry and currant bushes in the spring. The Clouded Magpie caterpillar is gray, however, with two yellow stripes, rows of black dots, and a black head. Still commoner, being seen in all parts of England and Ireland, is the variegated caterpillar of the Mottled Umber moth. It is scarcely an inch long; yet when occurring, as it sometimes does, by thousands, it causes an obvious bareness in the trees it has made its resort. Mr. Newman, the great entomologist, tells us that these little fellows delight to swing from a twig, suspended by a silken thread, and that they will thus remain for hours when there is a gentle breeze about the end of May. It is probable that they drop so in order to baffle some of their natural enemies. The moth flies late in autumn.

Living upon the elm there are to be seen in summer several species of small caterpillars, which carry their houses upon their backs. We notice on a leaf what appears to be a tiny piece of stalk, and to our astonishment, out of a round hole at one end pops a head, followed by a pair of legs, and the caterpillar within begins to travel over the leaf, dragging his house or tent after him. This little tent is cut out by the caterpillar with great ingenuity from the membranes of the leaf, and suitable pieces having been shaped, they are joined together with silk.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY REV. J. WHITEHEAD.

LICHFIELD, in Staffordshire, has the honour of being the birthplace of Samuel Johnson. He was born in the year 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a country bookseller; a man of good understanding, but disposed to melancholy, which was afterwards a characteristic of his greater son. The mother of Samuel Johnson came from an ancient race of substantial yeomanry, named Ford, resident at King's-Norton, in Warwickshire. She seems to have been a strong-minded though uneducated woman; and she endeavoured to train her son in those habits of virtue wherein consists the true happiness of life. Both parents being members of the Church of England, Johnson was educated in the faith and customs of that communion. Of his mother he ever spoke in terms of the greatest love and deepest respect; in fact, his love for his mother was one of the noblest characteristics of the man. From his childhood he was afflicted with scrofula, which disfigured his countenance, affected to a considerable degree the sight of one eye, and subjected him to much of that lowness of spirits which is often the accompaniment of ill-health.

In his obscure home at Lichfield, he grew up a strange, awkward, ungainly lad; joining but little in the sports of other boys, partly because of his defective vision, partly because of his bodily indisposition, and partly from a dreamy inertness which more or less characterized him during life. The greater part of his early training was received at Lichfield Grammar School, one of the many educational establishments founded by the piety and wisdom of our forefathers, which have done so much in giving solidity to English scholarship. Johnson there distinguished himself by his great acquisitiveness, his tenacious memory, and ambition to excel; and received an excellent preparation for Oxford, to which University he repaired in his nineteenth year, through the kindness of a Shropshire gentleman, for his father was not in circumstances to afford such an expense. At the University his favourite studies were ethics, theology, and classical literature; and though generally reserved in his demeanour, he frequently gave proofs of his extensive

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reading by quoting in conversation passages from obscure ancient writers.

But his poverty was a drag upon his industry. He read widely, but only in a desultory manner. He became reckless; tried to banish his care by foolish frolics; and whenever tricks were to be played on masters or students, Samuel Johnson was ready to lend a willing hand. Years afterwards, Johnson, referring to this period of his life, said, "I was mad and violent then. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority." At one time his poverty was extreme; his shoes being so far worn into holes that his feet appeared through them. He was too proud to accept of money or of a gift; when a friend left a pair of new shoes at his room door, he flung them away with indignation. After three years' residence at Oxford, his poverty compelled him to leave the University without a degree.

Whilst Johnson was at Oxford, there was another student at that venerable seat of learning, whose memory is still reverenced by all who reverence Christian earnestness and zeal. George Whitefield was a member of Pembroke College. Johnson had but little regard for Whitefield. He would not allow much merit to his oratory. "His popularity, Sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds, were he to wear a nightcap, or were he to preach from a tree." He indeed was forced to acknowledge Whitefield's success, but it was reluctantly. We can by no means endorse his judgment of the great preacher. Our heart goes out to the devoted Minister of Christ. We turn with admiring gaze to the man whose life-long hymn was,—

> "The love of Christ doth me constrain
> To seek the wandering souls of men;
> With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
> To snatch them from the gaping grave."

The glory of moral greatness rests upon such a life as that. And after all is said of Johnson's abilities, his vast acquirements, his voluminous and invaluable literary productions; when we remember Whitefield's self-denying labours, and the marvellous success of his devoted career, we feel constrained to say, "That is the nobler and more blessed life." "He that winneth souls is wise."

It was while he was at the University that Johnson began to think seriously about religion. His mind and conscience were awakened through reading Law's "Serious Call to the Unconverted." William Law was a devotional writer living in the early part of the last century. His book just mentioned is the one by which he is best known. Johnson tells us that he "first learned from it to think in earnest about religion." He also admired the work from a literary point of view, and regarded it as "the finest specimen of hortatory theology in any language." Johnson was throughout life a devoted member of the Established Church; and, as far as we can learn,—with the exception of one brief period,—he walked in the fear of God, though he did not realize His forgiving love till just before the end of his earthly life.

When Johnson left Oxford, he returned to Lichfield, poor, destitute, not knowing how he should gain a decent livelihood. His father's misfortunes in trade rendered him unable to support his son; and for some time there appeared no means by which the young scholar might support himself. His father died in the same year, and all the legacy that Johnson received amounted to twenty pounds. He was now forced to seek employment, and for some time acted as usher in a school at Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire. But the position was most irksome to him. The patron of the school was an insolent, overbearing man, and made the assistant's life miserable. The post of usher does not seem to have been at all desirable in those days. Goldsmith, the friend of the subject of this paper, once acted in that capacity, and liked it no better than his illustrious brother

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in letters. He says, "I have been an usher to a boarding-school, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late. I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad." He then humorously gives the following pre-requisites for the post of an usher: "'Have you been bred apprentice to the business?'—'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?'—'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?'—'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?'—'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?'—'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.'"

We next find Johnson in Birmingham, lodging with a Mr. Hector, who afterwards testified to the correctness of Johnson's life at this period. While resident in that town he derived a scanty subsistence by articles written for Mr. Warren, the first established bookseller in Birmingham. It was about this time that he performed his first literary work, which was a translation from the French of "Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia," for which he received the very moderate sum of five guineas. He also published proposals for printing by subscription the "Latin Poems of Politian;" but he could not procure subscribers enough to ensure a sufficient sale, so the work never appeared, and probably was never executed. Failing in his literary efforts, he was, however, more successful in his matrimonial affairs. It would seem that Johnson had been from youth susceptible to what poetical people call the "tender passion." At one time we find him enamoured of a young quakeress. And again, we find him writing "Verses to a Lady" on receiving from her a sprig of myrtle,—which sprig of myrtle, we presume, bore some occult and mysterious meaning, for in the verses Johnson says, in his characteristic way,—

"What hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!"

While at Birmingham, he had formed the acquaintance of a Mrs. Porter, a widow, whom he at length married. A private school that he afterwards attempted at Lichfield, failed, and helped to diminish the eight hundred pounds brought to him by his wife. He then, in the year 1737, set out for London, determined to seek his fortune in the walks of literature. We cannot follow him as step by step he ascended the ladder of fame. We cannot enumerate all the difficulties he encountered, nor all the rebuffs he received, which, while they roused his indignation, roused also the nobler quality, invincible determination to succeed. We need not mention the contemptuous indifference with which that gay butterfly, Lord Chesterfield, treated the struggling literary man, when Johnson applied to him for a small act of patronage; nor need we stay to admire the noble scorn with which Johnson afterwards greeted Chesterfield, when that nobleman wished to encumber him with help. For years he had to contend with obscurity, and often great poverty. It was a long period of bitter hardships and soul-crushing disappointments; and we can understand why Johnson wrote in large characters those lines in one of his poems,—

"This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd."

He wrote for bread. He did the work of a literary hack. He was often forced to exercise the most rigid economy. He was initiated into the art of living cheaply by a poor Irish painter, who, having but one shirt, was accustomed to pay visits to his acquaintances on what he termed "clean-shirt day." It is mournful to write that the great Johnson not unfrequently felt the pangs of hunger and poverty. It is said that he and his friend Savage (whose biography he wrote) were at times so poor, as not to be able to afford a night's lodging. They would therefore walk the streets

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of London for the night; and in their conversation would improve the laws of the land, overturn cabinets, and reform the world: in short, after resolving "to stand by their country," when the morning came they would find that they could not raise sixpence between them to buy a breakfast. We need not follow consecutively the struggles of this great man, but only say that eventually he rose above his obscurity and poverty, and gained for himself a foremost place among the men of his age.

It was by his writings that Johnson gained his fame, and they are still admired for their vigour, their wide scholarship, their dignity and force of language, and their sturdy morality. To the honour of Dr. Johnson be it said, that his writings ever go on the side of piety and religion. They contain,

"Not one immoral or corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

His Poems are not numerous, but they will repay perusal. In the year 1738 appeared his "London, a Satire." It was the first work that displayed his powers. Received with applause, it was for a time the sensation of the metropolis; it reached a second edition in the course of a week, and people everywhere said, "Here is a poet, greater even than Pope." Some of the manlier traits in Johnson's character come out in this poem. It is a noble protest against all injustice and tyranny; and shows how he hated all that is crooked and dishonourable. With what scorn he speaks of that class of persons who, assuming the garb of friendship, worm themselves into another's confidence, only to betray that confidence:—

"They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art;
Watch the weak hour and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-placed confidence betray."

Sometimes also in this poem, the tender humaneness of the man appears. It shows how he could sympathize with the weak and despised:—

"Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."

Johnson's other principal poem is entitled the "Vanity of Human Wishes,"—a poem with a deep and "pathetic morality which has often extracted tears from men whose eyes wander dry over other pages." The character of Charles of Sweden, and the description of Wolsey's downfall, are notably fine. In this poem Johnson points out the unsatisfactoriness of mere earthly good; and in the closing, tender lines indicates what is the excellent way men should pursue. It is natural for man to ask, "Who will show us any good?" And Johnson answers,—

"Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Implore His aid, in His decision rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best."

But it is upon his prose writings that the fame of Johnson more especially rests. In 1750 he commenced the "Rambler,"—a periodical which was published twice a week,—and continued it without interruption for two years. The papers were mostly on moral and religious subjects, and of the entire number only four were furnished by other contributors; so that the volumes are really the production of one mind. The "Rambler," therefore, while singularly able, is also somewhat monotonous. It lacks the ease, and quiet, genial humour which we find in the "Spectator" of Steele and Addison. But for a manly morality and devout piety, the "Rambler" is unsurpassed in the domain of English literature; it is justly regarded as a classic, and has won for Johnson the name of the "English Moralist."

His "Dictionary of the English Language" is the monument of his extensive learning and painstaking industry. It cost Johnson seven years of labour; and is remarkable for its ingenious definitions and apt quotations.

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There was a grim humour in his message to the publisher when he forwarded the last sheet to the press. The work had extended over a considerable time, and Millar, the bookseller, had grown impatient at the delay. When the messenger having taken the last sheet, returned, the great lexicographer inquired, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything."

"Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia," a moral tale, Johnson wrote in the nights of a single week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Allusion has been made to his respect and love for his mother. That respect and love continued during life. When she lay near death, Johnson wrote to her in these words,—

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,

"Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me; and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness for Jesus Christ's sake! Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

"I am, dear, dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

The design of "Rasselas" is to show that the pleasures of this world are all vanity and vexation of spirit; and in it Johnson regards the sin and misery of this world as furnishing an argument for our faith in a coming immortality. Its language is generally felicitous and forceful, and at times marked by considerable beauty and grace.

Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" is regarded by many as his best prose work. It is characterized by his usual vigour, with a pleasing adaptiveness of style and wealth of illustration. As the subjects were chosen for him by the publisher, he is not responsible for those who appear in this poetical portrait-gallery. Consequently some whose names we should have expected to find are omitted; while others of little note are inserted. In his criticisms upon Milton he seems to have followed Addison, but without his candour and generosity. The harsh manner in which he deals with the author of our great epic, and of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, is unquestionably a great demerit in his work. But it must be acknowledged that some of his biographies and critiques are masterpieces; and that his "Lives of the Poets" is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, by any similar work in the English language.

The character of Dr. Johnson has been drawn to the life in Boswell's gossiping biography, and in Macaulay's brilliant and inimitable sketch. With his transcendent abilities he united the most unaccountable fancies and weaknesses. He was often surprised talking to himself, or making strange, inarticulate noises. In walking the streets he was careful to step upon the middle of the flags, not on the joining of two flags. If he happened to step on a joining, he would turn back some little way to go over the distance again. He had a trick of touching the posts on the side of the path. He made a point of going into a house always with the same foot first. He treasured in his pockets numerous pieces of orange-peel. He would drink almost innumerable cups of tea; and eat his food ravenously like a famished wolf, until the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead. A singular incident is recorded with respect to an act of his youth, and his strange remorse for it in after life. It was the custom of his father to attend Uttoxeter market with his books. Young Samuel was requested to stand behind the stall and to attend to the sale. But from pride or some kindred motive he persistently refused. In the case of most such a matter would with years have passed completely out of mind. Yet fifty years afterwards, Johnson referred to that act of disobedience with great pain. And

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when quite an old man, he went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where his father's stall formerly stood. He said, "In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." The spirit of semi-asceticism which prompted Johnson to such an act, is but one feature in the complex character of this remarkable man; who, with splendid mental endowments, had also the most incomprehensible fancies and weaknesses.

It has been mentioned that Michael Johnson, though a man of good understanding, was disposed to a sad melancholy. This was also a characteristic of his greater son. It was while he was at the University, that Johnson began to be afflicted with that strange and dreadful disease which was more or less his foe during life. He became subject to a morbid melancholy. He sank into dejection and gloom which at times made his existence miserable, well-nigh intolerable. He himself once used strong language respecting it. He said he had been afflicted "with a vile melancholy which had made him mad all his life, at least not sober." That, probably, is the language of exaggeration. But there can be no doubt that during life he was subject to fits of the deepest melancholy, even when he was bringing forth his best and most cherished works. Once a friend called upon him, and found him praying most fervently that God would preserve to him his reason. He was haunted by the dread of insanity. In one of his letters he says: "The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty. But it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire." To explain this feature of Johnson's character, requires a more skilled mental analyst than the writer of this paper can pretend to be. Much of the great moralist's melancholy must unquestionably be attributed to physical disease. Throughout life he suffered from disorders of the body; and it is well known that the sympathies between the body and mind though subtle are most powerful. And withal, Johnson had a wider mental vision than most men. His, doubtless, was a mind that thought too much for his comfort. The mysteries of human life were to him the theme of many speculations; and surely the man who does so speculate cannot be gay. It would indeed be a mockery for a man not to be grave when contemplating the grave questions connected with this mortal life,—this life which is but a brief though brilliant phantasm,—a dream fleeting as the shadows which flit across the woodland on a summer day. A wise man said centuries ago, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow;" and Johnson, who occupied his mind with the deepest social, moral, and religious questions, while he would taste the joy of knowing, would feel also the burden of the mysteries of sin, and life, and death. May we not also look upon his melancholy as being to some extent disciplinary? Human nature is refined by trial. Hardship makes men. The Greeks had a saying, *τὰ παθήματα μαθήματα*, (*sufferings are lessons*;) and the Christian faith teaches us to estimate trial as discipline. This melancholy was Johnson's life-burden. Great man as he was, it taught him his helplessness, his dependence. We know it drove him to prayer; it sent him to Him Who alone can support the human spirit. Johnson was a great man; he might also have been an irreligious man, if God had not put His hand on his brow, and made him feel in the shudderings of his melancholy that he was not his own, but that there was One above him Whom he must fear, and love, and serve.

We need not dwell on the varied characteristics of Dr. Johnson; his charity, for when he had it in his power he was always ready to help the poor; his love of an argument, how in conversation he would be the leader or nothing at all; how dearly he liked an evening's talk upon some literary or

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moral subject. Mr. Wesley visited him occasionally. Johnson said, "John Wesley's conversation is good. He can talk well upon any subject. But he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." That is an interesting incidental tribute to the punctuality and love of order which marked our venerable Founder.

Johnson became the centre of the literary world of his day, a noble position to attain after his long fight for bread! Academical honours were conferred upon him. George III. personally honoured him, and the Government rewarded him with a pension of £300. The great influence which Johnson exercised was due partly to his character, and partly to his mental power. His manly appearance, his stern integrity, his love of argument and of society, his brow-beating, his power of repartee, all singled him out from the rank and file of men.

Fault has been sometimes found with Johnson's style. It has been said that he delighted in "long-tailed words, in osity and ation." But his vigorous, high-toned thinking demanded a lofty diction. And knowing well the power of words, he often gives a volume of meaning in a word. One critic thus praises the melody of his style: "His sentences often roll on the ear like the sound of the distant sea; and we are so delighted with the melody of the utterance, that we care not to scrutinize too closely the thought." The lapse of years has not materially lessened the fame of this great man; he still takes his place in the highest rank of the literature of our country; and no man's English education is finished who has not formed an acquaintance with the prose and poetical writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

He died of asthma and dropsy, in 1784. His last moments were cheered by his faith and hope in Christ. He engaged much in religious conversation, and his soul's confidence waxed firmer as his physical strength declined. He talked often about the necessity of faith in the Sacrifice of Jesus; and his own fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith. He passed away, resting where alone we can place our confidence, even upon the infinite love and infinite Sacrifice of Him Who "loved us and gave Himself for us." His remains were fittingly laid in the Abbey of Westminster.

"NO MORE SEA."

A NATION born, Aphrodite-like, from the sea, raising our arsenals, forts, and cities on its very marge, replete with the wealth of commerce, sending forth our armies over its wide-stretching wastes of danger and mystery, with the Viking blood yet hot in our veins, and with the trophies of many an awful exploit performed when the thunders of war swept the bosom of the deep, we can scarcely sympathize with the holy seer of Patmos, to whom it was revealed that there should be "no more sea."

Our hearts yet beat higher to the memories of our deeds on the mighty ocean; there yet comes over the vast expanse of waters the faint echo of cannon, and of wide-swelling shouts of victory! Our Blakes and Nelsons are yet remembered with admiration; yea, with hero-worship! Our argosies fill our warehouses with the world's wealth; and every town and every village has its sailors, its savour of the sea, its waifs and strays from the sterile wastes of the north, and the glory of Cathay. Still we send our young men, in the strength and hope and pride of youth, our veterans scarred and stern, over the sea, under the flag that has felt the breeze of every clime, that has waved over the wreck of war and storm, scathed, but triumphant! Still there come back to us from far-off lands bronzed heroes, men who have achieved the end of their life-toil beyond the great waters, and who come back to end their days in the land of their birth, the land of freedom, belted with the sea, and formidable with quicksand, cliff, and breaker.

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There shall be no more sea! What, no quiet, broad expanse of waters, rippling calm and clear under the blue skies, with white sails of homeward and outward bound ships glistening here and there, afar off on the dim horizon; boldly standing over the centre of the field of view, or skirting along the coast, filling the heart with dreams of mystery, with ideas of the Eternal, as brain and heart unite in sympathy with nature! No more visions of shadowy coast-scenery, beautiful with the charm of distance and repose; no more flowing billows, with the wild gulls dipping and skimming over their crests! no more wandering on the sands, and musing over the sea-wrack borne from the depths of the ocean, from far-off lands and coasts, and broad, inland rivers: no more cooling of the fevered brow in the wild sea-air; no more dreaming, moralizing, praying, reviewing, praising, on the rocky strand, with the dank sea-weed at our feet, and the strange life of the sea-shore spread around, all full of the teachings of God's love, wisdom, and power!

No more sea! No more wild and rocky cliffs breasting the surge, grand and solemn, stern and awful, rising over the desolation of the storm, and the beauty of the calm, with strength and dignity!

No more broad highway for adventure and enterprize, and pilgrim bands; for Colons to dream of undiscovered realms by its margin, and realize their dreams upon its trackless wastes! No more sheen of dancing waters in the light of moon and stars, for poets to delight in! Yes, no more sea! for it will have performed its object in the system of nature, and giving up its dead for the judgment, will cease to be.

No more tempests of wind and rain and sweeping waves, roaring and beating in stormy fury, dashing against the rocks, sweeping over the sands; beating down, overwhelming, dashing against hidden reefs and rending breakers the homeward or the outward bound vessel; giving to the deep the rich man's merchandize and the poor man's life! No more deep shadows over the soul because of those who perished in the storm, who sailed away in pride of health and hope, but who came back nevermore, and sent no message of comfort and love over the deep. No more waiting for news that never comes; hoping against hope, for weary months or years!

No more waifs upon the storm-swept sands; brave, strong men; tender lads; for whom widows and mothers come with tears and wailing; and broken-hearted maidens, to see the dear clay so marred and bruised, and lay it in its narrow bed!

No more tears to shed over the dank sea-wrack, no more bitter heart-break over the mystery of unrecorded death. No more dark dreams of the night, waking visions in the rush of storms, of strong ships shivering in the shock of rushing waters, of hoarse cries and prayers mingling with the voices of the storm, of gurgling sounds of drowning, and all the weird horrors of the tempest!

No more sad musings in the red fire-glow at Christmas time; musings of where, and how, and when! No more rushing of eager feet to meet the good vessel at the quay, and straining of eager eyes for a face that shall never meet their gaze again. No more sad tidings of disaster at sea; no more long trains of ship-wrecked sailors' orphans to meet us in the streets of our ports, telling of the victory of the storm, of strong men sucked down into the chasm of the sea, and flung upon the beach, swollen, and scarred, and cut!

No more desolate exiles turning their weary gaze to the great restless waters, sighing in the gray twilight, wistfully yearning for fatherland and home and friends that lie beyond the great sea which they may never pass to cheer their dear ones, and find rest for their weary bones after the pilgrimage of life. No more sea! and old things will have passed away.

E. LAMPLOUGH.

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A PLEA FOR OUR MINISTERS.

At this time, when changes have lately been made in so many Circuits, let us ask ourselves the question,—What do we expect from our Ministers? May we not be looking for far too much? Only a Sunday or two ago, a Minister had been delivering a most faithful discourse to a fresh congregation, and after an earnest appeal to the people to consecrate themselves to God, a prayer-meeting followed, in which a brother, intending to give the Minister a gentle reminder of what was expected from him, prayed that his life might be consistent with his discourse. Now, in all Christian charity, would it not have been better had he prayed for grace to uphold the work of the Minister's hands, and solicited alike on Minister and people the enriching influence of the Holy Spirit, so that, embued and sanctified by it, they might work together with holy zeal?

Are there many members of a congregation who live up to their high and holy calling in Christ Jesus? Not with such will be found the fault-finding, grumbling spirit, but with those who, feeling that their life is contrary to the teaching of God's Holy Word, seek extenuation for their shortcoming in the failure of others. On the other hand, are not we, as a people, to blame for the so-called shortcomings of those "who watch for our souls?" Do we not forget that, like ourselves, they have to contest every inch of ground with the great adversary; that they are "men of like passion with" ourselves, and being set apart as God's ambassadors to a sinful and polluted world, they are likely to sustain stronger, fiercer, and more prolonged assaults from the enemy? Would it not be nobler and more as becometh Christians, to support them in their grand and glorious work? By our pleadings at the throne of grace, by sympathy and love, making them feel that we have one unfailing bond of union in the salvation of our fellow-creatures.

How often do we criticize and condemn, studying a Minister's style rather than the earnestness of the call to sinners to repent and believe. How often we hear a preacher complained of in these querulous terms: "O! I can hardly bear to hear him! he speaks so loudly, and gets so warm." And has he not a right to warm when he is telling of a Saviour like ours? Shall he not forget himself in his theme? Should we criticize the style in which a messenger warned us of earthly danger and ruin? Should we say, "he might have told us in soft, flowing, melodious language, or pleaded with us in eloquent and modulated strains, or charmed our ear and senses with the poetry of his ideas?" O, no! it would not have mattered how the warning came, if we but escaped the danger. But our spiritual dangers, the shoals and quicksands on which our souls may be wrecked, we must be told of them in soft, lulling tones, till our souls are soothed into a deathlike trance, and we wake not until the pale horse and his rider are upon us, and it is for ever too late.

Is it mainly our Ministers' fault, that souls are not gathered into the fold of the Church? That they receive no lasting benefit? We complain that the young people rise into manhood and womanhood, and then leave our chapels for others. It is not the fault of our Minister, who sows the seed often with tears; it is our fault, because we expect him to do his work, and our own too, and then we idly fold our hands and complain, not of our own lukewarmness, but of his! Surely a Minister's cares and responsibilities are heavy enough, when surrounded by a loving, prayerful, sympathizing people; but when he is coldly condemned and criticized by those who should be to him a pillar of strength, his case is indeed disheartening. Is it not time for us to look our sin in the face, and with penitent and sorrowing hearts confess it to a Saviour, Who "is faithful and just to forgive us our sins?" and then instead of complaining and expecting too much from our Ministers, we shall intercede for them, and prayerfully uphold them

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in their work, and by so doing cause their hearts to sing for joy. The feeblest member of a Christian Church can accomplish great and glorious things by believing prayer, and though in this world his influence may be small, he may be a prevailing Israel before the throne of the Most High. Let us remember that at the last great day we, as well as our Ministers, must stand before the awful tribunal of a just and Holy God, "to give an account of the deeds done in the body." Shall it be said of us that we fettered, trammelled, and hindered our Ministers' efforts by our unkind remarks, cruel criticism, or hard judgment? or shall we stand forth as helpers in their work? Shall the lustre of our crown be dimmed through our uncharitable judgment of our Shepherds; or shall gems be added to it for adherence to that doctrine of charity "that thinketh no evil?"

Southampton. MARY BASKIN.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

O PRECIOUS words! so full of loving-kindness,
So full of fond persuasion and of grace,
Intensely dark must be the moral blindness
Of those who cannot see the blessed face
Of Him who says to them, "Come unto Me."

Poor weary one, bow'd down with grief and sorrow,
And crush'd beneath a weight of anxious care,
O do not keep thy burden till to-morrow,
For Jesus *longs* thy heavy load to bear,
And gently says to thee, "Come unto Me."

Sin-stricken soul, feeling thy lost condition,
Trembling with sense of wickedness and guilt,
Jesus looks down and sees thy deep contrition,
And kindly says, "for *thee* My blood was spilt,
O heavy-laden sinner, Come to Me!"

Bereavèd one, whose eyes are wet with weeping,
Whose heart is bleeding fast with painful sore,
As thou dost mourn o'er that dear friend now sleeping
In the cold grave, whom here thou'lt see no more,
Jesus with pitying love says, "Come to Me."

And thou who art by earthly friends forsaken,
Who hast no one to cling to and to love,
Friendship and happiness are from thee taken
That thou mayst turn from earth and look *above*,
And flee to Him who says, "Come unto Me."

For all! for all! those precious words are sounding
Across the troubled sea of human life,
In JESUS there is plenteous grace abounding,
For all of those who, weary of the strife,
Accept His invitation, "Come to Me."

Leaning on Jesus, in His love confiding,
So shall our aching hearts find rest and peace,
And in the Everlasting Rock *abiding*,
We shall be *safe* till all life's tempests cease,
And He shall say to us, "Come unto Me."

Birmingham. S. CHASE.

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MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JANET ANDERSON.

JANET ANDERSON, the wife of one of our most efficient office-bearers, has passed within the vail.

Janet, as her name denotes, was of Scotch descent, and when trying at first to form a correct estimate of her character, we found it difficult to determine whether her unflinching fortitude and stability should be placed to the credit of Christian principle, or to the natural heroism or stubbornness of the Scotch character; but as more familiar intercourse brought to light her history, we found that grace, not nature, made her what she was, a woman of no ordinary mould. In early life she was cast upon a sea of adversity, and while battling with the waves every nerve was strung to its utmost tension, yet from each struggle she came forth with her powers still more developed, and still more prepared to meet yet heavier seas and stronger blasts.

In the workshop she was sneered at for her Methodism, and treated harshly by those from whom she expected better things; but having put her hand to the Gospel plough she would not draw back. Gradually the sneers gave way, her consistent life and patient endurance triumphed, and by and by she came to be respected even by the scoffers. Several even of these have wept as she spoke to them of sin and salvation, and more than one poor soul was brought to God through her instrumentality.

She was early deprived of her father, but her mother remained, and she had the happiness of seeing her converted to God some years before her death. During her illness she attended her with unwearied love, a love such as only the Christian child can display to the dying parent. Hour after hour she paced up and down the stairs in answer to her mother's bell, or in obedience to her wish, though she had a family of her own to attend to. We have little doubt the labours she underwent during this season of affliction, laid in her at all times fragile constitution the foundation of the disease which ultimately brought her to the tomb. But patience had her perfect work. Mother and daughter have met above, and seen the end of all their labour.

The opportunities for education Mrs. Anderson enjoyed were few. She commenced work at an early age; nevertheless her mind was extensively stored with valuable knowledge, and her breadth of thought was wonderful. Those who came to visit her from time to time, to ask her advice or grumble about Church affairs, she generally sent away thinking of the glory to be revealed, and wondering that since imperfect men are mixed up with Church government, Church "affairs" are so well conducted as they are.

The Book, Salvation, our God and Father, and heaven were her themes. We have often gone to visit her in darkness, and the halo of the visit has clung round our hearts and footsteps for days after. Occasionally in conversing with the Scotch, we have been forced back upon ourselves. There was apparently in them a reserve which begat its uncomfortable counterpart in us. There was evidently a fear of committing themselves. It seemed as if they were taking our measure before trusting us; but in Janet there was none of that; her Christian conversation expanded her heart, and you saw at once that she kept nothing back; and in turn you gave her your confidence, and felt in doing so you had found a friend.

When she married trade was good, but reverses came, and her husband and herself were often found at the throne of grace praying for help. The answers as to the ways and means were often distinct. During their extremity they were sometimes tempted to take God-dishonouring ways of extricating themselves from their difficulties, but they

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firmly refused, and endured the affliction rather than the loss of a good conscience, relying upon the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

After a time they removed to Belfast, where the husband's trade was more prosperous. They joined themselves to the Fall's-road Society, and became so much attached to the friends there, that they almost ceased to mourn the severing of the ties which bound them to their native land. But death came, and Brother Anderson mourns the loss of her who was his faithful helpmate in the fullest sense of that too often misused word.

We often visited Mrs. Anderson on her death-bed, to see how a Christian could die. She knew that we were amongst the timid ones as regards the final struggle, but on this point she had no fear. She often tried to imbue us with her own spirit. We felt it was good to be there. Her at first slight indisposition gradually merged into consumption. We were by her bedside in the last struggle. Some friends were standing by weeping. She said something, and her husband, thinking she required words of comfort, spoke encouragingly, but she replied, "It's not that: it's all right;" then there was a spasmodic working of the features, a gasp, a heave of the chest, and the spirit was gone.

We looked at the features after death, and they seemed as if the spirit in passing had left its impress behind. Sweetness was written on every feature; she was at rest with God.

Belfast. J. M.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For November, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	6 45	4 42	4 55a	5 40a	1 52m	0 26m	8 42a
Nov. 6	7 3	4 24	4 46	5 37	1 46	11 51a	8 6
16	7 20	4 9	4 46	5 42	1 40	11 17	7 31
26	7 37	3 58	4 55	5 56	1 33	10 42	6 57

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, New Moon .... 5h. 28m. morn. | 15th, Full Moon ..... 5h. 8m. morn.
8th, First Quarter .. 3h. 51m. morn. | 23d, Last Quarter .... 5h. 45m. morn.
30th, New Moon, 6h. 35m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 6th..... 9h. after., Perigee; distance 229,806 miles.
„ 21st..... 6h. after., Apogee; „ 251,427 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 240,617 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 1st ..... 90,923,370 miles.
December 1st ..... 90,357,040 „
Decrease of distance for the month..... 566,330 „

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The northern edge of the Moon will dip into the Earth's shadow on the morning of the 15th. The first contact with the penumbra occurs at 3h. 2m.; the first contact with the shadow at 5h. 2m.; the last contact with the shadow at 5h. 37m.; and the last contact with the penumbra at 7h. 37m. Greenwich mean time. The eclipse, at its greatest, will only appear as a slight indentation on the Moon's limb, somewhat west of north. It will be visible throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa.

There will be an eclipse of the Sun on the afternoon of the 30th, visible in the regions round the South Pole, in the South Pacific Ocean, and in the southern part of South America. It will be total in a line drawn from the Friendly Isles a little southward of Cape Horn. The greatest duration of the total phase at any place will be only forty-seven seconds.

Mercury is low in declination, and sets soon after the Sun. It attains its greatest eastern elongation, twenty-one degrees, on the morning of the 28th.

Venus is the evening star. To us it will be very close to the edge of the Moon, twenty minutes before noon on the 3d; seen from regions more southward, it will be occulted. It is approaching the Earth, and will recede from the Sun until the 15th, when it will be in aphelion. The form is still nearly round.

Mars is now in Leo, and visible in the mornings. On the 3d, it attains its greatest distance northward from the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the 23d it will be near the autumnal equinox, a little northward of the ecliptic. It will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 25th.

Jupiter rises at midnight on the 4th. Its distance from *Regulus*, which is only half a degree at the beginning of the month, will have increased to three degrees at the end. On the 22d, about noon, it will be in quadrature with the Sun, and the night following near the Moon.

On the 18th, at four o'clock in the morning, the satellites will be all on the west side of the primary, and arranged in the order of their actual distances.

The eclipses of the satellites, visible at Greenwich, are:—of the first, disappearance on the morning of the 1st, at 3h. 25m. 6s.; 8th, at 5h. 18m. 13s.; 17th, at 1h. 39m. 35s.; and 24th, at 3h. 32m. 37s. Of the second, disappearance on the 15th, at 1h. 32m. 18s.; 22d, at 4h. 7m. 53s.; and 29th, at 6h. 43m. 35s. Of the third, disappearance on the 20th, at 0h. 4m. 24s.; reappearance, at 3h. 38m. 15s.; disappearance on the 27th, at 4h. 1m. 52s.; reappearance about sunrise. Of the fourth, none. On the 2d, from 1h. 55m. to 2h. 52m., the first satellite, its shadow, and the shadow of the third, may all be seen on the disc of the planet. The first satellite and its shadow will be again on the disc on the 9th, from 3h. 39m. to 4h. 46m.

Saturn may be seen low in the south-west after sunset. It is in the constellation Sagittarius. On the evening of the 5th it will be near the Moon. Its distance from the Earth is increasing, and consequently the apparent size is diminishing; at the beginning of the month the rings measure thirty-six seconds by fifteen; at the end, thirty-five seconds by fourteen.

Uranus rises on the 1st, about ten o'clock in the evening; and on the 1st of December, about eight o'clock in the evening. It will be a little southward of the Moon at midnight on the 20th.

Neptune will be on the meridian at ten o'clock in the evening of the 13th, and at nine o'clock on the 28th, at an altitude of forty-six degrees. On the 12th, at midnight, it will appear to be about two degrees north of the edge of the Moon.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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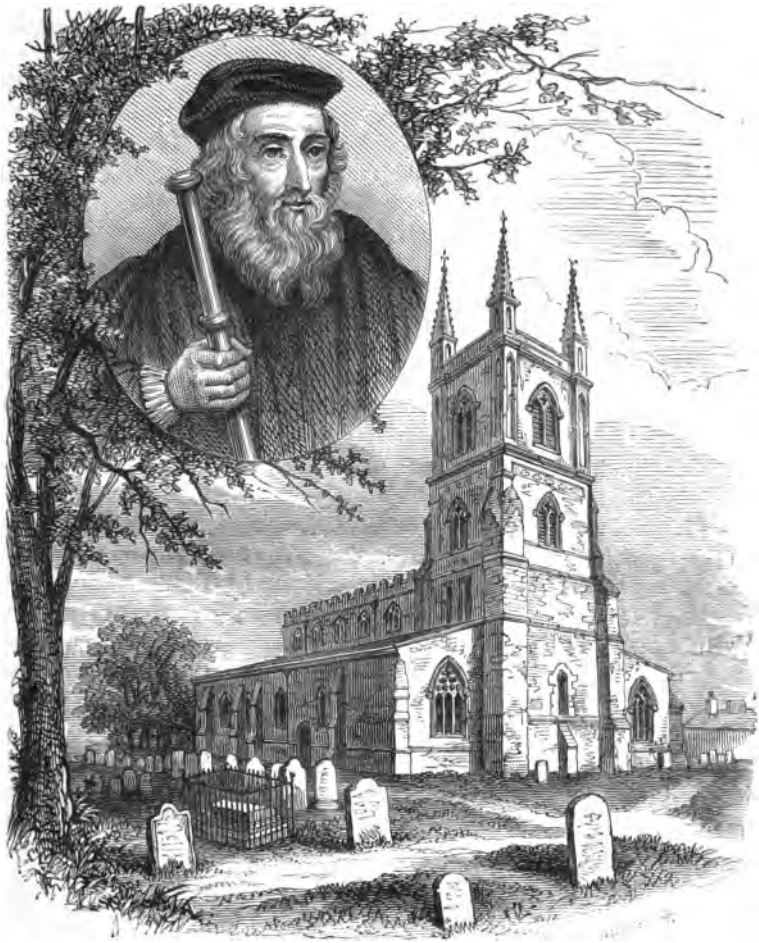

"THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION."

BY THE REV. C. H. GOUGH.

THIS proud title has been given to that celebrated English divine, John de Wycliffe. Yorkshire, whence so many men of eminence, both in the Church and the State, have sprung, claims him as one of her sons. He was eminently fitted by his extensive learning, great piety, and dauntless character, for the work of a reformer; and he was born in an age of terrible corruption, which greatly needed such a man to

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protest against the errors and arrogance of the apostate Church of Rome. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he attended the lectures of Bradwardine, called the Profound Doctor on account of his great attainments, by whom he was instructed in the doctrine of salvation by faith as it is taught in the Holy Scriptures.

In the year 1348 a fearful pestilence visited England, and carried off a large number of the inhabitants. Wycliffe was greatly alarmed, and in his fear fled to God as his refuge and strength, and found Him to be a very present help in trouble. He sought the Lord by prayer and in His Word, and found Him to the joy of his soul. Some time after this, when his official position required him to lecture on Divinity, he set forth the doctrine of justification by faith, and thus hoisted at that early date the banner of the blessed Reformation. He also charged the clergy with subordinating the Word of God to the voice of the Church, and demanded that the Scriptures should be regarded as the supreme authority in all matters of faith.

At this time the Popes claimed universal supremacy, and regarded all Christian monarchs as their vassals. The canon law was superior to the laws of the realm, and the Pontiff in all spiritual matters had the pre-eminence. Edward III. disputed the authority of the Pope, and for refusing to pay the customary yearly tribute was cited to Avignon. A conference was held on the subject at Bruges, and Wycliffe was appointed a Commissioner to attend its sittings. A compromise was arranged, which temporarily set the question at rest, and the King and "His Holiness" were reconciled.

After his return, Wycliffe was presented by the King to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Here from the pulpit of the parish church he preached the doctrines of the glorious Gospel, and struck the key-note of the Reformation. That pulpit still remains in an excellent state of preservation: it is of oak, and richly carved; and from it are preached, Sabbath by Sabbath, the same truths for which the noble Wycliffe contended, by the present rector, who is soundly evangelical in his creed, and greatly esteemed by his parishioners. On a recent visit to the church, we stood in the pulpit, and after expressing a wish that it might never become the medium of teaching any other doctrines than those of Wycliffe and the Reformation, our good cicerone related to us the following incident:—"Not long ago, Sir," he said, "a gentleman stood where you do now, and I asked him if he would not like to preach in Wycliffe's pulpit; but he said, 'No, I thank God I am a Roman-Catholic priest!'" One wonders what interest such a person could find in visiting the place whence went forth the earliest rays of that light which, when it increased to "the perfect day," struck Popery in this country blind with its brightness.

Wycliffe was charged with heresy, and summoned to appear before

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Convocation at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sacred edifice was filled with a fanatical crowd when the Reformer entered, preceded by Lord Percy, Marshal of England, and supported by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, his patron, who encouraged him to maintain his profession of faith, and not to fear his accusers. When Wycliffe had with some difficulty made his way through the opposing mass, Lord Percy bade him be seated, at which Courtenay, Bishop of London, who was appointed to conduct the proceedings, burst into a rage, and called out, "He must not sit down; criminals stand before their judges." This led to an altercation between the noblemen and the haughty prelate, which resulted in the disorderly breaking up of the assembly. The spirit of riot broke loose, and the following day a mob, excited by the clergy, gathered, broke into the palace of the Savoy, where they supposed Percy had secreted himself; but not finding the object of their revenge, they tore down the ducal arms, and hung them on the gallows, like those of a traitor. When they had so far spent their wrath, they were restrained from committing further mischief by the Bishop's solemnly reminding them that it was Lent.

Poor Wycliffe was dismissed for the present, but his foes did not leave him long in peace. They prepared nineteen propositions against him, which were forwarded to Rome. The Pope, Gregory XI., addressed three briefs against the troublesome heretic, and he was denounced by the University of Oxford and the Primate of all England. Again was he summoned before the Ecclesiastical authorities; but Providence interposed on his behalf, for just as the Court was about to enter upon the trial, it was dissolved by order of the Crown, on the ground that the Pope's bulls ought to have no effect in this country, excepting by the permission of the Sovereign. Wycliffe was once more set at liberty; and as he retired from the presence of his accusers, he handed in to them his memorable protest in the following words: —"In the first place, I resolve with my whole heart and by the grace of God to be a sincere Christian; and, while my life shall last, to profess and defend the law of Christ so far as I have power."

This resolution he nobly kept. He became possessed with a strong desire to evangelize the country. Like our own Wesley in a later age, he determined to spread the knowledge of salvation through the land. To accomplish this purpose he gathered a number of his most devoted followers around him, and sent them forth to preach the Gospel in the towns and villages. This noble band of itinerant evangelists, who were popularly known by the name of "poor priests," were everywhere gladly received. They preached wherever they could get a hearing,—in the churches occasionally, by the wayside, in the market-places, in the churchyards. It was not long before persecution was stirred up against them by the monks and priests.

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Many of the "poor priests" and their followers were imprisoned, but they braved the persecution, and continued to carry out their mission as best they could, under the advice and direction of Wycliffe.

But he fell ill during his stay at Oxford, whither he had been called by his duties as Professor of Divinity. As he lay on what was thought to be his dying bed, he was visited by four monks, accompanied by the same number of aldermen, who urged him to recant. "You have death on your lips," they said; "be touched by your faults, and retract in our presence all that you have said to our injury." The sick man lay silent, and his visitors stood by for some time, anxiously awaiting and confidently expecting to hear his compliance with their request. But to their great confusion, as soon as he was able to command strength for the effort, he turned himself towards the friars, and fixing his piercing eye full upon them, said with energy, "I shall not die, but live; and declare the evil deeds of the friars."

Wycliffe had already done a great work, but he was to crown it with a yet greater, and it was for the accomplishment of this that his life was spared. He resolved to translate the New Testament into English, so that his countrymen might read in their own language the glad tidings of the glorious Gospel. Up to this time the Word of God had been locked up from the knowledge of the people in the mysteries of the Latin Vulgate, but the bound Word was now to be set free. Wycliffe was not acquainted with the Hebrew and Greek tongues, but he was a sound Latin scholar, and set himself to turn the Latin Testament into English. Some attempts had already been made, at various times, to translate portions of the New Testament. The Venerable Bede had undertaken an English version of the Gospel of St. John, and some of the men of learning of King Alfred's court had rendered the four Evangelists into Saxon. There were also some other stray translations, but these were very rare, and were carefully stowed away in various libraries as literary curiosities. But to John de Wycliffe belongs the distinguished honour of having made the first complete translation of the entire New Testament into English. This noble work occupied him nearly fifteen years. When it was completed, the copyists were busily engaged in multiplying copies for dissemination. Its appearance caused an immense sensation in the country. The new book was in great demand, and was read with avidity by all classes who were able to read. The new doctrines which Wycliffe and his itinerant preachers had proclaimed all over the country, were found to be contained in this book which the people were now for the first time put in possession of. His disciples became so numerous that it was said you could not meet two persons on the highway but one of them was a follower of Wycliffe.

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The reception of the New Testament vastly exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the translator, and greatly encouraged him. Meanwhile he continued to set before his parishioners at Lutterworth, from his pulpit, those doctrines which were destined to become characteristic of that great movement, the Reformation. Fresh opposition was raised against him. The clergy and monks were angry, because they declared that Master Wycliffe had rendered the Scripture more intelligible to laymen, and even women, than it had been to the most learned clerks. They were abashed that their ignorance should be thus discovered, and declared that to put the Word of God into the hands of the people was casting pearls before swine. Like the Pharisees of old, these priests shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; they would neither go in themselves, nor would they suffer those who would have entered to go in. An attempt was made to induce the Government to seize all the copies of Wycliffe's Testament, but it failed. "What," said the Duke of Lancaster, when a motion to this effect was brought forward in the House of Lords, "are we, then, the very dregs of humanity that we cannot possess the laws of our religion in our own tongue?"

Wycliffe began to denounce the errors of the Papacy with great vehemence. Especially did he oppose the doctrine of transubstantiation – and the monastic life.

At length the wrath of his old enemy, Courtenay, burst upon him, and Wycliffe was summoned to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal at Oxford, but again the Parliament interfered, and the trial was prohibited. It was on this occasion that Wycliffe, on leaving the court, turned round to the Primate, and uttered his memorable saying, "*The truth shall prevail.*"

Unmoved by all this persecution, the Reformer bravely held on his way, uncompromisingly maintaining the supremacy of the Word of God in all matters of faith. He waxed so bold in his stern opposition to the arrogant claims of Rome, that some of his friends began to tremble both for his and their own safety; nor were there wanting Demases who forsook the aged champion of the truth in the hour of peril. But God stood by and strengthened His servant in his defence of the Gospel.

If he escaped martyrdom, no thanks to his enemies. The Church of Rome has never been backward to destroy those whom she could neither refute nor silence, nor would Wycliffe have escaped the martyr's doom, if he had not been Divinely preserved for the completion of his immortal work. For a time he was left in peace to his books and parish duties, but his retirement was broken in upon by the arrival of a brief from Rome, citing him to appear before the Pope. To this Wycliffe replied by an epistle, in which he plainly

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stated his belief that "no faithful man ought to follow the Pope, but in such points as he hath followed Jesus Christ."

The state of affairs at the Vatican was so unsettled that Urban, who was at the time engaged in a controversy with Clement, who disputed with him the claim to the tiara, was not disposed to involve himself in a further disputation with Wycliffe, and so the matter was allowed to rest, and Wycliffe was permitted by the good providence of God to die in his own bed in peace. He was struck with a sudden paralysis while ministering at the communion-table of his parish church at Lutterworth, and fell on the pavement. This occurred on the 29th of December, 1384. He was conveyed to his own house by friends, where he lingered until the last day of the year, and then passed away from toil and care to that land—

"Where all is calm, and joy, and peace."

The old communion-table before which he stood when he fell, is preserved in the church, but has been removed from its original position to a convenient standing-place at the west end. Like the pulpit, it is made of oak, and is supported by grotesquely-carved figures. In the vestry of the church is a fine likeness of Wycliffe, a copy of an original oil-painting in the possession of a nobleman. The forehead is indicative of great mental power, the lips of decision, the nose is rather prominent. The whole face wears an air of severity, but this is finely chastened by the luminous eyes. Altogether, it is a noble countenance. But the greatest curiosity in the shape of a relic is a portion of the cope of the Reformer, which is carefully kept in a glass case. It was originally a handsome vestment, but is considerably mutilated, pieces having been formerly cut off it by visitors.

At the head of this article we present our readers with a view of the church, taken from a photograph. Unfortunately the original character of the church is destroyed, a tower of modern date having been substituted for the steeple, which several years ago was struck by lightning.

Wycliffe was not allowed to remain undisturbed in his grave, for forty years after his death, by a revengeful decree of the Council of Constance, his bones were disinterred and burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Swift, a brook which runs close by the town of Lutterworth. From thence they were borne to the Avon, remarks Fuller, and onward to the sea, by which they were disseminated to all the quarters of the globe, meet emblems of the immortal doctrines of the great Reformer.

Good John de Wycliffe was the morning star of the glorious Reformation, but Jesus Christ is the Sun of Righteousness to Whom we are indebted for all the light and liberty we enjoy.

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A GOOD OLD PRESCRIPTION.

A CURE FOR CARE.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

THESE are times when not many things sell better than the last new medicine. The advertizing columns of the newspapers are full of wonderful remedies with accounts of such effects that the marvel is how anybody ever ails anything, and why people should ever die of any complaint but old age.

I have just been looking at an old Book, written some eighteen hundred years ago, full of most valuable prescriptions, and one of them is this, *A Cure for Care*.

What a fortune a man would make who could invent such a cure! What thousands would flock to him for his remedy! Anxious rich people would come, worried amidst their wealth, restless amidst their luxury and splendour. Business men would come, troubled about the markets, and fretting themselves as to what "a day may bring forth." Poor men would come, fagged and jaded, grinding for their daily bread; and poor wearied women, crushed under their loads of anxiety. All sorts and conditions of people would crowd for help. And like the multitudes that gathered about Jesus to be healed, what weary and worn faces would look entreatingly! what burdened souls would press to be healed! what wasted hands would be reached forth to take the blessed remedy! Strange, then, that this good old prescription should be so forgotten, and this cure neglected.

Unfortunately, the specifics that are generally taken for care, do a very great deal more harm than good. Like the unskilful doctors of old upon whom the woman spent all that she had, they only make matters worse.

There are many who try to cure care by *being careless*. They are not going to trouble themselves, they say. As to the future, what must be, must be; and as to what is done, "Well, it's no good crying over spilled milk. What is the use of fretting?" say they. A poor cure for care, indeed, is this. He who in summer and harvest lies in the patch of sunshine taking it easy, is only making a rod for his back. He is heaping up a load of care to fall on him some day with crushing force. He who does not care then, is made to care when the winter comes; and then, with chattering teeth he hugs his rags about him, and bewails his madness and his misery as he perishes with hunger. For this life and the next, for body and for soul, you cannot get rid of care by being careless. He who does not care for religion, and is not going to trouble himself about such things, will find all this deferred and slighted care break in upon him some day. There is an awful meaning in those words which reveal care bursting like an avalanche upon the careless:—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded;..I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you." You cannot cure care by being careless.

Another thing that many people believe in, is—*drowning their cares*.

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When that hero, Sir Walter Raleigh, was about to be executed, he asked the headsman to show him the axe. The executioner slowly lifted it. Taking the glittering weapon into his hand, Sir Walter ran his thumb along the edge of it, saying, "'Tis a sharp remedy, but it will cure all my sorrows." A thousand times more dreadful than the keen-edged axe, is that which many try as a cure for care,—a cure that slays body and soul, and that only makes the bitterest sorrows here, and eternal sorrows hereafter.

Drink destroy care! Many a poor fellow has found that it can destroy everything else—comfort, health, position, character, life, and heaven. The drunkard hiccups his song, "Begone, dull care." Come and see how the remedy works. Here he sits in his wretched home — *no, drunkards have no homes*—in his *hovel*, ragged, blear-eyed, cursing his misery. This is all his cure can do for him.

And think what *it has cost him*, this "cure for care." *His character*, that once he would not have sold for all the gold that was ever coined. The wife, that used to be the bright-eyed, cheerful woman, whom he would not have hurt for the world, his cure has changed her into this sad creature whose utter misery longs for the rest of the grave; children, pale and starved, cowering terrified from the presence of a drunken father. And that is called a cure for care!

Plainly, a cure for care is wanted. Here it is, an infallible remedy. People have gone pilgrimages to many a place, and spent hundreds of pounds for very much less than this old prescription offers to all for nothing,—"*Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.*"

The Lord careth for you. Here is a right good medicine, for it bringeth good cheer. Why, is it not the deepest, direst, bitterest care of a life that nobody cares for one? "*Nobody cares for me!*" What a depth of troubled loneliness that cry comes from! The last throb with which the heart breaks, the last sigh with which many a poor creature rushes upon some dreadful course, is this, *nobody cares for me*. There are hundreds of people to-day ready to give in, who could go on bravely through life's wind and rain, if somewhere there were a little bit of love for them to keep life warm; some old mother to speak their name tenderly, and bless it as she spoke; or some little child to brighten as they came.

> "If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
> I could love it like a child,"—

has been the bitter cry of many who have perished because in the whole wide world none cared for them. "Care kills its thousands," it is said; but there is something more deadly than that. Untended, unmourned, unmissed, men die because they can find no one to care for them. Here is the beginning of the cure,—*the Lord careth for you*. For *you*, whoever you are, whatever you have been. One Heart, most pitiful and loving, yearns to be *your* Friend. *He careth for you.*

Away in my native town lived an old woman, very poor and very wretched. Sickness and poverty and age together had made her as wrinkled and soured as she could be. Everybody had heard her long tale of troubles over and over again, and she made the most of them, as folks generally do, and invariably ended with the doleful moan, "I'm old, and lone, and poor, and I've got

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nobody in all the world to give me a bit of care." One day she came hurrying up to our house as fast as her stiff joints could carry her; her face seemed to have lost half its wrinkles, her eyes actually shone with delight. "What can have happened?" thought everybody, as she came near. Everybody soon knew. "Bless ye," she cried, "I've got a letter from my boy in California,—and I thought he was dead years agone,—and he's doing well, and he says I mustn't fret, for he'll care for me as long as I live." She had lost her care—*somebody cared for her.*

The Lord "careth for you," says St. Peter. So the cure begins. *He* careth for us.

And now let us begin to get rid of some of the loads of our care.

You remember, in Bunyan's wonderful story, that when the Pilgrim came out of the city of Destruction, he carried a very heavy burden that crushed him, and yet he could not get rid of it. He went from place to place, and heard what people had to say, but his load crushed him still. One day, however, it happened that he came to a place where was a gentle hill, and on the top of it stood a cross, and a little below, at the bottom, a sepulchre. As the poor burdened pilgrim came sighing up the hill he looked at the cross, and that moment the strings that bound his load cracked, the load fell from his shoulders, and, rolling in at the mouth of the sepulchre, was seen no more. "Then," says Bunyan, "Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on his way singing:—

'Blest Cross! blest Sepulchre! blest rather He,
The Man that there was put to shame for me!'"

Ah, what a burden of care is this that a man feels when he thinks of the past! There it stretches behind us a dreary waste,—the will of God unheeded, the commandments of God broken, His love unthanked, and His Majesty insulted; evil deeds, and thoughts, and wishes. And if we look onward, the burden only grows heavier. Death waits to summon us to that dreadful Assize where we must "give an account of the deeds done in the body," and from which the righteous shall go into life eternal, the wicked into everlasting punishment. What cure for care is there for men who are in such a case? A sure and blessed cure,—*the Lord careth for us.* His Cross is the measure of His care for us. He takes upon Himself our load, and suffers "*the Just for the unjust.*" *He* "*hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.*" Come near with boldness. See what your sins have done,—they have crucified the Saviour. See what the Lord hath done,—He hath borne your sins in His own body on the tree. Come and cast all your care upon Him, for He "taketh away the sin of the world." And if He care thus for you, and you rest in His care, your load is gone. O, sweet and blessed deliverance from care is it when a man can lie down at night knowing that his name is written in the "Lamb's Book of Life," that whatever happen it is all right! The greatest care of life would be gone if you could live, "having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." All other cares would be nothing if you could go through the day feeling that the Heavenly Father loves to help and bless you, and that life is a steady journey homeward to the Father's House.

The Lord careth for you, cast all your care upon Him.

But very often when people cast

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the burden of their sins upon the Lord, they still carry a burden of *daily worries*. And for this, too, here is the cure, — Cast your care upon the Lord.

One very hot summer's day I was driving along a dusty road, when I overtook a woman with a heavy basket on her arm. I did not want to feel like the priest, in the story that Jesus told, who "passed by on the other side," so I offered her a ride. She gladly accepted it, but as she rode still carried the heavy basket on her arm.

"My good woman," I said, as kindly as I could, "your basket would ride just as well in the bottom of the trap, and you would be much more comfortable."

"Ah, so it would, Sir, thank you; I never thought of that," she said, as she put her burden down.

"That is very much like I do very often," I remarked after a little while.

"Like you do, Sir?" and the woman looked up inquiringly.

"Yes; I, too, often carry heavy burdens when there is no need for it."

She waited for my explanation.

"You see," I said, "the Lord Jesus has taken me up into His chariot, and I rejoice to ride in it, but very often I carry a great burden of care on my back that would ride just as well if I put it down, for the Lord would carry me and my cares too."

"Yes, bless the Lord!" said she, with a joy that told that she had found the cure for care. "It is true, Sir; when He takes us up in His chariot, He takes cares and all."

Here is the cure for your cares, for all the little daily worries and the burdens of anxiety that oppress you, — *The Lord careth for you.* Everything that concerns you concerns Him. Wise, strong, and loving, if He care for you, what troubling care need you carry for yourself? For body and soul, for yourself and your family, for this life and that to come, He careth: then cast all *your* care upon Him.

You are perhaps specially careworn; you are of an anxious nature, and have not such faith as some people, nor such hope. And then there are a good many things to make you anxious. You are bewildered by the number of your cares, or you are crushed by their weight. How you long for a cure for care!

Have you ever tried this one,— Casting your care upon the Lord?

You have tried it, you say, but it has not cured your care. It gave you a little ease for some time, perhaps, but nothing more than that. You have thought of Him and of His love, and how that He *can* help you, and that He cares for you: but that is not trying this cure. *Cast your care* upon the Lord. You have put it down to pray; and then, shouldering it once more, have gone groaning up the hill,—that is not *casting*. You have thought of the Divine wisdom, and might, and love, and tried to bear your burden in the comfort of such thoughts,— that is not casting. It is to take the burden with both hands, and to ing it away from us, and to go on without it, because the Lord cares for us. *Cast* your care upon the Lord. Go and rest in His care. He loves you; He arranges the little things and the great things of life. Believe it; act upon it; rejoice in it; and you shall prove the blessedness of this infallible remedy.

The Lord careth for you.—In that most touching story of the mother who hid her little son for three months after the King's decree that all male children should be slain,

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what a picture there is of troubled, fearful care! What wearying months they were! How often she smothered the child's cries, lest some quick-eared neighbour should betray her! How often she started, and listened with beating heart to passing footsteps, lest it should be the officers of the law come to seize her child! How in her dreams she heard the shriek and splash as the child was flung into the river, and woke up stretching her eager arms fearfully to assure herself of his safety! How often she looked at him through tearful eyes, and thought of the hundred deaths that threatened him! So for three wearying months!

But to-day the King's daughter has found the child, and "had compassion" on it. She has taken it into her arms, and kissed it, and said, It shall be my son. *She cares for him;* and now how safe is he! Given back to the mother to nurse, the mother's care is gone; the King's daughter cares for him, and what can hurt him now? Every soldier grasped his glittering weapon to defend this little child. All the wealth of Egypt ministered to his wants. All the might of Pharaoh girt him about with honour and safety. Care? fling care to the winds; her child was called "the son of Pharaoh's daughter."

The *Lord* careth for you. Cast off your burden of care. His might, His ear, His wisdom, are yours. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

A good old prescription, indeed; not merely to be approved of, not only to be "made up" in resolutions and desires, but to be tried: "*Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.*"

GOING TO MARKET.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

WHEN a man who is really hungry has plenty of money in his pocket, and is near to some well-stocked bakers' shops, he will doubtless, without delay, satisfy the cravings of his appetite. If he had no money, or there were no market within reach, there would be a difficulty. But as the man is really hungry, and neither money nor market wanting, we may safely predict what will speedily occur. During the prevalence of famine, a long time ago, in a land where the Moslem now rules, but in which the sons of Jacob then dwelt, migrating from place to place in search of pasture for their flocks, there was money forthcoming, and there was in Egypt a market which was affirmed to be abundantly supplied with corn; but the money and the market were far apart. The money possessed by Jacob and his sons was with them in Canaan, the corn-market of the world was, for the time, in the land of Egypt. But as the patriarch and his family could not eat the money, and were likely to famish for want of bread, they speedily employed the needful effort to bring the money and the market together, in order that a suitable bartering should take place.

It is possible, however, for there to be both plenty of money and a well-furnished market, and yet the possessor of the money not secure the blessing which he chiefly needs. A little child, with worn-out shoes and a ragged jacket, may have a sovereign in his hand, and be standing in a bazaar where tailors and cordwainers display their goods for sale, and yet the little child may remain in tatters. If uninstructed

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in the value of money, and the sovereign be dull-looking, he may be persuaded by a cunning rogue to exchange it for two bright farthings, or if even he have a notion that the coin is of considerable worth, he may be coaxed into spending it in pocketsful of toffy and cakes, and a hatful of nuts, and handfuls of whistles and tops. The money was there, and so were the stalls on which were placed jackets and boots, but there was not the discretion.

Far more lamentable than the imaginary case we have just suggested, are the real cases occurring by thousands in this country every week, in which artisans take their handful of hard-earned silver to the ale-house, and there buy headaches and heartaches, disgrace and remorse, present wretchedness and future woe, for themselves, with miseries of all sorts, shapes, and sizes for their wives and children, until all the money is gone; and they then must return to their drudgery once more. The unhappy slave of intemperance has money sometimes, and knows of the market, but the discretion is wanting. There is a marketing, but it is utterly unprofitable and absolutely mischievous. The more the man purchases the poorer he becomes. Soon, if he continue to act so foolishly, he will be insolvent for ever, and must lie down in sorrow.

There is a very undesirable marketing described by Solomon in these words: "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" (Prov. xvii. 16.) In reference to the priceless commodity of wisdom, the Lord has furnished us with plenty of money; and has placed us within reach of an abundant market; and, from time to time, imparts some degree of longing after the priceless blessing. But if a man unhappily quenches the rising desire, so that it can never become strong, all will be in vain. The money and the market have been provided, but the foolish man will not allow the discretion to take possession of his soul. So he remains poor amid exhaustless treasure which might be secured.

The blessings conferred by heavenly wisdom, and which are to us of incalculable importance, are, in one part of the Book of Proverbs, represented as a feast, a glorious provision made by command of the Great King for His needy subjects. "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars: she hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table. She hath sent forth her maidens: she crieth upon the highest places of the city, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither: as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding." (Prov. ix. 1—6.) Every one to whom the message comes may, if he will employ the grace given, gain the healthy appetite for the rich provision made by Wisdom Divine. Beneath the dome of that glorious banqueting-room, he may feast with the truly great and good. But if he unhappily allow carnal appetites and evil desires to destroy the buddings of grace within his soul, all the provisions of God's mercy will prove of no service to him. The feast which he will desire and seek after will be that which results in the death of all that is good within the soul, and the final and awful overthrow of the delinquent. The

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invitation to the holy banquet which prepares for the endless feast of heaven, will only result in his greater condemnation. The price placed in the hand by the God of love will be worse than wasted.

Many secure not the indispensable treasure, *although taken early to the market.*—In the arrangements of Divine Providence, religion is commended to them in their childhood by praying parents or godly teachers. The price is thus placed in their hands to get wisdom. They might become rich, truly and for ever, if they would only cherish the good desires which the Holy Spirit often implants within their souls. But they fail to do so. There is always some evil to be indulged, and thus the feeble work of grace, instead of being strengthened, is destroyed. The foolish person acts as a gardener would do who should constantly nip off the tender plants as they appeared in spring-time above the surface of the ground, until at length the plants would grow no more, but left the soil in summer with the barrenness of winter.

A young woman was dying. She was visited by pious acquaintances who were deeply concerned respecting the state of her soul. They found her in a very miserable condition. She had been a Sabbath-school scholar, and at one time experienced some little of the love of Jesus. But, as she sorrowfully acknowledged, the love of the world and the companionship of godless acquaintances led her away from the Saviour. "I mourn over my backsliding," she said, "but I see no prospect before me, but gloom and thick darkness. I think of the promises in the Holy Scriptures, and I try to pray, but the burden continues, and I am unutterably wretched. I can find no peace." A pious friend spoke much to her of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, and referred to the forgiveness of David after his grievous sin, and the restoration of Peter to the favour of his Lord, and the compassion extended to other transgressors who had penitently pleaded the promises of God. This adviser directed the sin-burdened one to look to the "Lamb of God, who taketh way the sin of the world." But, day after day, all was in vain. The dying girl frequently exclaimed:—"There is nothing but darkness before me," while her countenance expressed the tortures of her spirit, and her eyes rolled wildly around. Another friend also endeavoured to lead her to the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, but the sufferer replied: "When I pray, I feel no access to God; it is all dark and void. I cannot feel Christ precious as I once did. I have loved the present evil world, so that Christ has forsaken me. When I would pray, I cannot, my heart is so hard." Her kind friend, visiting her when she was evidently sinking, said, "I may never see you more until we meet before the bar of God, do tell me, Are you now happy in Christ? Have you the least hope beyond the grave? Do take my hand to assure me that you have." The hand was not taken; and, in the course of that night, the sufferer expired. The case of this unhappy young person we must leave with God. But we may learn the possibility of early advantages being neglected, and therefore proving of no benefit. The price in the hand, but that price wasted, and the wisdom not secured.

Many secure not the indispensable treasure, *although regarded as very clever.* Cleverness is not wisdom.

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Cleverness cannot supply the place of wisdom. Cleverness may never lead to the possession of wisdom. Those who are eminently clever, may be lamentably foolish, and may have to endure all the painful consequences of their culpable folly.

Edgar Allan Poe was, beyond doubt, a very clever man; but, poor fellow, he never became a wise man. He was born at Baltimore, in the United States. His family had been respectable; but, unfortunately, his father and mother became strolling players. They died, however, while Edgar Allan was young. The death of his parents gave the lad a more favourable opportunity for starting life well than he otherwise would have had. He was kindly adopted by a Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant, who had known his father, and who, having no children of his own, treated the orphan as his child. The lad was sent to a good school, and afterwards to the university of Charlottesville. But, alas, he yielded to the evil propensities of his nature, and associated with the vilest companions! The price to get wisdom had been placed in his hand in a marvellous manner, but the young man had no heart to it. He held high rank as a scholar, but his extravagance was so great, and his licentiousness so glaring, that he was expelled from the university. He returned home; but when his generous benefactor refused to honour some of his drafts for gambling debts at the university, the ungrateful young man wrote a satirical letter to him, and set off to Greece to help, as he avowed, to free that land from the Turks. He did not reach Greece, however. After wandering about Europe for twelve months, he reached St. Petersburg, and was arrested by the police for taking part in a drunken riot. The United States Minister, however, interposed, and secured his release, and provided for his return to America. His kind patron forgave all, and welcomed his return; and, as Poe now expressed a preference for the military profession, Mr. Allan procured him entrance to a Military Academy. The young man was certainly gifted, and highly privileged, but he still had not wisdom, nor any heart to secure it. In less than twelve months he was cashiered for drunkenness and insubordination. Mr. Allan received him with surprising forbearance, but the worthless young man so severely and scurrilously satirized him and his wife, that Mr. Allan banished him, and refused to give him any further aid. He had, however, published a volume of poems, and found no difficulty in procuring employment as a writer for magazines and newspapers; but his intemperance and licentious practices prevented his engagements being permanent. As a lecturer also he might have become very popular, but his vices still proved an insuperable barrier to his prosperity. In the autumn of 1848 he joined a temperance society, but the depraved appetites so long indulged had gained a complete mastery over him. In addition to all prudential means, the grace of God was necessary to his deliverance; but this was not duly sought. In 1849 he went to deliver lectures in Virginia, and on the 4th of October he set out on his return to New York. At Baltimore he met with some acquaintances who invited him to drink; he unhappily broke his pledge, became so utterly intoxicated that he was picked up in the street. Being entirely helpless, he was taken to a hospital. There he died the next day, October 7th,

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1849. Sad was the wreck thus occasioned by folly. Gifted as Edgar Allan Poe was, he might have been as a bright beacon light which would have gladdened and blessed many a voyager on the ocean of life. As it is, he is only as a conspicuous mark on the wreck-chart, indicating where a bark of noble form and wealthy freight went down beneath the dark wave. The few lines preserved from his pen are but as a dirge, beautiful, but intensely sad and despairing. A great price was in his hand during several years, but there was no heart to get wisdom.

Many secure not the indispensable treasure, *although long loitering near to it.*—Some, though detained in the place of merchandize, do not choose to stay near the spot where the best of all is commended. They have ceased to care for it altogether, or they are made uneasy by the appointed merchants, who proclaim aloud its value. Hence they carefully avoid all approach to that part of the market-place, though they occasionally send their children in that direction, and sometimes hope, in a feeble degree, that their sons and daughters may secure the heavenly prize. How many fathers and mothers who used to go to Sunday-school and the house of prayer, now habitually neglect public worship, yet send their little boys and girls to the school. If the children are unwilling to go, the parents make them. It is probable that if the father and mother delighted to go to the house of God, no compulsion would be necessary for their children.

There are others, however, who are not only allowed to remain a long time in the market-place, but also voluntarily loiter near the spot where the treasure is to be procured. These would be unhappy if they had not a seat in the sanctuary. They do not merely send their children to the Sabbath-school, but also take them to the house of prayer. Yet is there no heart to get wisdom. The price still remains for a time, though diminished, in their hand; and the well-stored market is open. But they do not get wisdom. They hear sermons; they delight in good music; they bow their heads in prayer; they listen to God's Word; but they do not seek religion, and therefore do not find it. All this time the hour of their ignominious, final, awful expulsion from the market is approaching. They are hearers! But Christ has said,—"Every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

GAMBLING AND MURDER.

About seventeen years ago, England, we may say the whole of the civilized world, was outraged by the commission of a dreadful murder by poisoning, the temptation to which arose out of betting and gambling transactions. The murderer and his victim occupied respectable positions in life, and the trial and execution excited most unusual interest. We refer to the notorious William Palmer, of Rugeley, in the county of Stafford, where this atrocious murder took place, in 1855, for which the prisoner was tried in London by the late Lord Chief-Justice Campbell in 1856, and executed at Stafford. The trial occupied twelve days. Since

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these events took place, a tombstone has been erected on the right hand as you enter the grave-yard of Rugeley parish church, marking the spot where lie interred the mortal remains of the young man whom Palmer murdered. It is a flat, four-sided tomb, on the top and sides of which have been placed the following suggestive and admonitory words, by way of inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
OF
JOHN PARSONS COOK,
LATE OF
CALETHORPE LODGE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LEICESTER.
WHOSE LIFE WAS TAKEN AWAY ON THE NIGHT
OF THE
22ND NOVEMBER, 1855,
IN THE 29TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Amiable and affectionate in his disposition, kind and generous in his conduct, he was sincerely beloved, and will long be lamented by his kindred and friends.

At the foot are these words:—

"Whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

On the right side of the tomb are these words:—

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; ponder the path of thy feet, lest thou give thine honour unto others, and thy life unto the cruel; lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy substance are consumed."

On the left side of the tomb are these words:—

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away; for they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence."

At the head of the stone are these words:—

"His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins."

J. J.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

A SONNET.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD: on this glad day
Men saw Thy first benignant ray,
Which from the lowly manger shone,
Where lay our God's Incarnate Son.
We hail thy coming, year by year,
O gladsome morn! our souls to cheer,
For thou dost tell us of the love
Which sent our Saviour from above.
He Who was in the manger laid,
His blood for our redemption paid:
And, free from fear, we now rejoice,
And join our every heart and voice
In songs of joy, that on this morn
The Saviour of our race was born.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

A SONNET.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

WHEN, lying on the bed of death,
The Christian draws his parting breath,
Surrounding Nature seems to pause,
And for a time suspend her laws,
As he goes through the veil alone,
To stand before his Maker's throne.
So, dying year, a strange repose
Is gathering round thy nearing close.
Thou soon wilt at the bar appear,
To tell how men have used thee here;
And at the seat of judgment lay
The record of each passing day.
Departing Year; I ask of thee,
What witness wilt thou bear of me?

THE ISLES OF SCILLY.

BY B. A. GREGORY, B.A.

EVERY little boy who has learned geography at school, knows that at the extreme south-west of England there lies a small group of islands called Scilly. If his lesson-book has been a good one, he will also know that the principal

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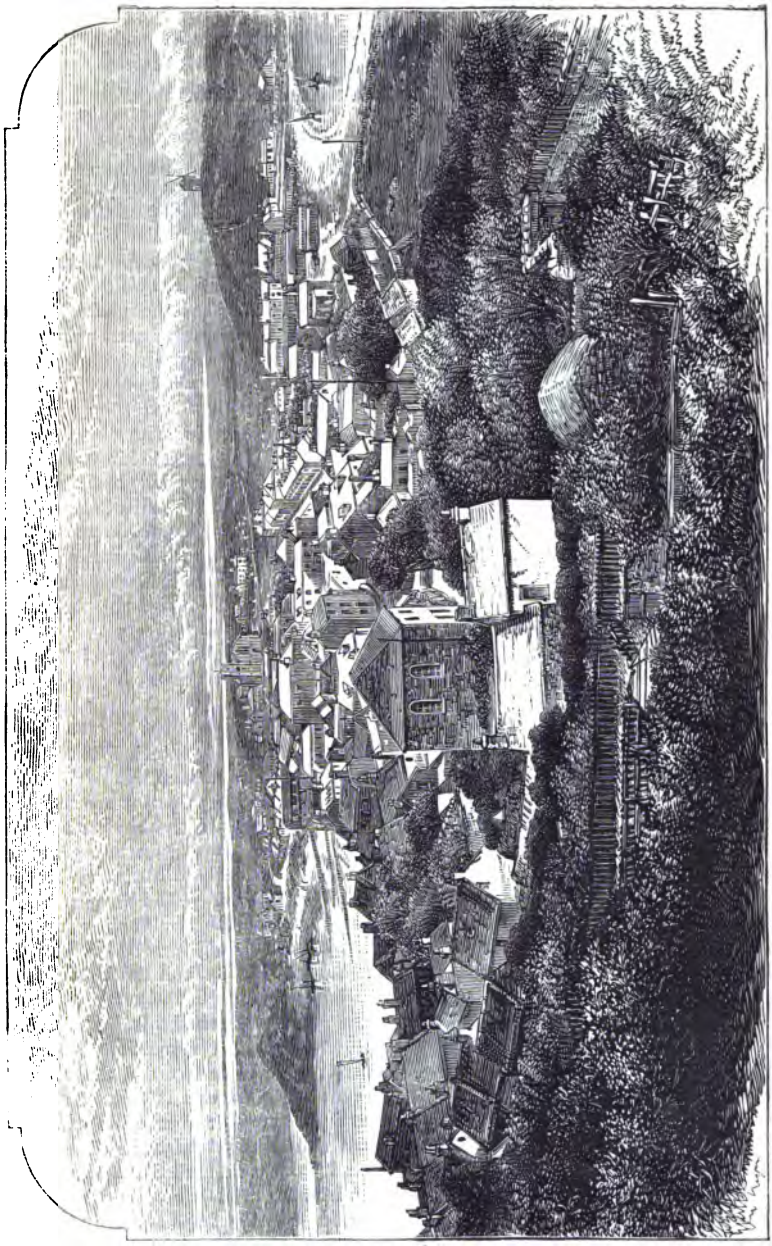

(*Hugh-Town, St. Mary's, Scilly.*)

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island is called St. Mary's. But beyond that even the best "geographies" have scarcely anything to tell. Grown-up people, well-informed on most subjects, know less of this part of their own country, than of the West Indies or the Fiji islands. Few persons visit Scilly as tourists, and very few on business except from the west of Cornwall. It is often looked on as a land of "outer barbarians," where people live on salt-fish and do not talk English.

Every now and then there is a great wreck on one or other of the islands, or a rare visitor sends a description of the place to a newspaper or a magazine. Just at present, too, the death of that remarkable man, Mr. Augustus Smith, the late king of Scilly, has made a little stir, and attracted notice to his kingdom. So, as I have lately returned from a rather lengthy stay in Scilly, it may be worth while for me to follow the example of other visitors, and write a short account of my visit. Mr. G. H. Lewes has described the islands in his "Sea-Side Studies," Dean Alford wrote a paper on them in "Good Words," and Mr. "Rob-Roy" Macgregor made a canoeing voyage among the group, and sent a narrative of it to the "Times" only a few months ago. The Scillonians say the last record was very incorrect. No one, however, has described Scilly from a Methodist point of view, and there are a few things about the Scilly Circuit worth noting.

The reason why so few people go to Scilly, is doubtless because they do not know that there is anything to see or learn when they get there that will make up for the long journey by land, and the troublesome passage by sea. Most folks, even in seafaring England, get sick on a voyage, and will not face the discomfort for anything less than Killarney, or the Continent, or the Isle of Man. And the sea round the Land's-End is an unusually rough one. The single steam-packet which runs between Penzance and Scilly, though a good boat enough, is small, and she is worked by a screw-propeller, which is not at all a comfortable mode of progression for a victim of sea-sickness. You have to lie in the saloon, faint and qualmish, while the rod of the screw revolves eighty-six times a minute within a few feet of your aching head. You do not care to see the Cornish coast, or the Land's-End, or the Wolf Lighthouse, or any other objects of interest on the way, but watch the swaying of the cabin walls, and long for the five hours' passage to come to an end. But when you get through St. Mary's Sound and come into the Roads, the pitching and rolling of the vessel abate, and you stagger on deck to see what this land is like, to reach which you have undergone so much misery. Then if you have Mr. Lewes' enthusiasm for strange and beautiful scenery, you join him in saying that the eyes may be glassy and the face green that looks upon the landscape, but the soul within feels full compensation in the lovely picture before it, and in the promise of still finer bits among those low, steep hills, and that broken, rocky coast.

The most striking feature of Scillonian scenery is the perpetual variety of the views where everything is on so small a scale, and the whole tract of country so limited in extent. The islands lie round a basin of sea rather oval than circular, with the principal opening to the west. Consequently they are naturally divided into three distinct groups, the Southern, the Eastern, and the Northern islands. The largest and easternmost of the Southern group is St. Mary's, on which is Hugh-Town, the capital of Scilly, and the only place at which there are facilities for landing from any but small boats. A narrow arm of sea, called Crow Sound, separates it from the eastern and the nearer northern islands, and it then stretches for some three or four miles of bold coast and frequent inlets to St. Mary's Sound, which cuts off St. Agnes from the sister isle. Both islands possess an appendage in the shape of a hilly peninsula, joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus of low sand. That on St. Agnes

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is called the Gugh, and at high water is insulated. Opposite to it, across the Sound, rises a similar hill, permanently united to St. Mary's by the neck of sand on which Hugh-Town is built. The hill is now called the Garrison, being an old fortified position abandoned since the peace of 1815. The old histories of Scilly give to it the name of the Hugh, so that these hills, so similar in appearance and character, seem to have originally possessed similar names as well. The rocks off the extremity of the Gugh are the southernmost pieces of English land, being a few minutes of latitude further south than the Lizard Point.

St. Agnes is a bare, rocky island, very much smaller than St. Mary's, inhabited by fishermen, pilots, and light-keepers, and containing one or two farms. Close upon the north-west, is the uninhabited islet of Annet, from which projects a headland terminating in broken rocks, called from their shape the haycocks, and serving somewhat to narrow the western entrance to the harbour of Scilly. Between Annet and St. Agnes' lies a deep but intricate channel, named Smith's Sound, through which few but a St. Agnes' pilot would dare to take a ship. To the south-west stretches away a wild labyrinth of jagged rocks in all manner of grotesque forms, each with its name known to Scilly boatmen, but only one or two, such as Rosevear, Rosevean, Crebewethan, etc., worthy the title even of islets. Seabirds on the rocks, and rabbits where there is grass, are the only inhabitants. Twelve miles from St. Mary's, the prospect is crowned by the magnificent column of the Bishop Lighthouse, a "pillar of fire by night," of "cloud by day," and yet further off a low line of breakers on the horizon marks the place of the Crim rocks, to the westward of which the unbroken Atlantic alone intervenes between England and America.

On the north of the harbour, and opposite to Annet Head, lies the striking island of Samson, consisting of two steep hills rising nearly to the height of the highest land in Scilly,—about two hundred feet, between which, from St. Mary's, is seen a remarkable crag, called Castle Bryher, really an insulated rock some distance beyond Samson, but apparently part of that island. Samson has recently been depopulated, and now holds only a few deer and one or two roofless cottages.

Only a few yards of sea separate Samson from the inhabited island of Bryher, which is somewhat larger than St. Agnes. It is, however, only scantily peopled, the northern and more extensive part of it being composed of high heathery downs, broken by boulders and prominent rocks, very wild and beautiful to the eye of the visitor, but incapable of cultivation, and used only as pasturage for a few sheep. The lowlands of the southern coast show, in two or three farms, a church, and some boatmen's houses, how small is the population of the isle. Bryher is parted from the more important island of Tresco by a narrow arm of the sea, known as New Grimsby Channel, a most exquisite piece of water, on the Tresco side of which stands one of the few objects of historic interest that Scilly can boast of. It is a small but strong stone tower, rising about sixty feet from the rocky ground. The greater part is circular, but on one side a sort of platform is built so close to the highest rocks that a climber of very moderate skill can enter the fortress by escalade, without troubling the distant keeper for the key. The building goes by the name of Cromwell's Castle, but was erected by the Admiral of the Commonwealth, General Blake, in order to command the channel, when he made his attack on Scilly, and took St. Mary's by storm from the royalist garrison, who held it for King Charles the Second.

On the Bryher side of the strait is a bold insulated rock of considerable height, named Hangman's Island. Its singular name is said to be derived from the fact that there Blake executed some mutinous seamen at the time of the building of the tower. On the high hill above Crom-

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well's Castle are the remains of an older fort, said to have been dismantled by the Puritan invader, and called to this day Charles' Castle. These two ruins are not the only historic monuments on Tresco. A few arches of a long-deserted monastery are to be seen in the gardens of Mr. Smith's residence, which from them takes the name of the Abbey.

These gardens are amongst the *sights* of Scilly. Much labour and expense has been spent in raising a triumph of horticulture such as could not be produced in any other climate than the peculiarly warm and equable one of this sea-girt region. Scilly is for the most part too windy to admit of trees, but in the Abbey gardens there are timber and foliage, slightly stunted and wind-beaten, but plentiful and shady. Beside the ordinary occupants of an English garden, semi-tropical plants raise their grotesque forms with a luxuriance unknown beneath the open sky of any other part of Great Britain. Aloes, yuccas, tree-ferns, and many varieties of grass and cane are abundant. The nurslings of our green-houses or temporary sojourners in our flower-beds are there hardy perennial shrubs. Geraniums, fuschias, and myrtles take the place of our holly and laurel, while the camelia and magnolia require little protection from the mild rigour of a Scillonian winter. But the peculiar pride of Scilly, seen at its greatest perfection in Tresco, is the ice-plant, or mesembryanthemum, a native of the Great Sahara, but thoroughly naturalized in the group. It is a creeping but not a climbing plant, which covers many yards of rock or wall, or clusters in heaped masses upon a stone that it quite conceals. It grows in long trailing stems of green, succulent substance, from which branch off long thick leaves, in shape something like a three-edged cutting-file. These are glossy to the sight, and cold to the touch, and on being opened are found filled with an almost fluid, watery matter, which in its native deserts serves to quench the thirst of wandering beasts far away from a spring. The flower of the ice-plant resembles the chrysanthemum, but is of a more delicate tint of white, purple, or a brilliant magenta. The colour and size of the blossom, as well as the thickness, length, and shade of green of the leaves, vary in different species. They open only at noonday, when the spectacle is extremely gorgeous. The gardens contain a most magnificent piece of rockwork, cut from the natural rock, and ornamented in profuse ingenuity with ices, heaths, ferns, prickly-pears, and other English and southern plants that flourish in the scanty soil of granite cliffs. In the rear and on one side of the Abbey, the prospect is enriched by two large fresh-water pools, wonderful from their apparent disproportion to the size of the island. Only a narrow space separates these lakes from the salt water around them. The fact is that both in Tresco and St. Mary's the drainage is provided for, not by rivers, for which there is no room, nor even by brooks, —one tiny dry bed was all I saw in Scilly,—but by extensive pools or marshes. A considerable portion of St. Mary's is marsh land, and there, too, a broad pond maintains itself within a hundred yards of the tide.

Tresco is the second island of the group for importance and extent. Great part of it is taken up by Mr. Smith's own model farm. But, as usual in Scilly, very much land is useless, or at least unutilized. Both Bryher and Tresco are long islands, stretching northwards, and presenting their lowest and narrowest coast to the view from St. Mary's. To the north, they offer the highest, steepest, and most remarkable seaboard of Scilly. From Mincarlo, a huge island rock on the west of Bryher, to Round Island, opposite the many-isleted channel between Tresco and its eastern neighbour St. Martin's, there extends a close succession of headland, cliff, and isolated crags, which though seldom or never passing two hundred feet in height, is so massive, precipitous and strangely cut, that the

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effect on the beholder is one almost of awe.

From Shipman-Head on the north of Bryher, there is a westward view almost equal to that from St. Agnes. The scattered rocks cover a shorter space, but are as thickly crowded as those on the south-west, while for size, height, and magnificent shape, the companions of Mincarlo; Scilly, (which gives its name to the group,) Maiden-Bower, Castle-Bryher, and many others are more impressive than the neighbours of the Bishop. Nor is the fatal interest of shipwreck and disaster more largely attached to the one group than the other. Shipman-Head itself is a splendid pile of granite blocks and boulders, where nothing but lichens on the face, and sea-pinks on the ledges of the rocks, relieve the red, brown, or black of the broad and lofty mass. The sea, never still among such precipices, adds the white of the foam, the green of the breaking wave, and the blue of the far-reaching plain of waters, to complete the beauty of the scene; bringing out in full contrast the immovable strength of the solid headland and the constant change and movement of the ocean at its feet.

The cliffs of Tresco are hollowed in several places into caverns of great size, but whether they be wholly natural, or deserted tin-workings, is not easy to decide. A short distance to the east, and close to the deserted island of St. Helen's, are the two most famous rocks of the Scilly seas. One, a long mass of lofty granite, rising almost sheer from the sea to the summit, and broken into three peaks of unequal height, is called by the people "Man of War," and supposed to resemble a large vessel in full sail. But the name is clearly a corruption of the old Cornish Menavawr. The other suggests its title of *Round* Island, and is an almost perpendicular rock, supporting a rough circle of grass at an elevation of two hundred feet, and not a foot is lost to the sight through intervening objects or break in the wall of granite. These two islands, rarely accessible without elaborate appliances, are the chosen home of thousands of sea-birds.

A multitude of islets, grouped round two larger ones, St. Helen's and Tean, tenanted only by black and white rabbits, a sheep or two, and a few cows, almost fill the tract of sea that lies between Tresco and St. Martin's, which is the third in extent of the divisions of Scilly, and the most easterly of the northern islands. It consists of rolling downs, which on the north side sink abruptly into the sea. St. Martin's Head, the nearest point of Scilly to the Land's-End, is also the highest ground in the islands, and is conspicuous at a great distance, being crowned with a striking conical erection of red and white, which is a day-mark for vessels at sea.

To the south of St. Martin's, and between it and St. Mary's, lies the picturesque group of the Eastern islands —all quite desolate. There are about a dozen of them, the largest of which, Great Ganilly, might perhaps be cultivated with profit. The most striking objects are the solitary sugarloaf crag of Hangeek, and the three steep, grassy hills of Nornor, below which were to be seen the masts of the stranded and half-sunk steam-packet, the "Earl of Arran," the last victim of the rocks of Scilly at the time of my visit, but now joined in misfortune by her old companion, the "Little Western," who was wrecked three days after I had crossed in her on my return. The Eastern islands are small, but high and bold, and being thickly covered with grass and fern, make up one of the prettiest landscapes in Scilly, equally beautiful when seen from neighbouring islands, and when closely inspected. They are so placed as to complete the oval rim of the harbour, leaving a narrow and dangerous channel between themselves and St. Martin's, and the much-used passage of Crow Sound, on the side of St. Mary's. All the arms of sea that we have mentioned are of such a width, and so placed in relation to headlands and islands, that from many points of view the inclosed

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water seems a perfectly land-locked bay, though in fact there are at least six modes of exit, with distinct names of their own, besides the great western opening.*

AN AMERICAN CRITIQUE ON "JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

Dr. Cuyler, in his beautiful little book, "Heart-Life," lately published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, gives the following just eulogium of Charles Wesley's celebrated hymn:—

About the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in southern England, two brothers were born in the little town of Epworth, who were destined to be better known over the world than any other two men whom Britain produced in that half-century. While their godly mother (Susannah) was dying, she said to her weeping household, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Among the group who joined in this song of triumph with faltering voices, were John, the founder of Methodism, and Charles, its sweet singer. John was *system*; but Charles was *song*. John was the Bezaleel who laid the foundations, and hewed out the pillars of the new tabernacle; but Charles was the Asaph who filled it with melody. Methodism was builded rapidly; but the walls never would have gone up so fast had they not been *built to music*.

Charles Wesley was a born poet. Like Toplady, he was all nerve and fire and enthusiasm. God gave him a musical ear, intense emotions, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold. He ate, drank, slept, and dreamed nothing but *hymns!* He must have been the ready writer of at least four thousand. One day, while on his itinerancy, his pony stumbled and threw him off. The only record he makes of the accident in his diary is this: "My companions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which *spoiled my making hymns* until—next day!" Truly a man must have been possessed with a master-passion, who could have written a sentence like that.

Wesley found his inspirations "on every hedge." He threw off hymns as Spurgeon throws off sermons. For example, when he was preaching to a crowd of rude stonecutters and quarrymen at Portland, he turned his appeal into metre, and improvised a hymn, in which occur the vigorous lines,—

> "Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
> Thy power to us make known;
> Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
> And *break* these *hearts* of stone!"

Standing, once, on the dizzy promontory of Land's-End, and looking down into the boiling waves on each side of the cliff, he broke out into these solemn and thrilling words:—

> "Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
> Yet how insensible!"

For every scene and circumstance of life, for prayer-meetings, for watch-nights, for love-feasts, and for dying hours and funerals, he had a holy, impassioned lay. But, like Watts, Cowper, and Toplady, he had his *masterpiece*. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honour of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the Cross is "Rock of Ages," and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's "God is our refuge," then it may be said, also, that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song,—

> "Jesu, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he "attained unto perfection" when he wrote this hymn.

* We must reserve our account of the Methodism of Scilly for a future paper. We need scarcely say that the building which forms the most prominent object in the foreground of the Illustration, is the Wesleyan Chapel.

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It is happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, "Refuge" and "Martyn;" both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem.

The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms, with the words faltering on its tongue:—

"Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made grave, and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this:—

"Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have cried this piercing cry, out of the depths,—

"Still support and comfort me!"

The whole hymn is at once a confession and a prayer. It is a *prayer in metre*. And no man is prepared to sing these words aright unless his soul is filled with deepest and most earnest longings after the Lord Jesus. What an awful blasphemy it is for a set of mere trifling amateurs in a choir to *perform* this holy prayer merely as a feat of musical skill! What college boy would *dare* to commit the Lord's Prayer, or one of his pastor's public petitions to memory, and then speak it as a mere piece of declamation on the stage? Yet we do not see any difference between *declaiming* a prayer, and the heartless mockery of *performing*, for musical effect, such words as—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past."

Or that self-surrender for the dying hour:—

"O receive my soul at last!"

Words like these are too infinitely solemn for the mummeries of frivolous lips in the concert-room or the organ-loft. When a congregation sing such a hymn as "Jesu, Lover of *my* soul," each one should feel as if he were uttering a fervent personal prayer to the Son of God.

The history of Charles Wesley's incomparable hymn would fill a volume. Millions have sung it, and will be singing it when the millennial morn breaks. A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in a gale in the British Channel. The captain and crew took to the boats and were lost. They might have been saved if they had remained on board; for a huge wave carried the vessel up among the rocks, where the ebbing tide left her high and dry. In the captain's cabin a hymn-book was found lying on his table. It was opened at a particular page, and the pencil still lay in it which had marked the favourite lines of the stout sailor, who was just about going into the jaws of death. While the hurricane was howling outside, the captain had drawn his pencil beside these glorious words of cheer:—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

Blessed death-song! Thousands of God's redeemed ones have shouted it forth as the "haven" of rest opened its celestial glories to their view. If we could choose the manner of our departure, we would wish to die singing:—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

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CONJECTURAL DETAILS OF SCRIPTURE OUTLINES.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

II.—ABRAHAM'S EVERY-DAY FAITH.

"He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform." (Romans iv. 20, 21.)

ABRAHAM is usually represented as having been exposed to three or four severe trials in the course of his life, and his faith subjected to a like number of tests, separated from each other by considerable periods of time. The less thoughtful reader takes it for granted that, during these intervals, his pathway was smooth and straight, and his happiness and peace undisturbed. This is to be accounted for from the fact that special prominence is given by the sacred historian to several important crises in his career, when his faith was brought into very active exercise.

The faith of a servant of God should possess two special characteristics,—courage and patience; the one for the fiery trial, and the other for the long-delayed fulfilment of promise. Experience teaches us that a sudden, unexpected, and appalling catastrophe does not always call forth and exhibit the highest and noblest qualities of the man upon whom it falls. Hence, an individual whom the excitement of danger has wrought up to the performance of some daring action, frequently swoons away into unconscious helplessness just as he concludes the deed. As the soldier who has been bravest in the battle, is soon petulant and impatient of the monotony of camp life between one engagement and the next, so the Christian, whose courage and confidence are undoubted in times of severe affliction, often lacks the virtue of "patient faith" in the less emotional but equally trying vicissitudes of every-day life.

Although all honour is given to Abraham for the strength of his faith in times of unexampled trouble, much injustice is done to his character by many of his most ardent admirers, through their entirely ignoring, or treating as of small account, the fact that he was sorely tried on many occasions besides those special ones to which we have already referred; and that his *patience* was equal to his *courage*.

We cannot read the history of Abraham, as recorded in the Book of Genesis, carefully and thoughtfully, without being deeply impressed with the prominent feature of patience which his faith displays.

At the age of seventy-five years, the Patriarch received the commandment to leave his kindred and country, to place himself under God's guidance, and journey to a land which should be shown to him. The command was accompanied by a promise that he should become a great nation, and the land which he should see, would be the dwelling-place of his posterity. He obeyed the commandment, and travelled from Haran to Canaan. Abraham had the promise continually before him, and from the first, looked eagerly for its fulfilment. In the course of his journey he saw many landscapes which were pleasing, and encamped on many pasture-grounds which were all that could be desired; wondering, perchance, if these should one day be the inheritance of his children. But God was silent, and the guiding finger beckoned him on. By and by the solitude of the wilderness gave place to the cheerful village and the crowded city. As he proceeded the population became denser, until he pitched his tent under the shadow of Sichem's towers. There the Lord appeared unto him, and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." A man of ordinary nerve would have replied, "Nay, Lord; surely not *this* land! It is already in the hands of others, and there is no room for me. The vast uninhabited territory through which I have passed would be far more acceptable and suitable than this." But Abraham had "another spirit" in him; and the self-same verse which records God's declaration, goes on to say, "and there builded

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he an altar unto the LORD, Who appeared unto him." (Genesis xii. 7.)

The difficulties of the good man's situation are very briefly and quietly narrated. "The Canaanite was then in the land," says the writer, and Abraham soon became assured of the fact. He had scarcely spread his carpet, and unyoked his oxen, when a prior claim to the ownership of the ground was served upon him, and a speedy removal was the result. Finding no rest for the sole of his foot in the valley, "he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent." But here his hopes of settlement were vain, for in the next verse of the chapter he is again on the march; "going on still toward the south." (Genesis xii. 9.)

Surely his patience had been tried by this time! Of all countries he had seen since he had left his father's house, this seemed the least desirable. And if he could barely find room for his own tent, how would that posterity fare, which God had promised should be his, and should inhabit the land? Nor does the prospect brighten upon a more intimate acquaintance. "There was a famine in the land." It could not support its present inhabitants, much less offer attractions to the additional incubus of a "great nation;" and the Patriarch discovered himself and his flocks and herds to be a burden on the soil too great to be borne: so he "went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land."

The purpose of his journey into Egypt is very suggestively called "a sojourn;" not a settlement: a retirement from the sterile plains of Canaan until grass should grow. Comfortless and discouraging as the prospect might be, he had no idea of complaining of his lot, or charging God with having cruelly imposed upon his credulity. Uninviting as the land has appeared to him, it is the "land of promise;" and he does not reject it as being far below what he had reason to expect, but he—

> "Takes the blessing from above,
> And wonders at God's boundless love."

If Abraham ever gave way to impatience, it was while he sojourned in the land of Egypt. The "treasures of Egypt" had no greater attractions for him than they had in after years for Moses, and a spirit of constraint and unrest hung about him until he found himself back again on the mountain slope between Bethel and Hai. It appears probable that the landowners of the district showed him greater sufferance than on his previous visit; but the cattle of Abraham and of Lot, who was with him, had multiplied exceedingly, and the pasturage which had sprung up during their absence, was soon devoured. "And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together."

Not long after the separation of uncle and nephew, the Patriarch discovered that the inhabitants of the adjacent cities would not prove the kindest and pleasantest neighbours. Their guiding law was—

> "The simple plan,
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can."

The whole country was scoured by bands of marauders. Lot's flocks and herds presented an alluring bait too tempting to be resisted, and too valuable to be redeemed by such "black mail" as he was prepared to offer. "And they took Lot, Abraham's brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, and his goods, and departed."

Thus briefly have we sketched the life of Abraham for a period of twenty-five years, during which "he staggered not at the promise of God." In spite of multiplied discouragements, no murmur escaped his lips. When surrounding circumstances gave an apparent and continual negative to the promise, he trusted where he could not trace. He never questioned God's wisdom in giving him thickly-populated Canaan instead of the uninhabited wilderness nearer to his native home: in locating him in a famine-ridden district rather than on the fertile plains outside: and in placing him in close proximity to dangerous

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neighbours, when it might seem his moral, spiritual, and temporal well-being would have been better secured in any other place. His patience was equal to his courage; and on the plain of Moreh, the mountain on the east of Bethel, and at the foot of Hebron, as well as in Haran, when he "went out, not knowing whither he went;" and on Moriah, when he raised the knife to immolate his son, "he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith:" and by his patient continuance and uncomplaining trust for the whole term of those twenty-four long years, and for others yet to come, he gave "glory to God; being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform."

THE EVIL IN NATURE RECONCILABLE WITH GOD'S LOVE.

(*Concluded from page* 315.)

The great enemy of mankind, profound in his knowledge of human nature, works on the sensibility of some hearts to effect their ruin. The Psalmist wrote, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." How many since the time of the Psalmist have asserted that the wise man said it! Scepticism has been treated with too much tenderness as the besetment of the intellectual and the highly-gifted. Intellectual pride has made more victims to infidelity than has honest doubt. Some men have professed to disbelieve that which they feared: of this class was Byron; but of those who split upon the rock of a morbid sensibility was Shelley. With a soul which seemed a very tissue of rainbow-dyes, ætherial as a spirit that has never worn the flesh, soaring and songful as his own skylark, anon slumberous and enchanted as his fairy-boat, he found words wherewith to blaspheme. His apparent sincerity and disinterestedness render his impiety all the more revolting. It is like hearing oaths from the lip of infancy, or hate from the tender tongue of woman. He who might have sung like a seraph, curses like a fiend. And what is the secret of his mad ravings against the Maker of the universe? It lies in his innate hatred of control, in his bitter sense of his own and his fellows' sin and sorrow. O! had Shelley guided his fairy pinnace from the dark, mysterious sea of human woe, to the boundless, unfathomable ocean of God's love, what Divine music had played about its magic prow! What a heavenly strain had his lyre caught!

While we mourn over the perversion of his gifts, as over Sabbath-bells profaned, let us consider the nature of his temptation, lest we also be tempted. Let us learn from the evil which staggered him, the exceeding bitterness of sin; the awfulness of God's justice.

There is another lesson, we think, conveyed to us by the providential fitness of things. All is harmony in the material universe, because answering the design of the Creator; all is discord and confusion in the moral world, because so many of the elements thereof are out of harmony with that design.

The ocean is composed of drops; the solid land of particles. Yet insignificant as these are singly, they are all wanted. It is said that every pebble on this earth is required to keep it in its orbit. Now if we could but believe that ourselves individually are a part of God's plan; that He has introduced us, not haphazard, into the world, but providentially, assigning to each one of us the very place He intends us to fill; that He has appointed to us just the surroundings which will best discipline us for a higher state of being; that our times are in His hands,—how much more easily should we learn the sublime lessons of faith and acquiescence! And again: seeing how common materials are made subservient to high purposes and beautiful results; how the stone whence the temple arises is first drawn from the quarry; how the diamond which flashes its light upon us from the coronet of princes, has for ages slumbered in the mine, should we not seek to make our common daily life a

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holy and beautiful thing? Out of its round of duties, though ofttimes mechanical and drudging, let us endeavour to raise a structure, lofty and firm, the foundation being that "laid in Zion." Should we not rebuke these feverish, impatient hearts of ours, and bid them be still; teaching them to joy in obscurity, for we are placed in it by an unforgetting Friend, to Whom "the darkness and the light are both alike?" Being thus "faithful in a few things," the time of our promotion will come when we shall each be made "a ruler over many."

From the higher plane of the next world, we may see disappear the mountainous difficulties of this. In the purer light of Eternity we may solve the dark enigmas of Time.

SARSON.

NAMELESS GRAVES.

'Tis beautiful, thrice beautiful, to see
The green grass growing o'er the nameless tomb,
As though th' Almighty's finger the Obituary
Of lowliness wrote out above the room
That silently contain'd it: from the gloom
And drear abode of death there seems to come
A heavenly whisper, speaking of "a bloom
That knows no blight," a voice as from the dumb.

O, pass not o'er with sacrilegious tread
Those grass-grown mounds where lowly worth may sleep,
Still'd are the heart's quick throbbings, and the head
Lies meekly pillow'd 'neath where bright flowers peep,
Where unobtrusive mourners come to weep
For one departed than the world more dear,
For hopes and loves once blooming buried deep,
To wither in the ground, nor more appear;
Writing their common epitaph in sorrow's tear.

Brief, passing tribute, yet, in sooth, 'tis more
Than many a mighty one of earth may claim,
Whose sounding glory, like a tempest's roar,
Proclaims the fell destroyer, whose proud fame
Is but an incubus true men deplore;
For *them* the earth in bitterness of woe
Rears countless records, yea, the once fair scene,
The orphan's wail, the widow's tearful flow,
Still cry aloud, "Alas! that they have been."

Thus am I moved to moralize; the mute
And dear dead ashes have a voice for me,
Awaking my heart's music; like a lute
That to some gentle touch plays murmuringly
Its soft and soothing numbers, so doth float
The liquid tenor of my spirit-note,
Mildly responsive to the hidden power
Of these remembrancers of life's wing'd hour.

Then sleep, ye nameless ones, till death shall lop
From earth his last pale victim, and shall stop
The keen, quick pulse of Time; the year's decay
Shall with divinest language o'er ye say,
"The grass may wither, and the flower may fade,
But My words fail not, neither pass away."

Windermere. J. H. R.

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MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN LEAK.

JOHN LEAK was born at Frison, near Caythorpe, in the year 1797. He was the eldest son in a family of ten children. The parents made it their diligent study to instil into the minds of their children the principles of true religion.

The mother of John Leak was one of the first Methodists in the Grantham Circuit. Though outwardly moral, her son John did not obtain heartfelt religion until he was twenty-nine years of age. For some time he sought by earnest prayer and effort the salvation of his soul. One day whilst in the midst of his daily work, the words, "The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple," were powerfully applied to his mind, and by faith he realized the peace of God, which he retained throughout his future life.

He immediately availed himself of the advantages of Church-membership, as the date of his "note on trial" shows. His attachment to the cause of Methodism was strong and unwavering; in the time of agitation and trouble he stood firm.

He very much prized the Class-meeting, which he regularly attended. For thirty-six years he was only absent from that means of grace six times. On the Sunday before his death, he was there to testify of the grace of God. His spiritual life was fostered by regular intercourse with God. In addition to family worship, he attended to private prayer three times a day.

His concern for the spiritual welfare of his family often appeared in his earnest intercessions, and by the expressions of regret when any evidence of neglect, or signs of impenitence, were manifested.

When his son (who is now a Local-preacher in the Grantham Circuit) was brought to God, he said he felt the words of good old Simeon might be adopted by him, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," etc. He lived to rejoice over the religious course of his children and his grandchildren, most of whom, if not all, are in the way to heaven.

After a few days' feebleness, "the weary wheels of life stood still." His end was peace. He was a member of the choir in the Grantham Chapel for forty years, and received a testimonial from the trustees as an acknowledgment of his services. He passed away so suddenly, that he had, as it were, hardly time to tune his harp on earth; but without even a prelude he was permitted to join the music of the skies.

He had worked at the firm of Messrs. Hornsby (by whom he was much respected) for thirty-six years. He was a member of the Methodist Church forty-five years, and was in his seventy-fourth year when, in his own house at Grantham, on Thursday, the 5th of October, 1871, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

WILLIAM SWALLOW.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Memoir of Mrs. Benjamin Agar, of York. By LUKE H. WISEMAN, M.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1872.—An interesting memoir of a lady worthy, for piety and usefulness, to rank with those women the tradition of whose holiness is one of the most precious possessions of Methodism. As a Class-leader, Mrs. Agar was eminently efficient; the chapter describing her labours, her methods, and her success, is highly valuable, not only for the example displayed in it, but also for the suggestive remarks and criticisms of Mr. Wiseman himself.

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The King's Son: a Memoir of Billy Bray. By F. W. Bourne. London: Bible-Christian Book-Room. 1872.—A remarkable man was Billy Bray, rough, earnest, eccentric, a giant in faith. So amusing, so extraordinary, were some of his deeds, that if the truth of the accounts were not vouched for by the imprimatur of the Bible-Christian Book-Room, and the name of Mr. Bourne, we should hesitate to credit them. Irresistibly comic as are many of its pages, the memoir cannot fail to be spiritually profitable to its readers; for Billy Bray was not only singular, but good and useful, performing prodigies for the Lord. We suspect that his peculiarities are more prominent in the biography than they were in the real life.

Mister Horn and his Friends; or Givers and Giving. By the Rev. M. G. Pearse. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook 1872.—It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a little book so fresh, so vigorous, so racy. We do not know whether to admire most its combined humour and pathos, the perfect naturalness of the narrative, or its sound and wholesome moral. For pungent, pithy plainness of speech, it is quite equal to Mr. Spurgeon's most popular work, "John Ploughman's Talk." The book is written to enforce and illustrate the maxim, *a man ought to think as much about giving as about getting.* It would be difficult to name a volume so likely to make men of this opinion as "Mister Horn and his Friends."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For December, 1872.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1872.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Nov. 26	7 37	3 58	4 55a	5 56a	1 33m	10 42a	6 57a
Dec. 6	7 50	3 52	4 55	6 19	1 25	10 6	6 22
			Rises.				
16	8 0	3 52	7 51m	6 47	1 16	9 27	5 49
26	8 5	3 57	6 26	7 18	1 6	8 47	5 15

PHASES OF THE MOON.

7th, First Quarter .. 11h. 36m. morn. | 23d, Last Quarter .... 2h. 12m. morn.
14th, Full Moon ..... 9h. 44m. after. | 30th, New Moon ..... 6h. 36m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 3d ..... noon, Perigee; distance 226,805 miles.
„ 19th..... 1h. after., Apogee; „ 251,972 „
„ 31st..... 2h. after., Perigee; „ 223,531 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 238,570 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 1st ..... 90,357,040 miles.
1873. January 1st..... 90,142,700 „
Decrease of distance for the month..... 214,340 „

To many of the inhabitants of the Southern hemisphere *Mercury* will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 2d. In the Northern hemisphere the planet will be north of the Moon. This planet will be crescent-shaped throughout the whole of the month: the diameter will be seven seconds at the beginning and end, and about ten seconds on the 16th, when nearest to the Earth, and in

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inferior conjunction with the Sun. On this latter occasion the planet will be too far north of the Sun's centre to come between us and the disc. Mercury will be stationary twice in the course of the month: on the 6th, when the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde; and on the 26th, when it changes again from retrograde to direct. On the 10th it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit going northward. On the 14th it will be in perihelion, or at that point of its orbit nearest to the Sun. It will be in conjunction with the Moon a second time on the 28th, but will not approach so nearly as on the 2d. On the morning of the 25th it rises highest above the plane of the Earth's orbit.

Venus is the evening star. It has a large southern declination. The meridian altitude at the beginning of the month is only fourteen degrees, at the end twenty-two degrees, so that after sunset it will be very low in the south-west. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 3d, and within two degrees of Saturn on the evening of the 4th. On the 7th, it will be at its greatest distance, southward, from the plane of the Earth's orbit. The apparent path in the heavens, during the month, is onward through Sagittarius and Capricornus. It is still gibbous.

Mars is a morning star. It travels in the course of the month through Virgo. On the 2d it crosses the celestial Equator southward. On the morning of the 8th, it will be in that point of its orbit farthest from the Sun, where the distance is one hundred and fifty-three millions of miles. The distance from the Earth diminishes from one hundred and sixty-five millions to one hundred and thirty-eight millions of miles. On the morning of the 24th it will be quite near the Moon, just a little southward of the disc. On the 25th a small star in Virgo will be so near as to look almost like a satellite to the planet: the conjunction, seen through an opera-glass, will look very pretty.

Jupiter rises betimes in the evening, and attains sufficient elevation toward midnight to be examined with good effect. On the 17th the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde, and by the end of the month it will have come back to very nearly the position it occupied at the beginning. It will be near the Moon on the 20th.

Saturn is only visible for a short time in the evenings at a very low altitude. We have noticed that on the evening of the 4th, it will be close to Venus. On the 3d and 31st, it will be in conjunction with the Moon.

Uranus rises on the 1st at eight o'clock in the evening, and on the 30th at six.

Neptune will be on the meridian on the 15th at eight o'clock, and on the 28th at seven o'clock, in the evening.

The Sun enters Capricorn on the 21st, seven minutes before noon, and the winter quarter commences. Its southern declination will then be twenty-three degrees, twenty-seven minutes, twenty-four seconds.

Biela's Comet of short period passed its perihelion about the beginning of October. The time of revolution round the Sun is six years and nine months. The least distance from the Sun is seventy-nine millions of miles, the greatest five hundred and sixty-seven millions. The orbit at one point approaches very close to the orbit of the Earth. In 1832 the least distance was only eighteen thousand miles, somewhat more than twice the diameter of the Earth. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this comet is that in 1846 it broke up into two, which gradually separated, and probably now pursue independent paths. Such a dissolution is more intelligible to us if, as seems now likely, comets are merely aggregations of meteoric stones, each pursuing its path round the Sun, and having a very feeble bond of union in their mutual attraction, their distance one from another being considerable compared with their magnitudes. The proximity of such a large disturbing body as the Earth would naturally cause an immense derangement in such a system.

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INDEX.

A bad observance of a good custom, 87
A good old prescription: a cure for care, 359
A line cast at a venture, 280
A plea for our ministers, 348
A school for "full-timers," 198
A trusted leader, 13
A winter evening's dream, 75
Affectation of merriment, 117
Ambulances, 40
America, British South, the interior of, 215—The Indians of the interior of, 247, 278
An Australian explorer, and a sister's prayers, 28

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES: 31, 63, 95, 127, 159, 191, 223, 255, 287, 319, 351, 381

Australian meat, 80

Bengel's resting-place, 125

Can faith and unbelief unite as teachers of morality? 123
Cannibalism *v.* tobacco, 252
Cheap dainties, 143
Church lights, 147
Clarke, Dr. Adam, characteristic letter of, 89

CONJECTURAL DETAILS OF SCRIPTURE OUTLINES: I. Tubal-Cain and Jubal, 295—II. Abraham's every-day faith, 376

Conscience, 79
Contentment and trust in God: thoughts on Hebrews xiii. 5, 6....107
Cookery, defects in our, 142

Daniel Bailey, the collier, 77
Divine friendship, 202

Effects of nerves on digestion, 271
England's working women, 308
Escape from destruction, 297
Evil speaking, 27

Food and drink Act, 271
Foreign evangelism: Protestantism in France, 60
Four death-beds, 7

Gambling and murder, 367
Going to market, 363
Gone! 262
Guernsey: see under ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

Home, 76
How Britain rose to greatness, 310
How honey ought to be eaten, 232
How to make the most of a reference Bible, 238, 301

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES:

A visit to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, 65
An incident in the Spanish conquest in America, 97
Donington Park, Leicestershire, 193
Gibraltar, 3
Gwennap pit as it is, 240
Melbourne, 208
Methodism at Kandy, South Ceylon, 257
Methodism in Guernsey, 161
Notes in Guernsey, 16, 48, 112
Our three in heaven, 81
Philip Melancthon, 289, 326
Providential Deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 129, 225
South Leigh Church, 33
The Isles of Scilly, 368
"The morning-star of the Reformation," 353
The Puritans under the Stuarts, 272
Trees, and their tenants: I. The willow, 144—II. The birch, 176—IV. The oak, 304—V. The elm, 336
Van Diemen's Land in days of yore, 321

"In three months I will give my heart to God," 180

"Jesu, Lover of my Soul," an American critique on, 374
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 340

LESS PROMINENT EVENTS IN THE WORD OF GOD: I. The stoning of the Sabbath-breaker, 44—II. The reign of Abimelech, 169—III. The death of Balaam, 236—IV. The fast and the victory, 269—V. The lame prince charged with treason, 329

Life a debenture, 12
Life-partnership, 332

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED:

Anderson, Mrs Janet, 350
Beck, Miss Annie, 285
Beresford, Mr. Joseph, 221
Brailsey, Mr. John, 156

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED, *continued*:

Drake, Mr. John, 29
Mallamore, Mr. William, 61
Leak, Mr. John, 380
Lyth, Mr. John Hardy, 91
Plumb, Mr. James, 318
Richards, Mr. William, 253
Skellett, Miss Mary Jane, 126
Two sisters: Mrs. Smith and Miss Ravenscroft, 188
Wright, Mr. John Payne, 90

"Ministering Spirits," 230
Moral reflections, 154

"No more sea," 346

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS:

Arthur's "Report concerning the Coming of St. Peter to Rome," 222
Atmore's "Methodist Memorial," 223
Baker's "Good Sea Captain: a Memoir of Captain Robert Steward," 158
Bleby's "Romance without Fiction," 286
Bourne's "King's Son: a Memoir of Billy Bray," 381
Dunn's "Mission of the Spirit," 222
Gibson's "Paris during the Commune, 1871," 223
Hannah's "Introductory Lectures on the Study of Christian Theology," etc. With a "Memoir" of the Author, by the Rev. W. B. Pope, 189
Jobson's "Want of Methodism at the Present Time," 286
Landels' "Saviour's parting Prayer for His Disciples," 190
Lives of Early Methodist Preachers, 63
Methodist Family Library, 62
Pearse's "Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving," 381
Robinson's "How to Pray, and What to Pray for," 190
The Pioneer Missionary: Life of the Rev. Nathaniel Turner, 222
Wiseman's "Memoir of Mrs. Benjamin Agar," 380
Wrenford's "God's Work at Newport, Monmouthshire," 93

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Our servants, 142

"Paris. I was there!" or. The reward of self-denial, 152
Personal union with Christ, 141

Poetry:

A dream of heaven, 271
A few thoughts for whomsoever they may concern, by J. N Trayler, 253
April, 111
Ascension-day, 143
Bless me, O my Father! 240
Children of light, 284
Christ glorified, by J. R. Eastwood, 156
Christmas-day: a sonnet, 368
"Come unto Me, all ye that labour," etc., by S. Chase, 349
David, and the water from the well of Bethlehem, 336
Heaven, by J. R. Eastwood, 208
"Here" and "There," 29
Iesus hominum Salvator, by J. R. Eastwood, 89
Jonah, by Miss Patmer, 186
"Lo, I am with you alway!" 61
Nameless graves, 379
New-Year's eve: a sonnet, 368
"Our Father," 188
Our three in heaven. In memoriam, by the Rev. James Yeames, 81
Pentecost, 143
Prayer, by Mary Baskin, 16
Rest, by Mary Baskin, 80
Rest in heaven, 284
The lifeboat, 120

Poetry, *continued*:

Thorley, Rev. Edwin, In Memoriam, by the Rev. Thornley Smith, 126
"Thou shalt never wash my feet." 155
"Vanity of vanities," 220
Vasey, Rev. Thomas, lines on the death of, by the Rev. W. D. Tyack, 47
Victory over death, by J. R. Eastwood, 303
Voiceless prayer: a sonnet, 176
"What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," 317

Prayer-meetings, 182

Prominent Persons in Sacred History: Introduction; Adam, 56—Abel, 58—Enoch, 83—Noah, 84—Abraham, 120—Joshua, 242

Providential deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 103, 129, 225

Rahab, 264
Resignation, 135
Respect paid to wealth, 13
Russian monasteries, 315
Russian servants, 47

Sage spiritual counsels from the letters of St. Francis de Sales, 282
Salvation, 111
Sanitary stupidity, 143
Settled steps, 43
"Shân Sion," 172
Shenkyn Penhydd, 25
Sincerity, 246
Singhalese Methodism, 138
Star-dust, 125, 220, 252, 285, 317

Tabular Record of Mortality, 96, 256

The children's crusade, 53
The deadly parasite, 35
The extinguished candle, 245
The great preacher of the last age, 284
The hole in the wall, 154
The indirect power of the Bible, 88
The intellectual influence of religion, 70
The lifeboat work in 1871..119
The ludicrous in nature reconcilable with God's majesty, and evil with His love, 312, 378
The Methodist Itinerant system, 22
The preciousness of God's thoughts, 299
The use of a mirror, 174
"There is no fear of God before their eyes," 204
Too near the tiger's paw, 266

Trees, and their Tenants: I. The willow, 144—II. The birch, 176—III. The hawthorn, 212—IV. The oak, 304—V. The elm, 336

Wesley, John, first sermon preached by, at South Leigh Church, 33 — Characteristic letter of, to Rev. Mr. Davenport, 153
Why the sea is salt, 125
Worth of the present, 6

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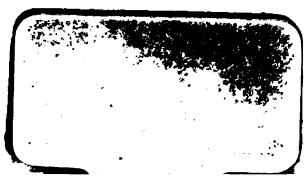

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